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PARODIES

OF THE WORKS OF

ENGLISH & AMERICAN AUTHORS,

46898

COLLECTED AND ANNOTATED BY

WALTER HAMILTON,

Fellow of the Royal Geographical and Royal Historical Societies;
Author of "A History of National Anthems and Patriotic Songs," "A Memoir of George Cruikshank;"
"The Poets Laureate of England;" "The Æsthetic Movement in England," etc.

"We maintain that, far from converting virtue into a parodox, and degrading truth by ridicule, Parody will only strike at what is chimerical and false; it is not a piece of buffoonery so much as a critical exposition. What do we parody but the absurdities of writers, who frequently make their heroes act against nature, common-sense, and truth? After all, it is the public, not we, who are the authors of these Parodies."

D'Israeli's Curiosities of Literature.

VOLUME I,

CONTAINING PARODIES OF THE POEMS OF

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON,

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW,

BRET HARTE, THOMAS HOOD,

AND THE

REVEREND C. WOLFE.

REEVES & TURNER, 196, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

1884.

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"*Le sujet que l'on entreprend de parodier doit toujours être un ouvrage connu, célèbre, estimé. La critique d'une pièce médiocre ne peut jamais devenir intéressante, ni piquer la curiosité. Il faut que l'imitation soit fidèle, que les plaisanteries naissent du fond des choses, et paraissent s'être présentées d'elles-mêmes, sans avoir coûté aucune peine.*"

Mémoire sur l'origine de la Parodie, etc. Par M. l'Abbé Sallier, 1733.

"*It was because Homer was the most popular poet, that he was most susceptible of the playful honours of the Greek parodist; unless the prototype is familiar to us, a parody is nothing!*"

ISAAC D'ISRAELI.

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THOBURN & Co., St. Bride's Steam Press, 136, Salisbury Square, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

PREFACE.

WHEN this Collection was originally projected, it seemed so unlikely to receive much support from the general public that it was intended to publish a few only of the best Parodies of each author.

After the issue of the first few numbers, however, it became evident that "a hit—a palpable hit—" had been made, the sale rapidly increased, and subscribers not only expressed their desire that the collection should be made as nearly complete as possible, but by the loans of scarce books, and copies of Parodies, helped to make it so.

This involved an alteration in the original arrangement, and as it would have been monotonous to fill a whole number of sixteen pages with parodies of one short poem, such as those on "Excelsior," or Wolfe's Ode, it became necessary to spread them over several numbers. In the Index, which has been carefully compiled, references will be found, under the titles of the original Poems, to all the parodies mentioned. In all cases, where it has been possible to do so, full titles and descriptions of the works quoted from, have been given; any omission to do this has been unintentional, and will be at once rectified on the necessary information being supplied.

To the following gentlemen I am much indebted for assistance in the formation of this collection, either by granting permission to quote from their works, or by their original contributions:—Messrs. Lewis Carroll (author of "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland"), G. P. Beckley, James Gordon, John Lane, J. W. Morris, Walter Parke (author of "The Lays of the Saintly"), H. Cholmondeley Pennell (author of "Puck on Pegasus"), Major-General Rigaud, Edward Simpson, G. R. Sims, Basil H. Soulsby, Edward Walford, M.A. (Editor of "The Antiquarian Magazine"), J. W. Gleeson White, W. H. K. Wright, Public Library, Plymouth, and John Whyte, Public Library, Inverness. A great deal of bibliographical information was sent me by my late lamented friend, the learned and genial Mr. William Bates, Editor of "The Maclise Portrait Gallery;" his brother, Mr. A. H. Bates; the Rev. T. W. Carson, of Dublin; and Miss Orton, have also given me valuable assistance.

In a few cases where parodies are to be found in easily accessible works, extracts only have been quoted, or references given; but it is intended in future, wherever permission can be obtained, to give each parody in full, as they are found to be useful for public entertainments, and recitations. When the older masters of our Literature are reached, a great deal of curious and amusing information will be given, and it is intended to conclude with a complete bibliographical account of PARODY, with extracts and translations from all the principal works on the topic. Whilst arranging the present volume, I have been gathering materials for those to come, which will illustrate the works of those old writers whose names are familiar in our mouths as household words. Much that is not only quaint and amusing will thus be collected, whilst many illustrations of our literature, both in prose and verse, which are valuable to the student, will for the first time be methodically arranged, annotated, and published in a cheap and accessible form.

WALTER HAMILTON.

64, BROMFELDE ROAD, CLAPHAM, LONDON, S.W.

December, 1884.

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PARODIES

OF

THE WORKS OF

ENGLISH & AMERICAN AUTHORS,

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED BY

WALTER HAMILTON,

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INTRODUCTION.

I HAVE, for many years past, been collecting Parodies of the works of the most celebrated British and American Authors. This I have done, *not* because I entirely approve of the custom of turning high-class work into ridicule, but because many of the parodies are in themselves works of considerable literary merit. Moreover, as "imitation is the sincerest form of flattery," so does a parody show that its original has acquired a certain celebrity, for no author would waste his time, or his talent, in composing a burlesque of an unknown, or obscure work.

Numerous articles on parodies are to be found scattered up and down in odd corners of old magazines and reviews, a few small books have been written on the topic; but, until now, no attempt has been made to give, in a connected form, a history of parody with examples and explanatory notes.

This, then, is what I propose to do in the following articles, and those who desire to possess a complete set of parodies on any favourite author, would do well to preserve these papers for future reference.

PARODY is a form of composition of a somewhat ungracious description, as it owes its very existence to the work it caricatures; but it has some beneficial results in drawing our attention to the defects of some authors, whose stilted language and grandiloquent phrases have veiled their poverty of ideas, their sham sentiment, and their mawkish affectations.

The first attribute of a parody is that it should present a sharp contrast to the original either in subject, or treatment of the subject; that if the original subject should be some lofty theme, the parody may reduce it to a prosaic matter-of-fact narrative. If, on the other hand, the topic selected be one of every day life, it may be made exceedingly amusing if described in high-flown mock heroic diction. If the original errs in sentimental affectation, so much the better for the parodist. Thus many of Tom Moore's best known songs are mere windy platitudes in very musical verse, which

afford excellent and legitimate materials for ridicule. The nearer the original diction is preserved, and the fewer the alterations needed to produce a totally opposite meaning or ridiculous contrast, the more complete is the antithesis, the more striking is the parody; take for instance Pope's well-known lines :—

"Here shall the Spring its earliest *sweets* bestow,
Here the first *roses* of the year shall blow,"

which, by the alteration of two words only, were thus applied by Miss Katherine Fanshawe to the Regent's Park when it was first opened to the public :—

"Here shall the Spring its earliest *coughs* bestow,
Here the first *noses* of the year shall blow."

In this happy parody we have that "union of remote ideas," which is said, and said truly, to constitute the essence of wit. Even the most serious and religious works have been parodied, and by authors of the highest position. Thus Luther mimicked the language of the Bible, and both Cavaliers and Puritans railed at each other in Scriptural phraseology. The Church services and Litanies of both the Catholic, and Protestant Churches, have served in turn as originals for many bitter satires and lampoons, directed at one time against the Church and the priests, at another time in equally bitter invective against their opponents.

To undertake the composition of parodies, as the word is generally comprehended—that is, to make a close imitation of some particular poem, though it should be characteristic of the author—would be at times rather a flat business. Even the Brothers Smith in "Rejected Addresses," and Bon Gaultier in his "Ballads," admirable as they were, stuck almost too closely to their selected models; and Phœbe Carey, who has written some of the best American parodies, did the same thing. It is an evidence of a poet's distinct individuality, when he can be amusingly imitated. We can only make those the object of our imitations whose manner, or dialect, stamps itself so deeply into our minds that a new cast can be taken. But how could one imitate Robert Pollok's "Course of Time," or Young's "Night Thoughts," or Blair's "Grave," or any other of those masses of words, which are too ponderous for poetry, and much too respectable for absurdity! Either extreme will do for a parody, excellence or imbecility; but the original must at least have *a distinct, pronounced character.*

Certain well known poems are so frequently selected as models for parodies that it will only be possible to select a few from the best of them; to re-publish every parody that has appeared on Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade," E. A. Poe's "The Raven," Hamlet's Soliloquy, or Longfellow's "Excelsior," would be a tedious, and almost endless task.

Prose parodies, though less numerous than those in verse, are often far more amusing, and it will be found that Dr. Johnson's ponderous sentences, Carlyle's rugged eloquence, and Dickens' playful humour and tender pathos, lend themselves admirably to parody.

The first portion of this work will be devoted to the parodies themselves, accompanied by short notes sufficient to explain such allusions as may, in time, appear obscure; the second will contain a full bibliographical account of all the principal collections of Parodies and Works on the subject, such as the "Probationary Odes," Hone's Trials, the "Rejected Addresses," and the late M. Octave Delepierre's *Essai sur la Parodie.* The latter work, which was published by Trübner & Co. in 1870, gave an account of old Greek and Roman, and of modern French and English Parodies. I had the pleasure of supplying M. Delepierre with the materials for his chapter on English Parodies, but, owing to the limited space at his command, he was only able to quote a verse or two of the best parody of each description. My aim will be to give each parody intact, except in the few cases where I have been unable to obtain the author's permission to do so.

WALTER HAMILTON.

Alfred Tennyson.

Poet Laureate.

ALFRED TENNYSON, the third ot seven brothers, was born August 5th, 1809, at Somersby, a small village near Horncastle, in Lincolnshire. His father, Dr. George Clayton Tennyson, was the rector of this parish, he was a man remarkable for his strength, stature, and varied attainments as poet, painter, musician and linguist. In 1827, Alfred Tennyson, with his elder brother Charles, both then being scholars at the Louth Grammar school, published a small volume entitled "Poems by Two Brothers." Shortly afterwards, these two brothers removed to Trinity College, Cambridge, and in 1829, Alfred Tennyson obtained the Chancellor's Gold Medal for his poem on "Timbuctoo." His subsequent poetical works rapidly attracted attention, and, on the death of William Wordsworth, he was created Poet Laureate, the Warrant being dated the 19th November, 1850. As a poet he has achieved almost the highest fame, but in his numerous efforts as a dramatist he has been less successful.

For the consideration of the Parodies of Tennyson's poems, they may conveniently be divided into three periods, namely, his early Poems, poems in connection with his appointment in 1850 to the office of Poet Laureate, and Poems since that date. Although Tennyson has suppressed many of his early works, yet he occasionally furbishes up, and re-issues as a new poem some of his youthful compositions.

Fastidious as he is known to be in his selection of what he thus re-publishes, it is still a matter of some surprise that he should have entirely suppressed his prize poem *Timbuctoo*, which would always be of interest as a specimen of his early work, and is, besides, far removed above the average of Prize Poems.

The poems were sent in for competition in the month of April, 1829; and on June 12, 1829, the *Cambridge Chronicle* recorded that "On Saturday last, the Chancellor's Gold Medal for the best English poem by a resident undergraduate was adjudged to Alfred Tennyson, of Trinity College." Shortly afterwards the poem was published, and was favourably reviewed in *The Athenæum*, which speaking of Prize poems generally, stated, "These productions have often been ingenious "and elegant, but we have never before seen one "of them which indicated really first-rate "poetical genius, and which would have done "honour to any man that ever wrote. *Such, we "do not hesitate to affirm, is the little work before "us.*"

W. M. Thackeray was at Cambridge at the same time as Tennyson, and early in 1829 he commenced the publication of a small paper entitled "THE SNOB, a Literary and Scientific Journal, *not* conducted by members of the University." This was published by W. H. Smith, of Rose Crescent, Cambridge, and ran for eleven weeks: its contents were humorous sketches in prose and verse, and the most remarkable paper amongst them is the following droll poem on *Timbuctoo*, which appeared on the 30th April, 1829, and has most unaccountably been omitted from recent editions of Thackeray's works:—

To the Editor of the "SNOB."

SIR,—Though your name be *Snob*, I trust you will not refuse this tiny "Poem of a Gownsman," which was unluckily not finished on the day appointed for delivery of the several copies of verses on Timbuctoo. I thought, Sir, it would be a pity that such a poem should be lost to the world; and conceiving "THE SNOB" to be the most widely circulated periodical in Europe, I have taken the liberty of submitting it for insertion or approbation.—I am, Sir, yours, &c., &c.

TIMBUCTOO.—PART I.

The Situation.

In Africa (a quarter of the world),
Men's skins are black, their hair is crisp and curl'd,
And somewhere there, unknown to public view,
A mighty city lies, called Timbuctoo.

The Natural History.

There stalks the tiger,—there the lion roars,
Who sometimes eats the luckless blackamoors;
All that he leaves of them the monster throws
To jackals, vultures, dogs, cats, kites and crows;
His hunger thus the forest monster gluts,
And then lies down 'neath trees called cocoa-nuts.

The lion hunt.

Quick issue out, with musket, torch, and brand,
The sturdy blackamoors, a dusky band!
The beast is found—pop goes the musketoons—
The lion falls covered with horrid wounds.

Their lives at home.

At home their lives in pleasure always flow,
But many have a different lot to know!

Abroad.

They're often caught and sold as slaves, alas!

Reflections on the foregoing.

Thus men from highest joy to sorrow pass,
Yet though thy monarch and thy nobles boil
Rack and molasses in Jamaica's isle;
Desolate Africa! thou art lovely yet!!
One heart yet beats which ne'er thee shall forget.

What though thy maidens are a blackish brown,
Does virtue dwell in whiter breasts alone?
Oh no, oh no, oh no, oh no, oh no!
It shall not, must not, cannot, e'er be so.
The day shall come when Albion's self shall feel
Stern Afric's wrath, and writhe 'neath Afric's steel.

I see her tribes the hill of glory mount,
And sell their sugars on their own account ; 30
While round her throne the prostrate nations come,
Sue for her rice, and barter for her rum ! 32

NOTES.—Lines 1 and 2.—See *Guthrie's Geography*. The site of Timbuctoo is doubtful ; the author has neatly expressed this in the poem, at the same time giving us some slight hints relative to its situation.

Line 5.—So Horace: *leonum arida nutrix*.

Line 13.—"Pop goes the musketoons." A learned friend suggested "Bang" as a stronger expression, but as African gunpowder is notoriously bad, the author thought "Pop" the better word.

Lines 15—18.—A concise but affecting description is here given of the domestic habits of the people. The infamous manner in which they are entrapped and sold as slaves is described, and the whole ends with an appropriate moral sentiment. The enthusiasm the author feels is beautifully expressed in lines 25 and 26.

Athough this poem is not actually a parody of Tennyson's *Timbuctoo*, it is a clever burlesque of Prize poems in general, and derives interest as being one of Thackeray's earliest writings.

The first independent volume of poems which Tennyson published in 1830, contained *Mariana*, *The Ballad of Oriana*, *Adeline*, *Lilian*, *The Poet*, *The Merman*, and *the Mermaid*, all of which are so well known that the following parodies require no introduction :—

ORIANA.

A Tennyson-cum-Albery Ballad.

I went to see thee at the Globe,
Oriana!
I tried thy mystery to probe,
Oriana!
But Oh! long talk, bare limbs, rich robe,
Gems decking hand or pendant lobe,
Oriana!
Would tire the patience out of JOB,
Oriana!
I saw the lime-light shadows flinging,
Oriana!
I saw black boys, a mattress bringing,
Oriana!
I saw thee to forlorn hope clinging,
I heard the bells of faërie ringing,
Oriana;
And (out of tune) a chorus singing,
Oriana!
I saw a high-priest sage and hoary,
Oriana;
"Friend WAGGLES" struggling with a story,
Oriana.
A youth, in managerial glory,
Striving in vain, tho' *con amore*,
Oriana,
As (save the mark!) *primo tenore*,
Oriana,
I came! I saw! I mark'd each word,
Oriana!
Ah, had my visit been deferr'd,
Oriana,
Some better things I might have heard ;
But judging from what then occurr'd,
Oriana,
You seem'd a trifle too absurd,
Oriana.

From *Fun*, February 26th, 1873.

"Oriana," a romantic legend in three acts, by James Albery, music by F. Clay, was first performed at the Globe Theatre, on Saturday, February 15th, 1873. The lessee and manager, Mr. H. J. Montague, performed the part of King Raymond, that of Oriana being represented by Miss Rose Massey. The plot was founded on a fairy tale, slightly resembling Mr. Gilbert's "Palace of Truth," but, beyond the name, the play had nothing in common with Tennyson's poem of "Oriana."

MARIANA.

(At the Railway Station.)

Her parcels, tied with many a knot,
Were thickly labelled, one and all ;
And sitting down beside the lot,
She waited for the train to call.
The waiting-room looked sad and strange—
Closed was the booking-office latch !
She watched the sleepy porter scratch
His head, or whistle as a change ;
She only said, "The night is dreary—
It cometh not," she said ;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary—
I would I were in bed."

She sought the grim refreshment stall—
The saucy barmaid long had slept ;
O'er biscuit, bun, and sandwich small
The shining beetles slowly crept.
Hard by a signal post alway
Shot coloured beams into the dark.
She called the porter to remark,
In tones the opposite of gay !
"The hour is late, the night is dreary—
It cometh not," she said ;
Then mentally : "The man is beery—
I would I were in bed."

About the middle of the night
She heard the shrill steam-whistle blow,
And saw the signals gleaming bright ;
And from dark pens the oxen's low
Came to her ; but she watched with pain
A train with many a cattle van
Sweep past her, and the signal man
Reversed his lamps, and snoozed again.
She only said, "The night is dreary—
It cometh not," she said ;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
Of lamps, green, white, and red !"

The tired officials kept aloof,
The telegraphic wires did sound
Their notes Æolian on the roof,
And goods trains shunting did confound
Her sense ; yet still she waited on,
Until the porter came in sight—
"There is no other train to-night ;
The next will stop at early dawn."
She only said, "I am aweary ;
It seems to me," she said,
"Your tables, like yourself, are beery—
Go find me now a bed."

THE WEDDING DRESS.

In picturesque confusion lies
Her scattered finery on the floor,
And here and there her handmaid flies
With parcels to increase the store.
But dolefully she paced the room,
Although it was her wedding morn,
And often spoke in tones of scorn,
And brow of ever-deepening gloom.

She only said, "The morn is dreary;"
"It cometh not," she said.
She said, "The milliner is weary,
Or stayed too late in bed."

See hears the sound of pipe and drum,
And from the window looketh she:
Nodding their heads before her come
The merry Teuton minstrelsy,
Who wait to play "The Wedding March."
A member of the "force" stalks by,
And little urchins mocking cry,
"Oh, ain't he swallowed lots o' starch?"

She laughed not, for she heard a chime:
"Eleven o'clock!" she said.
"I wonder if 'twill be in time?
I would that I were wed."

How swiftly now the minutes pass,
With ribbons, laces, pins, and thread—
With peeps into the looking-glass,
And tossings of the pretty head.
Full half an hour of anxious strife;
But still no wedding dress is there
To decorate the form so fair
Of her who would be made a wife.

"Three quarters!" cried she weeping—weary.
"It cometh now!" they said.
The maiden looked no longer dreary,
But hastened to be wed.

From *Funny Folks.*

In the *Bon Gaultier Ballads* is a parody of Lilian entitled:—

CAROLINE.

LIGHTSOME, brightsome, cousin mine,
Easy, breezy, Caroline!
With thy locks all raven-shaded,
From thy merry brow up-braided,
And thine eyes of laughter full,
Brightsome cousin mine!
Thou in chains of love hast bound me—
Wherefore dost thou flit around me,
Laughter-loving Caroline?

When I fain would go to sleep
In my easy chair,
Wherefore on my slumbers creep—
Wherefore start me from repose,
Tickling of my hooked nose,
Pulling of my hair?
Wherefore, then, if thou dost love me,
So to words of anger move me,
Corking of this face of mine,
Tricksy cousin Caroline?

* * *

Would she only say she'd love me,
Winsome, tinsome, Caroline,
Unto such excess 'twould move me,
Teazing, pleasing, cousin mine!
That she might the live-long day
Undermine the snuffer-tray,
Tickle still my hooked nose,
Startle me from calm repose
With her pretty persecution;
Throw the tongs against my shins,
Run me through and through with pins,
Like a pierced cushion;
Would she only say she'd love me,
Darning-needles should not move me;
But, reclining back I'd say,
"Dearest! there's the snuffer-tray;
Pinch, O pinch those legs of mine!
Cork me, cousin Caroline!"

I next give an extract from a capital parody of *The Merman*, taken from *The Bon Gaultier Ballads*, in which the allusions to the Laureate's office are happily introduced.

THE LAUREATE.

WHO would not be
The Laureate bold,
With his butt of sherry
To keep him merry,
And nothing to do but to pocket his gold?
'Tis I would be the Laureate bold!
When the days are hot, and the sun is strong,
I'd lounge in the gateway all the day long,
With Her Majesty's footmen in crimson and gold.
I'd care not a pin for the waiting lord;
But I'd lie on my back on the smooth greensward
With a straw in my mouth, and an open vest,
And the cool wind blowing upon my breast,
And I'd vacantly stare at the clear blue sky,
And watch the clouds that are listless as I,
Lazily, lazily!
And I'd pick the moss and daisies white,
And chew their stalks with a nibbling bite;
And I'd let my fancies roam abroad
In search of a hint for a birthday ode,
Crazily, crazily!

* * * * * *

Oh, would not that be a merry life,
Apart from care and apart from strife,
With the Laureate's wine, and the Laureate's pay,
And no deductions at quarter-day!
Oh, that would be the post for me!
With plenty to get and nothing to do,
But to deck a pet poodle with ribbons of blue,
And whistle a tune to the Queen's cockatoo,
And scribble of verses remarkably few,
And at evening empty a bottle or two!
Quaffingly, quaffingly!

'Tis I would be
The Laureate bold,
With my butt of sherry
To keep me merry,
And nothing to do but to pocket my gold!

THE MERMAID.

(By a disgusted Tar with a vague recollection of TENNYSON.)

I.

Who would be
A Mermaid dank,
Bobbing about
In a sort of tank,
For the crowd to see
At a shilling a head,
In doubt if it be
Alive or dead?

II.

I would not be a Mermaid dank,
Flopping about in a Westminster tank,
Like a shabby sham at a country fair,
And by far the ugliest monster there;
Exposed to the Cockneys' vulgar chaff,
And the learned gush of the *Daily T.*,
To be called a porpoise or ocean-calf,
Or a seven-foot slug from the deep blue sea.
Me a Manatee? Dickens a bit!
The Mermaid of fiction was something fine,
A fish-tailed Siren given to sit
On a handy rock, 'midst the breezy brine,
Each golden curl with a comb of pearl
Arranging in many a taking twirl,
Like a free-and-easy nautical girl.
Taking a bath in a primitive style
Without any bother of dress or machine,
And likely the wandering tar to beguile,
If that Mariner chanced to be anyways green.
But your Modern Mermaid! good gracious me!
Who'd be inwiggled away from his tracks
Or driven to bung up his ears with wax
By the wiles and smiles of a Manatee?
A sort of shapeless squab sea-lubber,
A blundering bulk of leather and blubber,
Like an overgrown bottle of India-rubber;
The clumsiest, wobblingest, queerest af creatures,
With nothing but small gimlet-holes for features.
This a Mermaid? Oh, don't tell me!
It's simply some sly scientifical spree,
And I mean to say it's a thundering shame
To bestow the Siren's respectable name,
Which savours of all that is rare and romantic,
On such a preposterous monster as this is,
Whose hideous phiz and ridiculous antic,
Would simply have frightened the mates of Ulysses.
Fancy the horror of blubberous kisses
From a mouth that's like a tarpaulin flap!
That Merman must be a most amorous chap
Who would sue her and woo her under the sea,
As TENNYSON sings—a nice treat it would be
Were a Mermaid merely a Manatee!

From *Punch*, July 20th, 1878, in reference to the so-called *Mermaid* then being exhibited at the Westminster Aquarium.

Tennyson's—*The Poet*—was in fourteen verses of four lines each; it commenced thus:—

"The poet in a golden clime was born,
With golden stars above;
Dower'd with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
The love of love."

"He saw thro' life and death, thro' good and ill,
He saw thro' his own soul.
The marvel of the everlasting will,
An open scroll,"

"Before him lay; with echoing feet he threaded
The secretest walks of fame:
The viewless arrows of his thoughts were headed
And wing'd with flame."

The following parody, which appeared in *Punch*, was *apropos* of the poetry of the so-called "Fleshly School," and very closely follows the diction of the original:—

THE POET (OF THE PERIOD).

With Punch's apologies for the application of noble Stanzas to an ignoble subject.

THE Poet in a dismal clime was born,
With lurid stars above;
Dower'd with a taste for hate, a love for scorn,
A scorn for love.

He glanced through life and death, through good and ill,
He glanced through his own soul;
And found all dead as a dishonoured bill,
Or emptied bowl.

He thrummed his lay; with mincing feet he threaded
The walks of coteric fame:
On the dull arrows of his thought were threaded
Concetti tame

And pop-gun pellets from his lisping tongue,
Erratic in their flight,
From studio to drawing-room he flung,
Filling with light

And mazèd phantasies each morbid mind,
Which, albeit lacking wit,
Like dandelion seeds blown by the wind,
In weak souls lit,

Took shallow root, and springing up anew
Where'er they dropt, behold,
Like to the parent plant in semblance, grew
A weed as bold,

And fitly furnished all abroad to fling
Fresh mockeries of truth,
And throng with poisonous blooms the verdant Spring
Of weak-kneed youth.

Till many minds were lit with borrowed beams
Of an unwholesome fire;
And many fed their sick souls with hot dreams
Of vague desire.

Thus trash was multiplied on trash; the world
Like a Gehenna glowed,
And through the clouds of Stygian dark upcurled,
Foul radiance flowed;

And Licence lifted in that false sunrise
Her bold and brazen brow;
While Purity before her burning eyes
Melted like snow.

There was red blood upon her trailing robes,
Lit by those lurid skies;
And round the hollow circles of the globes
Of her hot eyes,

And on her robe's hem, "FOLLY" showed in flames
With "PHRENSY," names to shake
Coherency and sense—misleading names—
And when she spake,

Her words did gather fury as they ran,
And as mock lightning and stage thunder,
With firework flash and empty rataplan,
Make schoolboys wonder,

So thrilled thro' fools her windy words. No sword
Of truth her right hand twirl'd,
But one bad Poet's scrawl, and with *his* word
She bored the world.

In 1832 Tennyson published another small volume of poems which contained that beautifully classical piece of blank verse *Œnone; The Sisters, The Palace of Art, Lady Clara Vere de Vere, The May Queen, The Lotus-Eaters, The Dream of Fair Women*, and *Margaret*, all of which have been so frequently parodied that selection is indeed difficult.

The following parody of Tennyson's, *The Sisters*, was *apropos* to a division in the House of Commons, relative to the vexed question of marriage with a deceased wife's sister, and appeared in *The Tomahawk*.

MATRIMONIAL EXPEDIENCY.

They were two daughters of one race:
One dead, the other took her place;
Brotherly love? oh! fiddle-de-dee!
The *Noes* were but one forty-four;
I'm backed by retrospective law;
Oh! the *Ayes* were two forty-three!

Who'd run a tilt 'gainst common sense?
I married for convenience;
Brotherly love? oh! fiddle-de-dee!
'Tis wiser th' ills we *know* to bear,
Than run the chance of worse elsewhere;
Oh! the *Ayes* were two forty-three!

Twice married—but I'm bound to state
Th' expediency of this is great;
Brotherly love? oh! fiddle-de-dee!
I'm now no worse off than before,
I only have *one* mother-in-law,
And she's one too many for me!

A good many years ago a little volume, entitled "*Carols of Cockayne*," written by the late Mr. Henry S. Leigh, (who died June, 1883) had considerable success. It contained a number of Ballads and Parodies, and amongst others two amusing imitations of Tennyson (they can hardly be styled *parodies*), the first is in answer to the Laureate's somewhat bitter attack on a lady entitled "Lady Clara Vere de Vere:—"

The Lady Clara V. de V.
Presents her very best regards
To that misguided Alfred T.
(With one of her enamell'd cards).

Though uninclin'd to give offence,
The Lady Clara begs to hint
That Master Alfred's common sense
Deserts him utterly in print.

The Lady Clara can but say
That always from the very first
She snubb'd in her decisive way
The hopes that silly Alfred nurs'd.
The fondest words that ever fell
From Lady Clara, when they met,
Were "How d'ye do? I hope you're well!"
Or else "The weather's very wet."

To show a disregard for truth
By penning scurrilous attacks,
Appears to Lady C. in sooth
Like stabbing folks behind their backs.
The age of chivalry, she fears,
Is gone for good, since noble dames
Who irritate low sonneteers
Get pelted with improper names.

The Lady Clara cannot think
What kind of pleasure can accrue
From wasting paper, pens, and ink,
On statements the reverse of true.
If Master Launcelot, one fine day,
(Urged on by madness or by malt,)
Destroy'd himself—can Alfred say
The Lady Clara was in fault?

Her Ladyship needs no advice
How time and money should be spent,
And can't pursue at any price
The plan that Alfred T. has sent.
She does not in the least object
To let the "foolish yeoman" go,
But wishes—let him recollect—
That he should move to Jericho.

The other, a reply to a well know song, is scarcely so good, because it does not follow its original so closely:—

MAUD.

NAY, I cannot come into the garden just now,
Tho' it vexes me much to refuse:
But I *must* have the next set of waltzes, I vow,
With Lieutenant de Boots of the Blues.

I am sure you'll be heartily pleas'd when you hear
That our ball has been quite a success.
As for *me*—I've been looking a monster, my dear,
In that old fashion'd guy of a dress.

You had better at once hurry home, dear, to bed;
It is getting so dreadfully late.
You may catch the bronchitis or cold in the head
If you linger so long at our gate.

Don't be obstinate Alfy; come, take my advice,
For I know you're in want of repose.
Take a basin of gruel (you'll find it *so* nice),
And remember to tallow your nose.

No, I tell you I can't and I shan't get away,
For De Boots has implor'd me to sing.
As to *you*—if you like it, of course you can stay;
You were always an obstinate thing.

If you feel it a pleasure to talk to the flow'rs
About "babble and revel and wine,"
When you might have been snoring for two or three hours,
Why, it's not the least business of mine.

In 1879 the Editor of *The World* offered a prize for the best parody on Tennyson's *Lotus-Eaters*, the chosen subject being "Her Majesty's Ministers at Greenwich."

The prize was awarded to *C. J. Billson*, for the following parody, which appeared in *The World*, for September 3rd, 1879 :—

THE WHITEBAIT-EATERS.

"COURAGE!" they said, and pointed through the gloom ;
"There is a haven in yon fishful clime."
At dinner-time they came into a room,
In which it seemed all day dinner-time.
All in the midst the banquet rose sublime,
Whose *menu* excellent no tongue might blame ;
And round about the board, without their Prime,
Without their prime delight and chiefest fame,
The mild-eyed muddle-headed whitebait-eaters came.

They sat them down upon the yellow chairs,
And feasted gaily as in days of yore ;
And sweet it was to jest of late affairs,
Of Ward and Power and Cat ; but evermore
Most weary seemed the Session almost o'er,
Weary Hibernian nights of barren seed.
Then some one said, "We shall come here no more!"
And all at once they cried, "No more, indeed!
The ballot shall release ; we will no longer lead!"

CHORIC SONG.

Why are we weighed upon with weariness,
With foreign crises and with home distress,
When all we do is mocked at by the Press?
All men like peace : why should we toil alone?
We always toil, and nevermore have rest ;
But yield perpetual jest,
Still from one blunder to another thrown :
Nor ever pack our tricks,
And cease from politics ;
Nor vote our last against the wild O'Connor ;
Nor hearken what the moving spirit said,
"Let there be Peace with Honour!"
Why should we always toil, when England's trust is dead?

Let us alone. What pleasure could we have
To war with Afghans? But the Chief said "Fight!
The times are perilous and the Jingoes rave,
Whate'er I do is right."
Yea, interests are hard to reconcile ;
'Tis hard to please yet help the little isle ;
We have done neither quite.
Though we change the music ever, yet the people scorn our song ;
O rest ye, brother Ministers, we shall not labour long.

AUGUSTO MENSE POETA.
(*C. J. Billson.*)

In the year 1868, when the mania for trapeze performances was at its height, and men and women were nightly risking their lives to please the thoughtless audiences at the music halls, *The Tomahawk* had some powerful cartoons (drawn by Matt Morgan) in condemnation of this senseless and dangerous form of entertainment ; it also published the following parody of—

A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN.

I read, before I fell into a doze,
Some book about old fashions—curious tales
Of bye-gone fancies—kirtles and trunk hose—
Of hoops, and fardingales—

Of mediæval milliners, whose taste
Preluded our vile fashions of to day—
Of how they moulded the ancestral waist
With steel-bound taffeta—

Of powdered heroes of the later days—
Of Hamlets strutting in their full court suits,
Slouch-hatted villains of transpontine plays,
All belt and bucket boots—

So shape chased shape (as swiftly as, when knocks
Of angry tradesmen bluster at the door,
Turgid with envelopes my letter box
Boils over on the floor).

Till fancy, running riot in my brain,
Elbowed the PAST from out the PRESENT'S way ;
And opened in my dream, distinct and plain,
A vision of to-day.

Methought that I was on what's called "a spree,"
Yet sadly pensive in the motley throng.
Where thrills through clouds of smoke the melody
Of idiotic song ;

Where youth with tipsy rapture drowns in beer
All common sense, votes decency a bore,
But, to the shapely limbs and sensuous leer,
Yells out a loud "Encore—"

Then flashed before me in the gaslights' glare
A form to make the boldest hold his breath,
She, who by reckless leapings in mid air,
Plays pitch and toss with Death.

Shame on the gaping crowds who only know
Sensation in the chance of broken necks!
Shame on the manliness that cries "Bravo"
To such a scorn of sex!

I saw that now, since License holds such sway,
The comic muse her false position feels,
And that her sister may not gain the day,
Has taken to her heels.

And then methought I stood in fairy bowers,
Where Dulness hides behind the mask of Fun,
Where tin-foil and Dutch metal do for flowers,
And lime-light is the sun ;

Where Art groans under an unseemly ban,
And airy nothings pass for full attire,
The Stage appeals but to the baser man,
And th' only blush, Red Fire!

* * * *

Then starting I awoke from my nightmare.
A nightmare? No! the truth came clear to me.
I'd dream'd the truth—bare facts (O much too bare!)
And stern reality.

An Extract from the original MARGARET.

O, SWEET pale Margaret,
O, rare pale Margaret,
What lit your eyes with tearful power,
Like moonlight on a falling shower?
Who lent you, love, your mortal dower
Of pensive thought and aspect pale,
Your melancholy sweet and frail
As perfume of the cuckoo-power?

* * * *

What can it matter, Margaret,
What songs below the waning stars
The lion-heart, Plantagenet,
Sang, looking thro' his prison bars?
Exquisite Margaret, who can tell
The last wild thought of Chatelet,
Just ere the fallen axe did part
The burning brain from the true heart,
Even in her sight he loved so well?

* * * *

MARY ANN.

(After Mr. Tennyson's "Margaret.")

O, slipshod Mary Ann,
O, draggled Mary Ann,
What gives your arms such fearful power
To raise the dust in blinding shower?
Who gave you strength, your mortal dower,
To beat the mats as with a flail,
To lift with ease that heavy pail?

What can it matter, Mary Ann,
What songs the long-legged son of Mars—
The butcher or the cat's meat man—
Sings to you thro' the area bars?
O, red-armed Mary, you may tell
The milkman, when he fills our can,
You wonder how he has the heart
To let the pump play such a part
In milk for her he loves so well!

You stand not in such attitudes,
You are not quite so plain,
Nor so sulky in your moods,
As your twin-sister, Mary Jane,
Your face is cleaner, and your nose
Not touched with such a grimy hue,
With cold cerially blue,
Or crimson as the damask rose!

ALBANY CLARKE.

From *The Weekly Dispatch*, 25th June, 1882.

It is in the strongly marked individuality of some of Tennyson's early poems that we find, at once, the secret of much of his popularity, and the excuse for the vast number of parodies of his works scattered about in nearly all our humorous literature; and three of the early poems have been especially chosen by parodists as models for imitation; these are the "May Queen," "Locksley Hall," and the "Charge of the Light Brigade."

In the "Bon Gaultier Ballads," by Theodore Martin and Professor Aytoun, will be found several parodies of Tennyson, also of Lord Macaulay, Tom Moore, Bulwer Lytton, Mrs. Browning, and of Leigh Hunt, of whom parodies are rare.

Of the parodies of Tennyson, "Caroline" and "The Laureate" have already been quoted; the others are "The Lay of the Lovelorn" and "The Dirge of the Drinker," both in imitation of "Locksley Hall," "La Mort D'Arthur," concerning Mechi's steel; and the "The Biter Bit."

"The Biter Bit" is a kind of burlesque continuation of the "May Queen," the tender pathos of the original being turned into cynical indifference, whilst preserving a great similarity of style and versification.

You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear,
To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the glad New Year,
Of all the glad New Year, mother, the maddest merriest day;
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

* * * * *

As I came up the valley whom think ye I should see,
But Robin leaning on the bridge beneath the hazel-tree?
He thought of that sharp look, mother, I gave him yesterday,—
But I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

They say he's dying all for love, but that can never be;
They say his heart is breaking, mother—what is that to me?
There's many a bolder lad 'ill woo me any summer day,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

* * * *

TENNYSON.

THE BITER BIT.

THE sun is in the sky, mother, the flowers are springing fair,
And the melody of woodland birds is stirring in the air;
The river, smiling to the sky, glides onward to the sea,
And happiness is everywhere, oh mother, but with me!

They are going to the church, mother,—I hear the marriage bell:
It booms along the upland, oh! it haunts me like a knell;
He leads her on his arm, mother, he cheers her faltering step,
And closely by his side she clings,—she does, the demirep!

They are crossing by the stile, mother, where we so oft have stood,
The stile beside the shady thorn, at the corner of the wood;
And the boughs, that wont to murmur back the words that won my ear,
Wave their silver blossoms o'er him, as he leads his bridal fere.

He will pass beside the stream, mother, where first my hand
he pressed,
By the meadow where, with quivering lip, his passion he
confessed:
And down the hedgerows where we've strayed again and
yet again;
But he will not think of me, mother, his broken-hearted
Jane!

He said that I was proud, mother,—that I looked for rank
and gold;
He said I did not love him,—he said my words were
cold;
He said I kept him off and on, in hopes of higher
game,—
And it may be that I did, mother, but who hasn't done the
same?

I did not know my heart, mother,—I know it now too late;
I thought that I without a pang could wed some nobler
mate;
But no nobler suitor sought me,— and he has taken wing,
And my heart is gone, and I am left a lone and blighted
thing.

You may lay me in my bed, mother,—my head is throbbing
sore,
And mother, prithee, let the sheets be duly aired
before;
And if you'd do a kindness to your poor desponding
child,
Draw me a pot of beer, mother,—and, mother, draw it
mild!

THE MAY QUEEN CORRECTED—May, 1879.

They must wrap and cloak me warmly, cloak me warmly
mother dear,
For to-morrow is the iciest day of all the sad new
year.
Of all the sad new year, mother, the snowiest, blowiest
day,
And I'm to be Queen of the May, mother, I'm to be Queen
of the May.

Punch.

CARTED AWAY.

A Farewell Ode to the Brompton Boilers.

You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother
dear,
There's a work I wouldn't miss for worlds, a sight my heart
does cheer:
Well, I know you'll not believe, mother, a word of what I
say;
But they're carting the boilers away, mother, they're carting
the boilers away.

There's many a black eye, of course, a moral one I mean,
Has been exchanged about them, for many a fight they've
seen;
But no more need of cavil now, the fact's as plain as day,
They're carting the boilers away, mother, they're carting the
boilers away.

Good taste had slept so sound, mother, I thought t'would
never wake.
But the Press, at last, has given it a most decided shake;
Yes, at length it's up and doing, oh! and isn't Brompton gay
While they're carting its boilers away, mother, they're carting
its boilers away!

As I came up from Knightsbridge whom think ye I should
see,
But, Mr. Cole, my ancient friend, best known as our C.B.!
He thought of that sharp look, mother, I gave him yester-
day—
And he carted the boilers away, mother, he carted the boilers
away.

You know it is his boast, mother, that in bricks all red and
white,
He means to raise, on what appears an eligible ground site,
A palace for which Parliament will very gladly pay—
When the boilers are carted away, mother, the boilers are
carted away.

The turnstile and refreshment rooms, umbrella man, and
charts,
The chimney pots, paints, plaster casts, and analysed jam
tarts,
Yes, all are gone! No longer art her triumphs can dis-
play,
For they've carted her boilers away, mother, they've carted
her boilers away.

The cabs they come and go, mother, the omnibuses pass,
The public scarce believe their eyes; they think the thing
a farce,
They'd got resigned to Brompton, thought its boilers meant
to stay!
Yet they're carting those boilers away, mother, they're carting
those boilers away.

South Kensington no more, mother, need fear to be de-
spised,
The three most ugly thinks on earth, man ever yet devised,
No longer shall scare fashion off, and keep the world at
bay;
Yes, the boilers are carted away, mother, the boilers are
carted away.

So please call me very early—Oh! I mean it—mother
dear,
For I wouldn't miss the sight for worlds, it's such a bright
idea;
They're nearly done—a pole or two will go and then—
hooray!
The boilers are carted away, mother, are carted for ever
away!

The following appeared in *The Referee*, in 1882:—

"Chief Justice May has scandalously prejudged the Land League case, and in common decency he should not be allowed to try it. A fair trial is impossible after the partisanship which in the vilest possible taste this person has displayed. It is not the practice even now in Ireland to hang people first and try them afterwards, and May may congratulate himself upon having done the very worst thing in his power for the

Government brief, which, sitting in judgment, he had the effrontery to flaunt in the face of the accused."

THE MAY OF THE QUEEN.

(*The Land League Boy to his Mother*).

You must wake and call me early; call me early, mother dear;
To-morrow will be the saddest time of Ireland's sad new year.
Of all this threat'ning year, mother, the blackest, foulest, day,
For I'm to be tried by Judge May, mother, I'm to be tried by Judge May.

There's many a black, black crime, mother, they charge against your lad;
There's Boycotting and murder, and everything that's bad:
And I'm bound to be convicted, though innocent, they say—
For I'm to be tried by Judge May, mother, I'm to be tried by Judge May.

You know I wasn't there, mother, when all the row was made;
I never made a wicked speech, or led a Land League raid;
But the judge has made up his mind to put your boy away—
For I'm to be tried by Judge May, mother, I'm to be tried by Judge May.

So wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear,
For at ten o'clock, before the Court, I'm summoned to appear.
There's little chance of justice, he's a partisan they say—
This fierce and biassed judge, mother, this Lord Chief Justice May.

THE PLAY KING.

(*Not included in Mr. Tennyson's New Volume*).

You may take and bill me early, bill me early, HENRY dear;
I'm going to make the biggest hit of all the coming year;
Of all the coming year, HENRY, the safest spec to pay;
For *I'm* going to write you a play, HENRY, I'm going to write you a play.

There's lots of blank, blank verse, you know, but none so neat as mine;
There's GILBERT, and there's WILLS, and—well, some others in their line;
But none of them are Laureates, though clever in their way;
So *I'm* going to write you a play, HENRY, I'm going to write you a play.

'Twill be all right at night, HENRY, on that my name I'll stake:
I've got a good Egyptian plot, that's safe, I'm told, to take.
You're poisoned in a temple, Miss TERRY dies at bay—
I *am* writing you such a play, HENRY, I am writing you such a play.

As I came towards the theatre, whom think ye I should see,
But Messrs. HARE and KENDAL, looking sorrowful at me?
They were thinking of *The Falcon* I wrote but yesterday,
And they didn't ask me for a play, HENRY, they didn't ask me for a play.

I know your ghost draws well, HENRY, but don't be in a fright,
My *forte* isn't stage-effect: when I write plays, I *write*.
You'll have five pages at a time,—as much as you can say;
But a Poet is writing your play, HENRY, a Poet is writing your play.

Some critics tell me that my place is not behind the scenes;
That if I must descend I might stop short at magazines.
But as *Queen Mary* from the doors the money turned away,
You must long for another big play, Henry, you must long for another big play.

For fads and fancies grow, HENRY, to wither like the grass,—
The latest, *culture*;—and for that, my name doth current pass.
So that's why, though I can't construct, and you feel all astray,
You've asked me to write you a play, HENRY, you've asked me to write you a play.

So take and bill me early, bill me early HENRY, dear;
I'm going to make the biggest hit of all the coming year;
Of all the coming year, HENRY:—and if it shouldn't pay:—
Still *I* shall have written your play, HENRY, *I* shall have written your play!

From *Punch*, December 4th, 1880.

These verses had reference to the announcement that the Poet Laureate was writing a tragedy to be produced at the Lyceum Theatre.—*The Cup* was indeed a greater success than most of Mr. Tennyson's previous dramatic productions, but it owed its popularity to splendid acting, and the magnificent *mise-en-scene*, far more than to its merits as a *play*, beautiful as it was as a poem.—It was produced on the 19th February, 1881.

In *The Referee* for December 2, 1882, the following parodies were published. It will be noticed that the first part imitates Cowper's *John Gilpin*, the second part Tennyson's *May Queen*, and the third part Campbell's *Hohenlinden*.

"I beg very humbly to submit a poem to the "Royal Family, the Bench, the Bar, and the "British public on the opening of the new Law "Courts."

A MEDLEY FOR MONDAY.

John Bulljohn was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
Of Volunteers a captain he
Of famous London town.

John Bulljohn's mother said, "My dear,
Though living here we've been
This goodness knows how long, yet we
Have never seen the Queen.

"To-morrow to the new Law Courts
Our sovereign does repair;"
Says John, "Good gracious! so she does—
Dear mother, we'll be there."

And ere he went to bed, J. B.
His aged ma did kiss;
And, feeling like a boy again,
Did softly warble this:

You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear—
To-morrow 'll be the happiest time of all this famous year;
Of all this famous year, mother, the grandest, jolliest day,
For look on our Queen we may, mother, look on our Queen we may.

There's many a loyal heart, they say, but none so true as mine,
There's Sandy and there's Dougal, across the Border line;
But none so true as Johnny, not e'en by Alum Bay,
So look on my Queen I may, mother, look on my Queen I may.

All the Strand, dear mother, 'll be gay with flag and green;
And they're selling seats in windows for gold to see the Queen;
O long shall Johnny remember the Law Courts' opening day,
When look on the Queen he may, mother, look on the Queen he may.

In London when the Queen was low,
Too sad at heart about to go,
Or in our streets her face to show
Did loyalty fade rapidly.

But London saw another sight
When she, our Liege, recovered quite,
Came, on a morning clear and bright,
Through arches, flags, and greenery.

To where the new Law Courts were made,
Attended by a cavalcade.
O, how the English crowd hoorayed!
And all was joy and revelry.

Then shook the sky with thunder riven,
For never heartier cheers were given,
As through the streets the Queen was driven,
Attended by her soldiery.

The longest and most important work (by many also considered the finest) of Alfred Tennyson is the collection of Arthurian Idyls, known as the *Idyls of the King*. These were originally published in detached parts, in somewhat irregular order, but in recent editions the Author has striven to arrange them in a consecutive and more connected form.

The first to appear in order of date was the *Morte d'Arthur*, which was published in the 1842 volume, in the later arrangement of the poems this has been absorbed into the last Idyl, entitled "*The Passing of Arthur.*"

In the original it commenced thus:—

"So all day long the noise of battle roll'd
Among the mountains by the winter sea;
Until King Arthur's table, man by man,
Had fall'n in Lyonness about their Lord,
King Arthur; then because his wound was deep,
The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,
Sir Bedivere, the last of all his knights,
And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,
A broken chancel with a broken cross,
That stood on a dark strait of barren land.
On one side lay the Ocean, and on one
Lay a great water, and the moon was full.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:

"The sequel of to-day unsolders all
The goodliest fellowship of famous knights
Whereof this world holds record. Such a sleep
They sleep—the men I loved. I think that we
Shall never more, at any future time,
Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds,
Walking about the gardens and the halls
Of Camelot, as in the days that were.
I perish by this people which I made,—
Tho' Merlin sware that I should come again
To rule once more—but let what will be, be,
I am so deeply smitten through the helm
That without help I cannot last till morn.
Thou, therefore, take my brand Excalibur,
Which was my pride:

* * * * *
take Excalibur,
And fling him far into the middle mere:
Watch what thou seest, and lightly bring me word."

This mission was distasteful to Sir. Bedivere, who exclaims :—

"And if indeed I cast the brand away,
Surely a precious thing, one worthy note,
Should thus be lost for ever from the earth,
Which might have pleased the eyes of many men.
What good should follow this, if this were done?
What harm, undone? Deep harm to disobey,
Seeing obedience is the bond of rule.
Were it well to obey then, if a king demand
An act unprofitable against himself?
The King is sick, and knows not what he does.
What record, or what relic of my lord
Should be to aftertime, but empty breath
And rumours of a doubt? but were this kept,
Stored in some treasure-house of mighty kings,
Some one might show it at a joust of arms,
Saying, 'King Arthur's sword, Excalibur.'"

Thus much of the original must indeed be in one's thoughts ere the *Voyage de Guillaume* can be appreciated ; it recounts the holiday trip of the Prime Minister to the north in September, 1883 It will be remembered that Mr. Gladstone was the guest of Sir Donald Currie, on board the *Pembroke Castle*, and that Alfred Tennyson was also one of the party.

VOYAGE DE GUILLAUME.—A FRAGMENT.

To the Editor of the *St. James's Gazette*.

SIR,—I have received the following lines from North Britain. Evidently it was not without reason that the Prime Minister was accompanied on his cruise by the Poet Laureate.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant, H. H.

* * * *

—So all the year the noise of talk had roared
Before the Speaker's chair at Westminster,
Until King Guillaume's council, man by man
Were tired to death, as also was their Chief,
King Guillaume. Then, observing he was bored,
The bold Sir Donald C. invited him
(Sir Donald C., the last of all his knights)
And bore him off to Barrow by the sea—
Barrow-in-Furness, with a ruined church
That stood beside the melancholy waves.

Then spoke King Guillaume to Sir Donald C. :
"Next session will most probably upset
The goodliest Ministry of virtuous men
Whereof this world holds record. Not for long
Shall we contrive our schemes of policy,
Meeting within the offices and halls
Of Downing Street, as in the days that were.
I perish by these voters which I make—
Although Sir Andrew says that I may live
To rule once more ; but let what will be, be.
He tells me that it is not good for me
To cut down oaks at Haw'rden, as before.
Thou, therefore, take my axe Exbrummagem,
Which was my pride—for thou rememberest how
The lustiest tree would fall beneath my strokes—
But now delay not ; take Exbrummagem,
And fling him overboard when out at sea."

Then bold Sir Donald took Exbrummagem,
And went, and lighted his cigar, and thought :
"And if, indeed, I cast the axe away,
Surely a precious thing, one worthy note,
Should thus be lost for ever from the earth,
Which might have pleased the eyes of many men.
The King is cross, and knows not what he says.
What record, or what relic of my lord,
Should be to aftertime, but empty breath
Condensed in Hansard's books? But were this kept,
Preserved in some Mechanics' Institute,
It might be brought out by some lecturer,
Saying, 'King Guillaume's axe, Exbrummagem,
With which he cut down trees at Hawarden!'
So might he illustrate a stupid speech
To all the people, winning reverence."
So spake he, thinking of constituents,
And kept Exbrummagem for future use.

* * * *

Then came Sir Donald, gave the King his arm,
And brought him to the margin of the sea.
And at his call there hove a roomy barge,
Manned with a gallant crew from stem to stern ;
And so they entered, and put off, and reached
The stately *Pembroke Castle*, and were ware
That all the decks were dense with manly forms
In naval caps and jackets, and with these
Three dames in yachting suits ; and from them rose
A cheer of greeting, and they stretched their hands,
Took him on board, and laughed, and petted him.

And so they sailed ; and while the sea was calm
They talked, and sang, and feasted much, and had,
In Yankee parlance, "quite a high old time."
But when the wind blew, and the waves arose,
It sometimes happened that the grand old face
Was white and colourless, and cries of "Steward!"
Proceeded from the lips of eloquence.
And like a prostrate oak-tree lay the King
Wrapped in a shepherd's plaid and mackintosh :
Not like that Guillaume who, with collars high,
From brow to boot a meteor of debate,
Shot through the lists at Westminster, and charged
The serried ranks of bold Conservatives.

The St. James's Gazette, Sept. 19, 1883.

In the same 1842 volume, appeared "Godiva," "Locksley Hall," "Break, Break, Break," and "The Eagle," of each of which there are some excellent parodies.—The old legend of Lady Godiva, so beautifully retold in blank verse by the Laureate, has recently been sadly vulgarised by the processions at Coventry, and the following poem describes, not unfairly, the scene in which a somewhat prominent actress stooped to sustain the part of the *Lady Godiva*.

THE MODERN LADY GODIVA.

I journeyed by the train to Coventry ;
I paused a groom with porter near the bridge,
And asked which way the pageant came ; and then
I saw it pass—'twas passing strange—and this
Is what they've turned the City's legend to.

Not even were it to remove a tax
Could a Godiva ride abroad to-day
As she rode forth a thousand summers back :
Lord Campbell's Act, and Collette both forbid!
Still did the people clamour for a show ;
So was it settled there should be forthwith
A pageant such as Coventry did love.

Whence came it that, whilst yet the sunny moon
Of roses showed her crescent horn; the day
Fix'd for the pageant dawn'd on Coventry;
And Sanger—he of circus fame—arose
Betimes; for much was on his mind. Perchance
An elephant had shed its trunk; perchance
Some giant camel had "the hump" too much;
Or piebald horse had moulted all its spots.
Most feared he, though, lest she who had agreed
To act Godiva, having slept on it,
Should from her bargain flinch; so sought he her
With, "Well, and ride you through the town to-day?"

And she—for eggs and toast had made her bold—
"Ay, that will I!" Then he: "'Tis well!" and went
And whistled as he walked.

She, left alone,
When the effect of eggs and toast had gone,
Did half repent her promise; then again
Thought of her fee, and so grew bold once more.
And as she sat, rejoicing that 'twas warm,
There came the sound of trumpet and of drum,
And driving past she saw the circus car,
And on it was a placard calling all
Good people to come forth and gaze at her.

Then knew she that undressing time had come,
So sped her to the inner room, and there
Unhook'd the clinging bodice of her frock,
Hair-pinned on locks to show'r down to her knee,
Donned the rose "fleshings" that she was to wear;
Then throwing on a shawl she waited there
Till such time as they brought her palfrey, trapt
In purple, blazoned with armorial gold.

So came at last the sound of pattering hoofs,
And up the stairs a voice, "The 'oss is come!"
And tripping to the door she found a steed,
Milk-white and bony, meek, and pink of eye,
And with a chair and Mr. Sanger's help
Clomb on his back, and then one bang'd a door
And shouted, "Right!" and so the charger past.

Thus rode she forth, clothed on with scantiness,
And in the pageant duly took her place,
Along with camels and with elephants
And men-in-armour, weakest at the knee,
And Foresters with horns that wouldn't blow,
And clumsy bows, and Odd-fellows as well,
In fool regalia; and the Volunteers,
And Fire Brigade, and several brazen bands.
But chiefly 'twas on her all eyes were fix'd,
And women wondered what she could have got
For making of herself a show; and men
Opined that cotton wool she'd freely used;
And one low churl, compact of thankless earth,
Drawing a pin and rushing at her horse
Prick'd—but it was no good, the steed jogged on
As theretofore: and thanks to frequent bangs
And shouts of "Right" did reach the end at last
Of the day's progress, much to its delight.
And she was glad, and hastening to her room
She slipp'd her garments on, and issuing claim'd
Her fee, and took the earliest train to town,
And in the ballet, in the foremost row,
Danced with her fellows, winning great renown,
As one who rode through Coventry in "tights,"
And built herself an evanescent name.

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK.

Tennyson writes thus :—

"Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me."

"O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!"

"And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!"

"Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me."

Of this he has had numerous imitators :—

TO MY SCOUT.

After a smash (and Tennyson).

BREAK, break, break!
Plate, decanter, and glass!
It's enough to worry a cherub,
And loosen the tongue of an ass.

It's all very well to declare
That your "helbow" caught in the door,
And your "fut" must 'ave 'itched in a nail,
And you're very sorry, you're sure.

And I'm very hard-up just now,
Three troublesome duns to stop,
But I wish I'd only got half the coin
I've paid to that china-shop.

Break, break, break!
You must order another new set.
It's good for trade; but I'd like to know
What is the commission you get?

From *Odd Echoes from Oxford*, 1872.

Here is another in a similar vein :—

Break, break, break,
My cups and my saucers, O scout!
And I'm glad that my tongue can't utter
The oaths that my soul points out.

It's well for the china-shop man,
Who gets a fresh order each day;
And deucedly well for yourself,
Who are in the said china-man's pay.

And my stately vases go
To your uncle's, I ween, to be cashed;
But it's O for the light of my broken lamp,
And the tick of my clock that is smashed.

Break, break, break!
At the foot of thy stairs in glee;
But the coin I have spent in glass that is smashed
Will never come back to me.

From the "*Shotover Papers*," Oxford, 1875.

THE BATHER'S DIRGE.

By Tennyson Minor.

BREAK, break, break,
On thy cold hard stones, O Sea!
And I hope that my tongue won't utter
The curses that rise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
If he likes to be soused with the spray!
O well for the sailor lad,
As he paddles about in the bay!

And the ships swim happily on
To their haven under the hill:
But O for a clutch at that vanish'd hand,
And a kick—for I'm catching a chill!

Break, break, break,
At my poor bare feet, O Sea!
But the artful scamp who has collar'd my clothes
Will never come back to me.

From *Funny Folks*, 1879.

The two following are taken from *Punch*:—

THE MUSICAL PITCH.

BREAK, break, break,
O voice!—let me urge thy plea!—
O lower the Pitch, lest utter
Despair be the end of me!

'Tis well for the fiddles to squeak,
The bassoon to grunt in its play:
'Twere well had I lungs of brass,
Or that nothing but strings gave way!

Break, break, break,
O voice! I must urge thy plea,
For the tender skin of my larynx is torn,
And I fail in my upper G!

TENNYSON AT BILLINGSGATE IN 1882.

(Apropos of the *Ring* of Wholesale Fish Dealers.)

TAKE! Take! Take!
Oh grabber of swag from the sea,
And I shouldn't quite like to utter
The thoughts that occur to me!

Oh, ill for the fisherman poor
That he toils for a trifle all day,
And ill for the much-diddled public
That has through the nose to pay.

And the swelling monopolist drives
To his villa at Haverstock Hill,
But it's O for the number of poor men's lives
Food-stinted to plump his till!

Take! Take! Take!
Oh grabber of swag from the sea,
But you'll render a reckoning one of these days
To the public and Mr. P.

In June, 1882, the Editor of *The Weekly Dispatch* awarded a prize of Two Guineas to M. Percivale, for a parody on *Locksley Hall*. The somewhat uncomplimentary allusions to a young Æsthetic poet are too obvious to require any elucidation.

Cousins, leave me here a little, in lawn tennis you excel;
Leave me here, you only bore me, I shall come at "luncheon bell!"

'Tis the place (but rather older)—I was in my eighteenth year,
When I first met utter Oscar, and I thought him such a dear!

How about the beach I wandered, listening while that youth sublime
Spouted verses by the dozen, which he said he wrote for *Time*.

But his form was somewhat fatter than should be for one so young,
And his round eyes spoke the language of his glib and oily tongue.

In the spring the fleshly poet writes a sweet and soothing sonnet:
In the spring a wise young woman buys a more becoming bonnet.

And he said, "Oh, have you anything in Consols or Per Cents.?
For my property's in Ireland, and I cannot get the rents?"

Oh, my Oscar! Impecunious! Oh, intense!—if nothing worse—
Oh, those too-too precious poems! Oh, that too-too empty purse!

Then I said, "I've an allowance from an old maternal aunt,
Just enough for dress; but as to victuals—no, I really can't!"

And he turned, his face was frightful, pale with anger for poor me;
Was it fancy that he muttered something like a big, big D—?

* * * * *

As my husband is, his wife is, rich, the envy of the town;
How a life in shabby lodgings would have dragged my spirit down!

How my beauty would have faded, growing daily paler, thinner!
Making puddings, washing clothing, planning for the children's dinner.

Comes the butler, "Lunch is ready, madam!" iced champagne, I know,
Mayonnaise and lobster salad; I am hungry and—I go.

Here is another, and an earlier, imitation of the same original:—

BACCHANALIAN DREAMINGS.

Cronies leave me in the bar-room, while as yet I've cash to spend,
Leave me here, and if I'm wanted, 'mum's' the word to every friend,

'Tis the place, I can assure you, if from funds you wish to part ;
Yet for these you'll get a mixture, wisely stirred will warm the heart.

This old house is situated in a street well-known as High ;
Here the choicest spirits gather, when the moon is in the sky.

Oft at night I've seen the taper seemingly to multiply
And assume these quaintish fashions so deceptive to the eye.

Till in fancy I've been lifted high above this earthly ball ;
And the lights, like stars have twinkled, in the mirrors on the wall.

In the happiness that followed, I've forgot life's cankering care,
Yet from these Elysian dreamings I've waked to misery and despair.

In this mood I've heard, with pleasure common mortals cannot know,
Grand debates, and songs and speeches, which from sparkling genius flow.

Then I've built aerial castles towering up to heights sublime,
And I've questioned in my fancy, if such blissfulness were mine.

For the nonce, a powerful statesman, I have ruled with iron sway,
Millions of my fellow-creatures, who, of course, were rougher clay.

Changing, then, to mighty warrior, at the head of armies bold,
I've crushed all who dared oppose me, just for glory, not for gold.

Or, again, as learned historian, I've noted down the deeds of yore,
Woven in a graceful fashion, mines of thought from ancient lore.

Burning passions, that consumed me, caused my throbbing heart to swell,
Or, when seized with poet's fancy, I've attempted oft to tell.

But the finest of our fancies very quickly disappear,
If from thoughtfulness we're wakened by the foolish jest or jeer.

White-sleeved waiters can't appreciate thoughts superior to red wine,
And that Act, by one Mackenzie, foeman is to Muses Nine.

In my rev'rie I was shaken, by a hand, and gruffly told
That the hour had just departed, when with safety wine was sold.

From *The Modern Athenian*, 18th March, 1876.

THE NEW ŒNONE.—AN EPIC FRAGMENT.

(*With Apologies to the Poet Laureate.*)

O BRITISH Public, many-fadded public,
Queer British Public, harken ere I die !
It was the bright forenoon : one silvery cloud
Had with soft sprinkle laid the gathered dust
Of Mayfair. To the studio they came.
Scant-robed they came before the camera.
And at their feet was laid a carpet fair,
Lemon, and cinnamon, and ghostly grey,
Purple, and primrose. And the artist rose
And overhead the swift spring-curtains drew
This way and that in many a subtle shift
For fine effect of light and shade, and placed
Background of statuary and drooping boughs,
With cloud and curtain, tower and portico.

O British Public harken ere I die !
I heard great Heré. She to Paris made
Proffer of popular power, public rule,
Unquestioned, an elastic revenue
Wherewith to buoy and back Imperial plans,
Honour (with Peace) she said, and tax and toll
From many a Place of Arms and haven large,
And Scientific Frontiers, and all else
That patriotic potency may crave ;
To all most welcome, seeing men in power
Then only are like gods, having attained
Rest in "another place," and quiet seats
Above the tumult, safe from Dissolution,
In shelter of their great majority.
O British Public harken ere I die !
She ceased, and Paris held the golden fruit
Out at arm's length, so much the thought of power
Flattered his spirit ; but Pallas where she stood
Somewhat apart, her straight and stately limbs
Uplifted, and her aspect high, if cold,
The while above her full and earnest eye
Over her firm set mouth and haughty cheek
Kept watch, waiting decision, made reply.

"Unselfishness, high honour, justice clear,
These three alone give worth to sovereign power.
Yet not for power (power of itself
Is a base burden) but to hold as law
The fiat high, 'Be just and do not fear.'
And because right *is* right to follow right,
With a serene contempt of consequence."

* * * * * *

And Paris pondered, and I cried, "Oh ! Paris,
Give it to Pallas !" But he heard me not,
Or hearing, would not heed me. Woe is me !

O British Public, many-headed Public,
Crass British Public, harken ere I die !
Audacious Aphrodite, beautiful
Fresh as the purple hyacinth's rain-washed bells,
With soft seductive fingers backward drew
From her bold brow and bosom her long hair
Auricomous, and bared her shining throat
And shoulder ; on the carpet her small feet
Shone lily-like, and on her rounded form,
Between the shadows of the studio blinds,
Shifted the cunning "high lights" as she moved.

O British Public, harken ere I die !
She, with a subtle smile in her bold eyes,
The herald of her triumph, well assured,
Half whispered in his ear, "I promise thee
The negative of my next photograph !"
She spoke and laughed, I shut my eyes in fear,
And when I looked, Paris had not the apple.
And I beheld great Heré's angry eyes
As she withdrew from forth the studio door,
And I was left alone within the place !

* * * *

From *Punch*, December, 1879.

ALFRED TENNYSON *(continued).*

There still remain to be quoted a few amusing parodies of Tennyson's early poems, the first in order being *Mariana*, which was thus closely burlesqued in George Cruikshank's *Comic Almanack* for 1846.

THE BOW STREET GRANGE.

By Alfred Tennyson.

With blackest mud, the locked-up sots
  Were splashed and covered, one and all.
And rusty nails, and callous knots,
  Stuck from the bench against the wall.
The wooden bed felt hard and strange;
  Lost was the key that oped the latch;
  To light his pipe he had no match,
Within the Bow Street station's range.

  He only said, "It's very dreary;"
    "Bail will not come," he said;
  He said, "I have been very beery,
    I would I were a-bed!"

The rain fell like a sluice that even;
  His Clarence boots could not be dried,
But had been soaked since half-past seven—
  To get them off in vain he tried.
After the smashing of his hat,
  Just as the new police came by,
  And took him into custody,
He thought, I've been a precious flat,

  He only said, "The cell is dreary;"
    "Bail cometh not," he said;
  He said, "I must be very beery,
    I wish I were in bed!"

Upon the middle of the night,
  Waking, he heard a stunning row;
Some jolly cocks sang out till light,
  And would not keep still anyhow.
He wished to bribe, but had no change
  Within his pockets, all forlorn,
  And so he kept awake till morn
Within that lonely Bow Street grange.

  He only said, "The cell is dreary;"
    "Bail cometh not," he said;
  He said, "I must be very beery,
    I'd rather be in bed!"

All night within that gloomy cell
  The keys within the padlock creaked;
The tipsy 'gents' bawled out as well,
  And in the dungeons yelled and shrieked.
Policemen slyly prowled about;
  Their faces glimmered through the door,
  But brought not, though he did implore,
One humble glass of cold without.

  He only said, "The night is dreary;"
    "Bail cometh not," he said;
  He said, "I have been very beery,
    I would I were in bed!"

At morn, the noise of boys aloof,
  Inspectors' orders, and the chaff
Of cads upon the busses' roof,
  To Poplar bound, too much by half
Did prove; but most he loathed the hour
  When Mr. Jardine chose to say
  Five shillings he would have to pay,
Now he was in policeman's power.

  Then said he, "This is very dreary;"
    "Bail will not come," he said;
  He said, "I'll never more get beery,
    But go straight home to bed!"

In 1855, Messrs. G. Routledge & Co., published a small volume, by Frank E. Smedley and Edmund Hodgson Yates, entitled *Mirth and Metre*, which contained several excellent parodies, one entitled Boreäna, after the *The Ballad of Oriana*; and another, called Vauxhall, which imitated *Locksley Hall*. Most of the parodies in the book were written by Mr. Edmund H. Yates, but he gave the credit of Boreäna to Mr. Frank Smedley, the author of several well-known novels, who died in May, 1864.

THE BALLAD OF BOREÄNA.

My brain is wearied with thy prate,
    Boreäna,
I sit and curse my hapless fate,
    Boreäna,
What time the rain pours down the gutter,
Still your platitudes you utter
    Boreäna,
I unholy wishes mutter,
    Boreäna.

Ere the night-light's flame was fading,
    Boreäna,
While the cats were serenading,
    Boreäna,
Sheep were bleating, oxen lowing,
We heard the beasts to Smithfield going,
    Boreäna,
You said the butcher's bill was owing,
    Boreäna.

At Cremorne, we two alone,
    Boreäna,
Ere my wisdom teeth were grown,
    Boreäna,
While the dancers gaily hopped,
And the brass-band never stopped,
    Boreäna,
I to thee the question popped,
    Boreäna.

She stood behind the area gate,
Boreäna,
She did it just to aggravate,
Boreäna,
She saw me wink, she heard me swear,
She recognised the scoundrel there,
Boreäna,
She *knows* a bailiff I can't bear,
Boreäna.

The cursed writ he pushed it through,
Boreäna,
The area rails, and gave it you,
Boreäna,
The infernal summons me unnerved,
He from his duty never swerved,
Boreäna,
On thee, my bride, the writ he served,
Boreäna.

Oh! narrow-minded county court,
Boreäna,
'Tis death to me, to them 'tis sport,
Boreäna,
Oh! stab in my most tender place,
My pocket, oh! the deep disgrace,
Boreäna,
I fell down flat upon my face,
Boreäna.

They fined me at the next court day,
Boreäna,
Locked up, how can I get away
Boreäna?
I don't perceive of hope a ray,
'Tis a true bill, but oh! I say,
Boreäna,
How without tin am I to pay,
Boreäna?

* * * *

When turns the never-pausing mill,
Boreäna,
I tread, I do not dare stand still,
Boreäna:
At home, of beer thou drink'st thy fill,
I may not come to thee and swill,
Boreäna,
I hear the rolling of the mill,
Boreäna.

TENNYSON'S *The Palace of Art*, commences thus:—

I BUILT my soul a lordly pleasure-house,
Wherein at ease for aye to dwe l.
I said, "O soul, make merry and carouse,
Dear soul, for all is well."

* * * *

And "while the world runs round and round," I said,
"Reign thou apart, a quiet king,
Still as while Saturn whirls, his steadfast shade
Sleeps on his luminous ring."

The following skit ridiculing the furniture and decorations of an artistically-arranged modern house, is taken from *Punch* of the 15th February, 1879.

THE PALACE OF ART.

I BUILT myself a high-art pleasure-house
For my sick soul at peace therein to dwell.
I said, "I have the true æsthetic *nous*,
And can design it well."

'Twas dull red brick, with gables set galore,
And little light did through the windows pass,
For 'twas shut out by thick lead frames that bore
Quarrels of grey-green glass,

The dadoed walls, in green were stained, no tint
Which common blue and yellow mingled make;
But a green y-wrought—of sepia without stint—
With indigo and lake.

Nor grainèd panel nor enamelled slate
Was there to jar on my artistic sight;
Plain ebon wood-work framed the open grate,
And over,—blue and white.

Two lovely griffins, made of burnished brass,
I found, to guard the fireplace on each side.
With curling tails (though one was lost, alas!),
And mouths that gaped wide.

All round the rooms were shelves of black-dyed deal,
On which stood pots and plates of every hue;
Whilst far apart two lilièd angels kneel
In Robbia white and blue.

One deep recess, serge-covered, like a lawn,
Held, on a brass nailed shelf, its seat of state,
Apart from other pots and pans withdrawn,
An ancient kitchen-plate.

"Hence whilst the world runs round and round," I said,
"I will send forth my wits to gather wool;
With task or toil I will not vex my head;
But on that plate feed full."

So day and night upon that plate I gazed,
And strove to fix thereon what thought I had;
Until my sight grew dim, and my sense dazed,
And my digestion bad.

My brain shrunk like a nut adust and dried;
I felt that I was not at all myself,
And longed to lay my dwindled wits beside
That plate upon that shelf.

That ancient plate of willow-pattern blue,
Which so absorbèd had my every thought,
I seemed to live thereon, and slowly grew
Confucian, clear of thought.

One year I gazed upon that much-loved plate,
Till at the last the sight began to pall.
I said, "How know I 'tis of ancient date,
Or China-ware at all?"

So when one year was wholly finished,
I put that willow-pattern plate away.
"Now rather bring me Satsuma!" I said,
"Or blue-green Cloisonnée.

"For I am sick of this pervading hue,
Steeped wherein this landscape, stream, and sky,
To my heart-weary question, 'Is all blue?'
'Yea, all is blue,' reply.

"Yet do not smash the plate I so admired,
When first my high æsthetic house I built;
I may come back to it, of Dresden tired,
And Sèvres gaily gilt.'

Although taken from Cruikshank's *Comic Almanack*, for 1846, the following parody of *The May Queen* is so fresh and so funny that it might have been written yesterday:—

THE QUEEN OF THE FÊTE.

By Alfred Tennyson.

I.—The Day Before.

[*To be read with liveliness.*]

If you're waking, call me early, mother, fine, or wet, or bleak;
To-morrow is the happiest day of all the Ascot week;
It is the Chiswick fête, mother, of flowers and people gay,
And I'll be queen, if I may, mother, I'll be queen, if I may.

There's many a bright *barege*, they say, but none so bright as mine,
And whiter gloves, that have been cleaned, and smell of turpentine;
But none so nice as mine, I know, and so they all will say;
And I'll be queen, if I may, mother, I'll be queen, if I may.

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall never wake,
If you do not shout at my bedside, and give me a good shake;
For I have got those gloves to trim with blonde and ribbons gay,
And I'm to be queen, if I may, mother; I'm to be queen, if I may.

As I came home to-day, mother, whom think you I should meet,
But Harry—looking at a cab, upset in Oxford Street;
He thought of when we met, to learn the Polka of Miss Rae—
But I'll be queen, if I may, mother; I'll be queen, if I may.

They say he wears moustachios, that my chosen he may be;
They say he's left off raking, mother—what is that to me?
I shall meet all the Fusiliers upon the Chiswick day:
And I will be queen, if I may, mother; I will be queen if I may.

The night cabs come and go, mother, with panes of mended glass,
And all the things about us seem to clatter as they pass;
The roads are dry and dusty; it will be a fine, fine day,
And I'm to be queen, if I may, mother: I'm to be queen, if I may.

The weather-glass hung in the hall has turned to "fair" from "showers."
The sea-weed crackles and feels dry, that's hanging 'midst the flowers,
Vauxhall, too, is not open, so 'twill be a fine, fine day;
And I will be queen, if I may, mother; I will be queen, if I may.

So call me, if you're waking; call me, mother, from my rest—
The "Middle Horticultural" is sure to be the best.
Of all the three this one will be the brightest, happiest day;
And I will be queen, if I may, mother; I will be queen, if I may.

II.—The Day After.

[*Slow, and with sad expressiou.*]

If you're waking, call me early; call me early, mother dear;
The soaking rain of yesterday has spoilt my dress I fear;
I've caught a shocking cold, mamma, so make a cup for me,
Of what sly folks call, blackthorn, and facetious grocers, tea.

I started forth in floss and flowers to have a pleasant day,
When all at once down came the wet, and hurried all away;
And now there's not a flower but is washed out by the rain:
I wonder if the colours, mother, will come round again.

I have been wild and wayward, but I am not wayward now,
I think of my allowance, and I'm sure I don't know how
I shall make both ends meet. Papa will be so very wild;
He says, already mother, I'm his most expensive child.

Just say to Harry a kind word, and tell him not to fret;
Perhaps I was cross, but then he knows it was so very wet;
Had it been fine—I cannot tell—he might have had my arm;
But the bad weather ruined all, and spoilt my toilet's charm.

I'll wear the dress again, mother; I do not care a pin,—
Or, perhaps, 'twill do for Effie, but it must be taken in;
But do not let her see it yet—she's not so very green,
And will not take it until washed and ironed it has been.

So, if you're waking, call me, when the day begins to dawn;
I dread to look at my *barege*—it must be so forlorn;
We'll put it in the rough-dried box: it may come out next year;
So, if you're waking, call me, call me early, mother dear

Light Green, a magazine published at Cambridge, in 1872, contained another parody of the same original, it is called "The May Dream," by Alfred Pennysong.

The following appeared in *The Tomahawk*, of December 5th, 1868.

ELECTIONS' EVE!

A Song of the Future (?).

You must wake and call me early, call me early mother dear,
Though November is the dullest month of any in the year,
Yet to-morrow I shall represent my country—oh! how droll!
For I'm the Queen of the Poll, mother! I'm the Queen of the Poll!

There'll be many a black, black eye, mother (I hope one won't be mine),
But ten thousand voting virgins will be flocking to my sign,
Supported by my Coleridge—Mill, 'neath Becker's steadfast soul,
Shall I be the Queen of the Poll, mother! I, be the Queen of the Poll!

The Benches soon shall welcome me, the Lobby be my haunt,
That spinster Speaker by her winks and frowns shall ne'er me daunt,
My rights are good as any, and my name is on the roll,
And I'm the Queen of the Poll, mother! I'm the Queen of the Poll.

I have been wild and wayward, but those days are past and gone,
The Valse is fled, the Kettledrum, the Croquet on the Lawn;
Another *Lawn*, clear-starched and white, rises before my eye,
The Speaker's risen to *orders*, why the Dickens shouldn't I?

Pardon my slang, for auld *slang* syne, I'm still a woman true,
And women's tongues were never made to say what they might rue;
But there's one thing on my mind, mother, to ask you I'd forgot,
Shall I repair to Parliament in petticoats or——not?

Now, good night, good night, dear mother, ah! to-morrow 'll be the day
When women's rights are settled, then won't we have our say;
And then 'midst England's patriots, my name shall I enrol,
For I'm the Queen of the Poll, mother! I'm the Queen of the Poll!

A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN.

(From *The World*, July 23rd, 1879).

Long time I fed my eyes on that strange scene,
Painted by Poynter, of the famous bay,
Wherein Phæacian maids surround their queen
Nausicaa in play.

And clearer on my trancèd gaze there grew
The celebrated beauties of the town;
Leaping in front, I saw with wonder new
The sexless thing in brown.

Meseemed that, as I gazed, my vision changed:
The loose-girt ladies on the pictured wall
I saw no more; but, fancy led, I ranged
The fair in Albert Hall.

The hothouse blossoms of a sunless year,
And quaintest crewels, wrought in grays and greens,
Adorned the stalls—extravagantly dear,
For they were sold by queens.

Foremost I saw, with overloaded stall
Beset from morn till eve with densest crowd,
A daughter of the Jews, divinely small,
And most divinely proud.

With high-pitched tones in broken English she
Waved bystanders aside, and sold her wares
Only to scions of nobility,
With all her choicest airs.

And passing on, not caring to pay dear
For portraits which in all shop-windows are,
I saw our novel Helen standing near,
Far-gleaming like a star.

Softly she spake: 'I would that from my stall
Some favour you would buy, that I may gain
Tenfold in praise, and beat my rivals all
In making fools of men.'

Outleapt my answer: 'Try me with thy wile:
A crown for that sweet rose!' With polished ease
She shook from haughty eyes a languid smile:
'Not so; a guinea, please.'

Lighter my purse, as onward, pacing slow,
I turned from right to left in idle quest,
Till on me flashed, fair as the sunset glow,
Mrs. Cornwallis West.

Strangely my eyes their wonted functions changed;
I saw her once again, white-veiled, white-furred,
As oft by deft photographers arranged,
A photographic bird

Prest to her lips 'mid counterfeited snow.
Full soon the fancy ceased. I heard a cry
Peal from the lips that men have worshipped so:
'Pass quickly on, or buy!'

A labyrinth of beauty, sweet to see!
The proud Guinness, the noted Wheeler—all
Our much-belauded London galaxy,
Protecting each a stall.

Sweet forms, fair faces, everywhere the same;
And many a withered flower and trinket old
I purchased recklessly, till joy became
A solemn scorn of gold.

The slow day faded in the evening sky
Ere all my petty cash was squandered free.
One joy remained. I bade my hansom fly
To visit Connie G.

TERRÆ FILIUS.

Those who have read *Locksley Hall* will greatly appreciate *The Lay of the Lovelorn*, a parody contained in the Bon Gaultier Ballads of Theodore Martin and Professor Aytoun.

Tennyson's original poem commences thus:—

Comrades leave me here a little, while as yet 'tis early morn;
Leave me here, and when you want me, sound upon the bugle horn.

'Tis the place, and all around it, as of old the curlews' call,
Dreary gleams about the moorland flying over Locksley Hall;

Here about the beach I wander'd, nourishing a youth sublime
With the fairy tales of science, and the long result of Time.

* * * * * *

Love took up the glass of Time, and turn'd it in his glowing hands;
Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden sands.

Love took up the harp of life, and smote on all the chords with might;
Smote the chord of self, that, trembling, pass'd in music out of sight.

Many an evening by the waters did we watch the stately ships,
And our spirits rush'd together at the touching of the lips.

O my cousin, shallow hearted! O my Amy, mine no more,
O the dreary, dreary moorland! O the barren, barren shore!

Falser than all fancy fathoms, falser than all songs have sung,
Puppet to a father's threat, and servile to a shrewish tongue!

Is it well to wish thee happy? having known me—to decline
On a range of lower feelings and a narrower heart than mine!

Yet it shall be: thou shall lower to his level day by day,
What is fine within thee growing coarse to sympathise with clay.

As the husband is, the wife is: thou art mated with a clown,
And the grossness of his nature will have weight to drag thee down.

He will hold thee, when his passion shall have spent its novel force,
Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse.

* * * *

Cursed be the social wants that sin against the strength of youth!
Cursed be the social lies that warp us from the living truth!

Cursed be the sickly forms that err from honest nature's rule.
Cursed be the gold that gilds the straightened forehead of the fool.

THE LAY OF THE LOVELORN.

Comrades, you may pass the rosy. With permission of the chair
I shall leave you for a little, for I'd like to take the air.

Whether 'twas the sauce at dinner, or that glass of ginger beer,
Or these strong cheroots, I know not, but I feel a little queer.

* * * * *

In my ears I hear the singing of a lot of favourite tunes—
Bless my heart, how very odd! Why, surely there's a brace of moons!

See! the stars! how bright they twinkle, winking with a frosty glare;
Like my faithless cousin Amy when she drove me to despair.

Oh, my cousin, spider hearted! Oh, my Amy! No, confound it!
I must wear the mournful willow,—all around my hat I've bound it.

Falser than the Bank of Fancy, frailer than a shilling glove,
Puppet to a father's anger, minion to a nabob's love!

Is it well to wish thee happy? Having known me, could you ever?
Stoop to marry half a heart, and little more than half a liver?

Happy! Damme! Thou shalt lower to his level day by day,
Changing from the best of china to the commonest of clay.

As the husband is, the wife is,—he is stomach-plagued and old;
And his curry soups will make thy cheek the colour of his gold.

When his feeble love is sated, he will hold thee surely then
Something lower than his hookah,—something less than his cayenne.

What is this? His eyes are pinky. Was't the claret? Oh, no, no,—
Bless your soul! it was the salmon,—salmon always makes him so.

Take him to thy dainty chamber—soothe him with thy lightest fancies;
He will understand thee, won't he?—pay thee with a lover's glances?

* * * *

Better thou wert dead before me—better, better, that I stood,
Looking on thy murdered body, like the injured Daniel Good!

Better thou and I were lying, cold and timber-stiff and dead,
With a pan of burning charcoal underneath our nuptial bed.

Cursed be the Bank of England's notes, that tempt the soul to sin!
Cursed be the want of acres,—doubly cursed the want of tin!

Cursed be the marriage contract, that enslaved thy soul to greed!
Cursed be the sallow lawyer, that prepared and drew the deed!

Cursed be his foul apprentice, who the loathsome fees did earn!
Cursed be the clerk and parson,—cursed be the whole concern!

* * * * *

Oh, 'tis well that I should bluster,—much I'm like to make of that;
Better comfort have I found in singing "All around my Hat."

But that song so wildly plaintive, palls upon my British ears.
'Twill not do to pine for ever,—I am getting up in years.

Can't I turn the honest penny, scribbling for the weekly press,
And in writing Sunday libels drown my private wretchedness?

Oh, to feel the wild pulsation that in manhood's dawn I knew
When my days were all before me, and my years were twenty-two!

When I smoked my independent pipe along the Quadrant wide
With the many larks of London flaring up on every side;

When I went the pace so wildly, caring little what might come;
Coffee-milling care and sorrow, with a nose-adapted thumb;

Felt the exquisite enjoyment, tossing nightly off, oh heavens!
Brandy at the Cider Cellars, kidneys smoking hot at Evans'!

Or in the Adelphi sitting, half in rapture, half in tears,
Saw the glorious melodrama conjure up the shades of years,

Saw Jack Sheppard, noble strippling, act his wondrous feats again,
Snapping Newgate's bars of iron, like an infant's daisy chain.

Might was right, and all the terrors, which had held the world in awe,
Were despised, and prigging prospered, spite of Laurie, spite of law.

In such scene sas these I triumphed, ere my passion's edge was rusted,
And my cousin's cold refusal left me very much disgusted!

Hark! my merry comrade's call me, bawling for another jorum;
They would mock me in derision, should I thus appear before 'em.

Womankind no more shall vex me, such at least as go arrayed
In the most expensive satins and the newest silk brocade.

I'll to Afric, lion-haunted, where the giant forest yields
Rarer robes and finer tissues than are sold at Spitalfields.

Or to burst all chains of habit, flinging habit's self aside,
I shall walk the tangled jungle in mankind's primeval pride;

Feeding on the luscious berries and the rich cassava root,
Lots of dates and lots of guavas, clusters of forbidden fruit.

Never comes the trader thither, never o'er the purple main
Sounds the oath of British commerce, or the accents of Cockaigne.

There, methinks, would be enjoyment, where no envious rule prevents;
Sink the steamboats! cuss the railways! rot, O rot the Three per Cents!

There the passions, cramped no longer, shall have space to breathe, my cousin!
I will wed some savage woman—nay, I'll wed at least a dozen.

There I'll rear my young mulattoes, as no Bond Street brats are reared:
They shall dive for alligators, catch the wild goats by the beard—

Whistle to the cockatoos, and mock the hairy-faced baboon,
Worship mighty Mumbo Jumbo in the mountains of the moon.

I myself, in far Timbuctoo, leopard's blood will daily quaff,
Ride a tiger hunting, mounted on a thorough-bred giraffe.

Fiercely shall I shout the war-whoop, as some sullen stream he crosses,
Startling from their noonday slumbers, iron-bound rhinoceroses.

Fool! again the dream, the fancy! But I know my words are mad,
For I hold the grey barbarian lower than the Christian cad.

I the swell—the city dandy! I to seek such horrid places,—
I to haunt with squalid negroes, blubber lips, and monkey-faces!

I to wed with Coromantees! I who managed—very near—
To secure the heart and fortune of the widow Shillibeer!

Stuff and nonsense! let me never fling a single chance away,
Maids ere now, I know, have loved me, and another maiden may.

* * * *

That's the sort of thing to do it. Now I'll go and taste the balmy,—
Rest thee with thy yellow nabob, spider-hearted cousin Amy!

VAUXHALL.

Cabman, stop thy jaded knacker; cabman, draw thy slackened rein;
Take this sixpence—do not grumble, swear not at Sir Richard Mayne!

'Tis the place, and all around it, as of old the cadger's bawl—
Sparkling rockets, squibs and crackers, whizzing over gay Vauxhall.

Gay Vauxhall! that in the summer all the youth of town attracts,
Glittering with its lamps and fireworks, and its flashing cataracts.

Many a night in yonder gilded temple, ere I went to rest,
Did I look on great Von Joel, mimicking the feathered nest;

Many a night I saw Hernandez in a tinsel garb arrayed,
With his odorif'rous ringlets tangled in a silver braid;

Here about the paths I wandered, chaffing, laughing all the time,
Laughing at the piebald clown, or listening to the minstrel's rhyme;

When beneath the business-counter linendraper's men reposed,
When in calm and peaceful slumber, sharp maternal eyes are closed;

When I dipt into the pewter pot that held the foaming stout,
When I quaffed the burning punch, or wildly sipped the "cold without."

In the spring a finer cambric's wrapped around the lordling's breast;
In the spring the gent at Redmayne's gets himself a Moses' "vest;"

In the spring we make investment in a white or lilac glove;
In the spring my youthful fancy prompted me to fall in love.

Then she danced through all the *ballet*, as a fairy blithe and young,
Stood a tiptoe on a flow'ret, or from clouds of pasteboard swung—

And I said, "Miss Julia Belmont, speak, and speak the truth to me,
Wilt thou from this fairy region with a heart congenial flee?"

On her lovely cheek and forehead came a blushing through her paint,
And she sank upon my bosom in the semblance of a faint;

Then she turned, her voice was broken (so, if I must tell the truth,
Was her English—all I pardoned in the generous warmth of youth),

Saying, "Pray excuse my feelings, nothing wrong, indeed, is meant,"
Saying, "Will you be my loveyer?" weeping, "you are quite the gent."

Love took up the glass before me, filled it foaming to the brim,
Love changed every comic ballad to a sweet euphonious hymn!

Many a morning in the railway did we run to Richmond, Kew,
And her hunger cleared my pockets oft of shillings not a few!

Many an evening down at Greenwich did we eat the pleasant "bait,"
Till I found my earnings going at a rather rapid rate.

Oh! Miss Belmont, fickle-hearted! Oh, Miss Belmont known too late,
Oh, that horrid, horrid Richmond, oh, the cursed, cursed "bait."

Falser far than Lola Montes, falser e'en than Alice Gray,
Scorner of a faithful press-man, sharer of a tumbler's pay!—

Is it well to wish thee happy? having once loved *me*—to wed
With a fool who gains his living by his heels, and not his head!

As the husband is, the wife is: thou art mated with a clown,
And pursuing his profession, he will strive to drag thee down.

He will hold thee in the winter, when his fooleries begin,
Something better than his wig, a little dearer than his gin.

What is this? his legs are bending! think'st thou he is weary, faint?
Go to him, it is thy duty; kiss him, how he tastes of paint!

Am I mad, that I should cherish memories of the bygone time?
Think of loving one whose husband fools it in a pantomime!

Never, though my mortal summers should be lengthened to the sum
Granted to the aged Parr, or more illustrious Widdicomb—

Comfort!—talk to me of comfort! What is comfort here below?
Lies it in iced drinks in summer, aquascutum coats in snow?

Think not thou wilt know its meaning, wail of all his vows the proof,
Till the manager is sulky, and the rain pours through the roof.

See, his life he acts in dreams, while thou art staring in his face,
Listen to his hollow laughter, mark his effort at grimace!

Thou shalt hear "Hot Codlins" muttered in his vision-haunted sleep,
Thou shalt hear his feigned ecstatics, thou shalt hear his curses deep.

Let them fall on gay Vauxhall, that scene to me of deepest woe,
But—the waiters are departing, and perhaps I'd better go!—

By EDMUND H. YATES,

From *Mirth and Metre*, 1855.

Extract from *Sir Rupert the Red*, in imitation of Tennyson's *Locksley Hall*.

Very early in the morning would he, tumbling out of bed,
Mow his chin with wretched razor, mow and hack it till it bled ;

Then he'd curse the harmless cutler, heap upon him curses deep,
Curse him in his hour of waking, doubly curse him in his sleep—

Saying, "Mechi ! O my Mechi ! O my Mechi, mine no more,
Whither's fled that brilliant sharpness which thy razors had of yore,

Ere thou quittedst Leadenhall Street, quittedst it with many a qualm—
Ere thou soughtest rustic Tiptree, Tiptree and its model farm ?

Many a morning, by the mirror, did I pass thee o'er my beard,
And my chin grew smooth beneath thee, of its hairy harvest cleared ;

Many an evening have I drawn thee 'cross the throats of wretched Jews,
When they, trembling, showed their purses, stuffed for safety in their shoes.

But, like mine, thy day is over—thou art blunt and I'm disgraced !
Curses on thy maker's projects, curses on his 'magic paste.'"

From *Mirth and Metre.*

The following imitation of "Break, Break, Break," is from *Snatches of Song*, by F. B. Doveton, 1880, which volume also contains (page 127) a long, but not very amusing, parody of *The Grandmother*, entitled *Hard Times.*

BREAK, break, break,
In thy pantry, costly maid !
And I bitterly rue the hour
When I took you from Mrs. Slade.

'Tis well for the lady fair
Whose glass is unshattered yet !
'Tis well for the thrifty dame
Who has "an unbroken set !"

And the clatter and crash goes on,
And Mary picks up the slain ;
But oh ! for that teacup of rarest Sèvres,
And that vase of porcelain !

Break, break, break,
In thy pantry, Mary G——!
But that costly vase and that teacup rare
Will never come back to me !

Here is another in a similar vein, from *Punch's Almanack* for 1884:—

BREAK, break, break,
O slavey, my crock-e-ry !
And I would that my tongue dared utter
The wrath that's astir in me.

O well for the labourer's wife,
Who can wash her own tea-things each day !
O well for the labourer's self,
Who has no servant's wages to pay !

But the breakages here go on,
And I have to settle the bill ;
And it's oh ! for the shards of my vanished cups,
And my saucers dwindling still !

Break ! break ! break !
A week from this you shall see,
But the dishes and plates you have smashed [since you came,
Will never come back to me !

OUR MISCELLANY *(which ought to have come out, but didn't)*, edited by Edmund H. Yates and R. B. Brough, published by G. Routledge & Co., in 1857, contains a number of parodies, amongst them of Lord Macaulay, E. A. Poe, Longfellow, and Charles Dickens.

Of Tennyson there are two imitations of *Maud;* one, nine verses in length, of *In Memoriam*, and one entitled *A Character*, which is a rather close parody of a poem having the same title, published in Tennyson's 1830 volume.

It will be remembered that at the time *Our Miscellany* appeared, M. Jullien's Promenade Concerts were in the full tide of their prosperity, and that the little fopperies and vanities of the clever *Chef d'orchestre*, and his importation of French military bands were then the talk of the town.

A CHARACTER.

(Jullien.)

With half a glance upon the house,
Each night he said "The gatherings
Of people underneath this roof
Teach me the paying sort of things,
And music, whence they'd stand aloof,
May in the ocean depths go souse."

* * *

He led a polka—round his skull
He waved the rhythm of the charm,
And stamped, and shook his dress-coat skirts,
With giant wavings of his arm ;
And then—he went and changed his shirt !
And said the house was very full.

And so he drove a thriving trade,
With symphonies in classic way ;
With Drummers and with Zouaves' call
Himself upon himself did play,
Each season ending with a ball
Of masques, his fortune thus he made.

The *In Memoriam* verses are scarcely so good, I will, therefore, only quote the first and the last :—

RICHMOND, 1856.

I HOLD it truth, when I recall
Last London's season's joyous spell,
'Tis better to have danced not well,
Than never to have danced at all.

* * *

The season's past ; alone at Basle
I sit ; but still, as truth I tell,
'Tis better to have danced not well,
Than never to have danced at all.

The two imitations of *Maud*, at pages 80 and 179, are too long, and scarcely sufficiently interesting, to quote at length.

The Shilling Book of Beauty, by Cuthbert Bede (J. Blackwood, 1853), has also a parody of *Maud*, in ten verses, it is entitled :—

MAUD IN THE GARDEN.

By Alfred Tennison, Esq.

She is coming, my own, my sweet ;
She is coming, my life, my fate ;
I hear the beat of her fairy feet,
As she trips to the garden gate ;
As she comes to the garden gate,
In her glimmer of satin and pearl,
With her sunny head in a terrible state
And her ringlets out of curl.

* * * * *

In 1856 a little sixpenny pamphlet was published by J. Booth, of Regent Street, entitled *Anti-Maud*, by a Poet of the People. Tennyson had been accused of fanning the warlike spirit then rampant in the land, and his *Maud* contained —in exquisite poetry—many of the stock arguments in favour of war and glory. The "Poet of the People," in his *Anti-Maud*, adopted the other, and less popular view. Read in the light of subsequent events, this scarce little pamphlet seems more correct in its deductions, than the Laureate's war cry in *Maud*. The author asserts that *Anti-Maud* is not merely a *jeu d'esprit*, but something of a more earnest character, and he disclaims any intention of depreciating the Laureate's poetry. I can quote a few only of the best of the fifty odd stanzas it contains :

ANTI-MAUD.

I hate the murky pool at the back of the stable yard,
For dear though it be to the ducks and geese, it has an unpleasant smell ;
If you gaze therein at your own sweet face, the reflection is broken and marred,
And echo, there, if you ask how she is, replies, "I feel very unwell." 1

* * * *

Why do they prate of the blessings of peace ? Bloody war is a holy thing.
The world is wicked, and base, and vile—shall I show you a new kind of cure ?
Smeared with blood and with parents' tears call for Moloch, horrible king !
Let him trample to dust, with a brutal foot, whatever remains of good or of pure ! 11

For I trust, if the low-browed rogue with a ticket-of-leave from the gaol,
Encountered the sergeant recruiting, in rainbow-like ribbons arrayed,
He would clutch the Queen's shilling with glee, and draining the dregs of his ale,
Declare that the sack of Odessa would be quite of a piece with his trade. 12

Wanted a quarrel to set the world straight, and cure it by letting of blood !
We are sick to the heart of ourselves I think, and so we are sick of each other :
Rapine, and carnage, and rage would do us all manner of good ;
Let Christian rise up against Christian, and brother take arms against brother ! 13

Under the shadow of peace something was done that was good,
We tore out a bloody page from the book of our ancient laws ;

We struck off a bitter tax from the poor man's scanty food,
And justice bent down from her seat to give ear to the poor man's cause. 21

Under the shadow of peace thickly began to arise
Many a home for the working poor, many a school and church,
Little it may be, but better than roasting our enemies' eyes
With Captain Disney's patent, or sacking the town of Kertch. 22

Who clamours for war? Is it one who is ready to fight?
Is it one who will grasp the sword, and rush on the foe with a shout?
Far from it; 'tis one of a musing mind, who merely intends to write;
He sits at home by his own snug hearth, and hears the storm howl without. 29

Who are the friends of the poor? The men who babble and prattle
About the Balance of Power, and the pomp and grandeur of war?
Thousands of miles away from the rush and the roar of battle,
Sipping their Seltzer and Hock, and smoking a mild cigar? 37

Who are the friends of the poor? The writers without a name,
Who scribble at so much a column, whatever the Editors please,
Working the many-mouthed bellows which blew up the war to a flame,
And pleading for rapine and blood, whilst they lounge in their clubs at their ease!— 38

Methinks we have done enough for that turbaned goat, the Turk,
Who spits when a Christian meets him, and would spit, if he dared, in his face;
Methinks we have done enough, for 'tis but a thankless work
To rivet with care on a beautiful land, the clutch of a barbarous race. 41

Whether they wag a saucy tongue, or stealthily work with the pen,
There is blood on the heads of those who are fanning the flames of war;
Blood on their heads, and blood at their doors; the blood of our own brave men,
The blood of the wretched serfs who fight for their Faith and their Czar. 46

I have quoted so much of this parody because it was one of the first to draw attention to the Laureate's love for the pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war, a bellicose spirit which breathes quite as fiercely in his later writings, as in his early songs. In all cases, where he has attempted any Patriotic poem, the main idea seems to be a bloodthirsty hatred of some other nation; at one time, and for some years, it was France, next it was Russia, and latterly some of his writings have been well calculated to revive our long forgotten animosity to Spain. In so doing Tennyson has narrowed the circle of his admirers, for war is far from being the popular game it once was; and the poet, who would be loved of all, should avoid controversial topics. The Laureate's patriotic muse has certainly sung a few noble songs, but many which have been deservedly ridiculed; in his official capacity he has written some of the most exquisite lines in which adulation of Royalty has ever been expressed; for whilst we know that his laurelled predecessors credited the Stuarts and the Georges with precisely the same virtues which he has ascribed to members of the present Royal Family, their *official* poems were laughed at at the time, and are now forgotten; whilst his have been greatly admired, especially in high quarters, and the coronet which is to reward his poetical loyalty confers on him, and the latest of his descendants, a perpetual title to rule over the people of Great Britain.

All honour to the Poet, *as Poet*, as a titled Legislator the choice rather reminds one of the saying of Beaumarchais' hero;—"It fallait un calculateur, ce fut un danseur qui l'obtint," a saying which I may perhaps be allowed to parody thus:—"Il fallait un Legislateur, ce fut un chanteur qui l'obtint"

THE LAST PEER.

"Is not a poet better than a lord?"

Robert Buchanan.

Alfred the Loved, the Laureate of the Court,
The poet of the people, he who sang
Of that great Order of the Table Round,
Had been a sailing; first into the North,
Then Southward, then toward the middle sea;
And with him went the Premier, journeying
Some said for health, and some, to hatch new schemes
With Kings and statesmen. Howsoe'r they came
To Denmark's Court, where princes gathered round
To hear our Alfred read his songs aloud.
And as they voyaged homeward to the shores
Of England, where the Isle our poet loved
Lay sparkling like a gem upon the sea,
They leaned athwart the bulwarks and spake low.

"We are but Commoners, both you and I,"
Said Gladstone; "no adornment to our names,
No sounding titles; simply Mister This
And Mister That. But yet, the other day,
You read your verse to Emperors and Kings;
Princesses smiled upon you. You were great
As they, except in title. It were well
The distance lessened somewhat; Poet, you,
The prince of all the poets of our time,
Be something more, be noble, be a lord."
Then Alfred sate him down, his good grey hairs
Blown o'er his shoulders by the summer wind,
His eyes all dreamy; and he hummed a song,
Like, and yet unlike, that which Enid sang.*

"Turn, Gladstone, turn thy followers into lords,
Turn those who wealth has gathered into hoards;
Turn those, and whom thou wilt, but turn not me,

Leave, Gladstone, leave the name I always bore,
One that, mayhap, may live for evermore;
'Tis mine alone, and mine shall always be.

Turn into lords the owners of broad lands,
Turn him who in the path of progress stands,
And he who doeth service to the State.

Leave the name that all the people know.
A prouder title than thou canst bestow,
Made by myself, and not by station, great."

Yet, notwithstanding what he murmured then,
The thought dwelt in his heart; and many a day
Thereafter, as he sat at Haslemere,
Revolving and resolving, till his mind
Could scarce distinguish his resolves from doubts,
He muttered, "Ah! and I might be a lord!"
And so the thought grew on him, and brake down,
And overcame him; and the grand old name
Which the world knows, and reverences, and loves,
Seemed plain and bare and niggard, far too poor
For him who sang of Arthur and his knights,
And Camelot, and that strange, haunted mere.
And one who knew the name, and honour'd it,
Went to him, pleaded, then spake hotly thus:—
"Doubtest thou here so long? Art thou the one
Whose tongue grew bitter only at the sound
Of titles, and whose satire never leaped
Forth from its hiding-place but when some claim
Of place and privilege provoked thy wrath?
Wherever travels our bold English speech—
Across the broad Atlantic, 'mid the sands
Of scorching Africa, or in the bush
Of the young, strong, far-off Antipodes—
Thy name is greater, more familiar, more
In all men's mouths than that of any lord.

O fair, full name, o'er which I used to dream,
Not thinking; O imperial-spreading fame,
And glory never such as poet bore,
Until they came, a Kingdom's pride, with thee;
I cannot know thee if thou art a lord;
Be Alfred Tennyson until the last;
Not Bonchurch, nor another. Is there none
Can yet persuade thee, ere it be too late?"
But he, the poet, listened, and was dumb,
And yet resolved. Ah, he would be a lord,
And sink the name round which his glory grew.
And so there came a herald with a scroll,
One who makes ancestors and coats of arms,
And gives alike to poet or to peer
A pedigree as long as Piccadilly;
And he brought with him much emblazonry,
A quartered shield, with, on the dexter side,
The grand old gardener, Adam, and his wife,
A-smiling at the claims of long descent.

From *The Echo*, Dec. 7, 1883.

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*The song in *Enid*, here alluded to, runs thus:—

Turn, fortune, turn thy wheel and lower the proud;
Turn thy wild wheel thro' sunshine, storm and cloud;
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.

* * * *

Smile and we smile, the lords of many lands;
Frown and we smile, the lords of our own hands;
For man is man and master of his fate.

Turn, turn thy wheel above the staring crowd;
Thy wheel and thou are shadows in the cloud;
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.

Nothing yet written about this unpopular title (which jars on the ears of the people), approaches the severity of the following caustic parody which appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, 12th December, 1883:—

BARON ALFRED VERE DE VERE.

BARON Alfred Vere de Vere,
Of me you win no new renown;
You thought to daze the country folk
And cockneys when you came to town.
See Wordsworth, Shelley, Cowper, Burns,
Withdraw in scorn, and sit retired!
The last of some six hundred Earls
Is not a place to be desired.

Baron Alfred Vere de Vere,
We thought you proud to bear your name,
Your pride is yet no mate for ours,
Too proud to think a title fame.
We hail the genius—not the lord:
We love the poet's truer charms.
A simple singer with his dreams
Is worth a hundred coats-of-arms.

Baron Alfred Vere de Vere,
I see you march, I hear you say,
"Bow, bow, ye lower middle classes!"
Is all the burden of your lay.
We held you first without a peer,
And princely by your noble words—
The Senior Wrangler of our bards
Is now the Wooden Spoon of lords.

Baron Alfred Vere de Vere,
You put strange memories in my head;
For just five decades now have flown
Since we all mourned young Arthur dead.
Oh, your wet eyes, your low replies!
Our tears have mingled with your tears:
To think that all such agony
Should end in making you a peer!

Baron Alfred Vere de Vere,
  Our England has had poets too:
They sang some grand old songs of yore,
  But never reached such heights as you.
Will Shakespeare was a prince of bards,
  Our Milton was a king to hear,
But had their manners that repose
  Which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere?

Baron Alfred Vere de Vere,
  Robe, now your bays are sere and spent:
The King of Snobs is at your door,
  To trace your long (and deep) descent.
A man's a man for a' that,
  And rich on forty pounds a year;
If rank be the true guinea-stamp
  To win Parnassus—die a peer!

Trust me, Baron Vere de Vere,
  When nobles eat their noblest words,
The grand old gardener and his wife
  Smile at the airs of poet-lords.
Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
  'Tis only noble to be good.
Plain souls are more than coronets,
  And simple lives than Baronhood.

I know you, Baron Vere de Vere:
  You pine among your halls and bays:
The jaded light of your vain eyes
  Is wearied with the flood of praise.
In glowing fame, with boundless wealth,
  But sickening of a vague disease,
You are so dead to simple things,
  You needs must play such pranks as these.

Alfred, Alfred Vere de Vere,
  If Time be heavy on your hands,
Are there no toilers in our streets,
  Nor any poor in all these lands?
Oh! teach the weak to strive and hope,
  Or teach the great to help the low,
Pray Heaven for a noble heart,
  And let the foolish title go.

For the curious in such matters I give the following extract from the *St. James's Gazette* relating to Mr. Tennyson's lineage:—That Mr. Tennyson comes of an ancient house is generally known; not every one perhaps is aware of the number of princes, soldiers, and statesmen, famous in British or European history, from whom he can claim descent. Without pretending to give an exhaustive list of his royal and noble ancestors, it may be interesting at the present moment to point out a few of the more renowned among them. The Laureate's descent from John Savage, Earl Rivers (from which stock came Johnson's friend), implies descent from the Lady Anne, eldest sister of Edward IV., and so from sixteen English kings—namely, the first three Edwards, Henry III., John, the first two Henrys, William the Conqueror, Edmund Ironside, Ethelred the Unready, Edgar the Peaceable, Edmund I., Edward the Elder, Alfred, Ethelwulf, and Egbert. But Edward III. was the son of Isabella, daughter of Philip the Fair, King of France, who descended from Hugh Capet, and nine intervening French Kings, among whom were Robert II., Philip Augustus, Louis VIII., and St. Louis. The last is not the only saint who figures in this splendid pedigree. The mother of Edward II. was Eleanor, daughter of Ferdinand III., King of Castle and Leon, who was canonized by Clement X. Again, through the marriage of Edmund of Langley, Duke of York, with Isabel, daughter of Peter the Cruel, Mr. Tennyson descends from Sancho the Great and Alphonso the Wise. Other crowned ancestors of the poet are the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, and several Kings of Scotland, notably Malcolm III. and the "gracious Duncan," his father. In truth, the Shakespearean gallery is crowded with portraits of his progenitors—e.g., besides those already mentioned, John of Gaunt, Edmund Mortimer Earl of March, Richard Earl of Cambridge, Richard Plantagenet "the Yeoman," Edmund Beaufort Duke of Somerset, Lord Hastings (of the reigns of Edward IV. and Richard III.), and Lord Stanley. Mr. Tennyson is not only descended from the first Earl of Derby and that third earl with whose death, according to Camden, "the glory of hospitality seemed to fall asleep," but from the "stout Stanley" who fronted the right of the Scots at Flodden, and whose name in Scott's poem was the last on the lips of the dying Marmion. "Lord Marmion," says Scott, "is entirely a fictitious personage:" but he adds that the family of Marmion, Lords of Fontenay in Normandy, was highly distinguished; Robert de Marmion, a follower of Duke William, having obtained a grant of the castle and town of Tamworth. This Robert's descendant, Avice, married John, Lord Grey of Rotherfield, one of the original Knights of the Garter, whose great-granddaughter became (in 1401) the wife of John, Lord D'Eyncourt, another ancestor of Mr. Tennyson's; whose uncle, the Right Honourable Charles Tennyson, many years Liberal member for Lambeth, assumed the name of D'Eyncourt by royal licence."

Probably the learned compiler of this abstruse genealogy has no time to study the poets, or he might have read of one who claimed an even more ancient descent:—

NOBLES and HERALDS, by your leave,
  Here lies, what once was, MATTHEW PRIOR,
The son of ADAM and of EVE,
  Can STUART or NASSAU claim higher?

The following beautiful lines, which occur in *The Princess*, have been the subject of many parodies :—

Home they brought her warrior dead ;
She nor swoon'd nor utter'd cry :
All her maidens, watching, said,
" She must weep or she will die."

Then they praised him soft and low,
Call'd him worthy to be loved,
Truest friend and noblest foe ;
Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,
Lightly to the warrior stept,
Took the face cloth from the face ;
Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
Set his child upon her knee—
Like summer tempest came her tears—
" Sweet my child, I live for thee."

An excellent parody, by Shirley Brooks, appeared in *Punch*, December 30, 1865.

HOME THEY BROUGHT.

(*With abject apologies to Mr. Tennyson, Miss Dance and Miss Dolby*).

HOME they brought her lap-dog dead,
Just run over by a fly,
JEAMES to Buttons, winking, said,
" Won't there be a row, O my ! "

Then they called the flyman low,
Said his baseness could be proved :
How she to the Beak should go—
Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Said her maid (and risked her place),
" In the 'ouse it should have kept,
Flymen drives at such a pace "—
Still the lady's anger slept.

Rose her husband, best of dears,
Laid a bracelet on her knee.
Like playful child she boxed his ears—
" Sweet old pet !—let's have some tea."

And the following by Mr. Sawyer is also worthy of preservation :—

THE RECOGNITION.

Home they brought her sailor son,
Grown a man across the sea,
Tall and broad and black of beard,
And hoarse of voice as man may be.

Hand to shake and mouth to kiss,
Both he offered ere he spoke ;
But she said—"What man is this
Comes to play a sorry joke?"

Then they praised him—call'd him "smart,"
" Tightest lad that ever stept ; "
But her son she did not know,
And she neither smiled nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
Set a pigeon-pie in sight ;
She saw him eat—"'Tis he ! 'tis he ! "
She knew him—by his appetite !

In January, 1882, Mr. Cook speaking at a public meeting in reference to the state of affairs in Ireland at that time, observed " that he could not better represent Mr. Gladstone's position in this land question than by quoting a parody on that celebrated poem of Tennyson's, " Home they brought her warrior dead " :—

Home they brought Montmorres dead,
He nor sighed nor uttered cry.
All the English angered said
Strike ! or know the reason why.

Jones and Boycott labouring well
Lost the fruits of earlier years ;
Surely now 'tis time to quell,
Yet no remedy appears,

Farmers who had paid some rent
On the cold ground weltering lay ;
Still on landlord plunder bent
Small attention did *he* pay.

Travelling Forster entering said :
But our "Bill" will strangled be ;
Then the Premier raised his head—
Oh sweet, my child, I strike for thee.

IN IMMEMORIAM.

(*Ascribed to the author of "In Memoriam" but not believed to be his*).

We seek to know, and knowing seek ;
We seek, we know, and every sense
Is trembling with the great intense,
And vibrating to what we speak.

We ask too much, we seek too oft ;
We know enough, and should no more ;
And yet we skim through Fancy's lore,
And look to earth and not aloft.

* * * *

O sea ! whose ancient ripples lie
On red-ribbed sands where seaweeds shone ;
O moon ! whose golden sickle's gone,
O voices all ! like you I die !
(*Dies.*)

From *Medley*, by Cuthbert Bede, 1856.

The 1842 volume of Tennyson's works contained a short poem in four verses entitled

A FAREWELL.

Flow down, cold rivulet, to the sea,
Thy tribute wave deliver:
No more by thee my steps shall be,
For ever and for ever.

* * *

A thousand suns will stream on thee,
A thousand moons will quiver;
But not by thee my steps shall be,
For ever and for ever.

The following parody is taken from *Odd Echoes from Oxford*, 1872.

A FAREWELL.

After sleeping in the Argyle Hotel, Dunoon.

Bite on, thou pertinacious flea,
And draw the tiny river;
No more for thee my blood shall be,
For ever and for ever.

Bite, fiercely bite, and take with glee
From each unwilling giver;
No food for thee my blood shall be,
For ever and for ever.

And here will toss some wretched he,
And here he'll tear and shiver;
Bed-making she will hunt the flea
For ever and for ever.

A thousand limbs may smart for thee,
A thousand skins may quiver;
But not for thee my blood shall be,
For ever and for ever.

A still closer imitation of the versification of the original is contained in *The Shotover Papers*, published in Oxford in 1874.

Rise up, cold reverend, to a see,
Confound the unbeliever!
Yet ne'er 'neath thee my seat will be
For ever and for ever.

Preach, softly preach, in lawn and be
A comely model liver,
But ne'er 'neath thee my seat shall be
For ever and for ever.

And here shall sleep thine alderman,
And here thy pauper shiver,
And here by thee shall buzz the "she,"
For ever and for ever.

A thousand men shall sneer at thee,
A thousand women quiver,
But ne'er 'neath thee my seat shall be
For ever and for ever.

ODE TO ALDGATE PUMP.

Flow down, false rivulet, to the sea
Thy sewage wave deliver;
No longer will I quaff from thee
For ever and for ever.

The dust of citizens of yore,
Who dwelt beside the river,
And leakages of sewers pour
Into thy stream for ever.

A thousand hands may pump from thee,
A thousand pails deliver
Their sparkling draughts, but not to me
For ever and for ever.

Oh, let them lock thy nozzle up,
And drain thee to the river;
Nor any mortal fill his cup
Again from thee for ever.

From *Funny Folks*.

THE UNDERGRAD.

HIS fists across his breast he laid,
He was more mad than words can say;
Bareheaded rushed the undergrad
To mingle in November's fray.
In cap and gown a don stepped down
To meet and greet him on his way;
"It is no wonder," said his friends,
"He has been drinking half the day."

All black and blue, like cloud and skies,
Next day that proctor's face was seen;
Bruised were his eyebrows, bruised his eyes,
Bruised was his nose and pummelled mien.
So dire a case, such black disgrace,
Since Oxford was had never been;
That undergrad took change of air
At the suggestion of the dean.

This is taken from *Odd Echoes from Oxford*, 1872, and is a parody on *The Beggar Maid and King Cophetua*, which was also in the 1842 collection.

In a little volume by C. S. Calverley entitled "Fly Leaves," (George Bell & Sons, 1878) there are several clever parodies, and one, entitled *Wanderers*, is an especially happy imitation of the style of Tennyson's Brook:—

THE TINKER.

I turn'd me to the tinker, who
Was loafing down a by-way:
I asked him where he lived—a stare
Was all I got in answer,
As on he trudged: I rightly judged
The stare said, "Where I can, sir."

I asked him if he'd take a whiff
Of 'bacca ; he acceded ;
He grew communicative too,
(A pipe was all he needed,)
Till of the tinker's life, I think,
I knew as much as he did.

"I loiter down by thorp and town ;
For any job I'm willing ;
Take here and there a dusty brown,
And here and there a shilling.

"I deal in every ware in turn,
I've rings for buddin' Sally
That sparkle like those eyes of her'n ;
I've liquor for the valet.

"I steal from th' parson's strawberry plots,
I hide by th' squire's covers ;
I teach the sweet young housemaids what's
The art of trapping lovers.

"The things I've done 'neath moon and stars
Have got me into messes :
I've seen the sky through prison bars,
I've torn up prison dresses.

"I've sat, I've sighed, I've gloom'd, I've glanced
With envy at the swallows
That through the windows slid, and danced
(Quite happy) round the gallows ;

"But out again I come, and show
My face nor care a stiver,
For trades are brisk and trades are slow,
But mine goes on for ever."

Another parody of the same original, and almost as clever, is contained in a little anonymous Pamphlet, entitled *Idyls of the Rink*, published by Judd & Co., in 1876, it is called

THE RINKER

By Alfred Tennyson.

I start from home in happy mood,
Arrayed in dress so pretty,
And sparkle out among the men,
Who come up from the City.

But first I linger by the brink,
And calmly reconnoitre,
For when I'm fairly on the rink,
I never care to loiter.

Then "follow me," I loudly call,
At skating I'm so clever,
For men may come, and men may fall,
But I rink on for ever.

I chatter with my little band
Of friends so gay and hearty,
And sometimes we go hand in hand,
And sometimes in a party.

I slip, I slide, I glance, I glide,
There is no one can teach me,
I give them all a berth full wide,
And not a soul can reach me.

I chatter, chatter, to them all,
At skating I'm so clever,
For men may come, and men may fall,
But I rink on for ever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a figure tracing,
And here and there I dance about,
And here I go a-racing.

I'm always making graceful curves,
As everyone alleges.
And while I've nerve, I'll never swerve,
From in and outside edges.

And after me I draw them all,
At skating I'm so clever,
For men may come, and men may fall,
But I rink on for ever.

I now come to a clever and most amusing little work entitled *Puck on Pegasus*, by H. Cholmondeley-Pennell, which was published about sixteen years ago by the late Mr. John Camden Hotten. In the original edition this work was a small quarto, with numerous illustrations and a characteristic frontispiece designed and etched by dear old George Cruikshank. It has since run through numerous editions, and is now included in the series known as *The Mayfair Library*, published by Chatto and Windus. It contains the following parodies:—"Song of In-the-Water," after *Longfellow*; "The Du Chaillu Controversy," after *The Bon Gaultier Ballads*; "The Fight for the Championship," after *Lord Macaulay*; "How the Daughters come down at Dunoon," after *Robert Southey*; "Wus, ever wus," after *Tom Moore*; "Exexolor!" after *Longfellow's* Excelsior; "Charge of the Light (Irish) Brigade," after *Tennyson*.

The incidents referred to in the last-mentioned parody have now somewhat faded from the public memory. It is sufficient to say that the warlike behaviour of the one brigade was quite as great a contrast to the action of the other, as the parody here given presents to the original poem :—

CHARGE OF THE LIGHT (IRISH) BRIGADE.

(*Not by A—d T———n*).

Southward Ho—Here we go !
O'er the wave onward
Out from the Harbour of Cork
Sailed the Six Hundred !
Sailed like Crusaders thence,
Burning for Peter's pence,—
Burning for fight and fame—
Burning to show their zeal—

Into the gates of Rome,
Into the jaws of Hell,
(It's all the same)!
Marched the Six Hundred!

"Barracks, and tables laid!
Food for the Pope's Brigade;"
But ev'ry Celt afraid,
Gazed on the grub dismay'd—
Twigged he had blundered;—
"Who can eat rancid grease?
Call *this* a room a-piece?" *
"Silence! unseemly din,
Prick them with bayonets in."
Blessèd Six Hundred!

Waves every battle blade.—
"Forward the Pope's brigade!"
Was there a man obeyed?
No—where they stood they stayed,
Though Lamoricière pray'd,
Threatened, and thundered—
"Charge!" Down their sabres then
Clashed, as they turn'd—and ran—
Sab'ring the empty air,
Each of one taking care,
Here, there, and ev'rywhere
Scattered and sundered.

Sick of the powder smell,
Down on their knees they fell,
Howling for hearth and home—
Cursing the Pope of Rome—
Whilst afar shot and shell
Volleyed and thundered;
Captured, alive and well,
Ev'ry Hibernian swell,
Came back the tale to tell;
Back from the states of Rome—
Back from the gates of Hell—
Safe and sound every man-
Jack of Six Hundred!
When shall their story fade?
Oh the mistake they made!
Nobody wondered,
Pity the fools they made—
Pity the Pope's Brigade—
NOBBLED Six Hundred!

* A room for each man, and plenty of excellent provisions were amongst the inducements held out to the deluded victims who enlisted in the Papal Brigade to fight against Italian unity.

Like the accomplished authors of *The Bon Gaultier Ballads*, Mr. Cholmondeley-Pennell is almost too much a Poet to be thoroughly successful as a mere Parodist. His muse often carries him away, and what begins in mere *badinage*, and playful imitation, runs into graceful sentiment and poetical imagery, until the author pulls her up short, and compels her to turn aside again into the well-worn "footprints in the sand of time."

It would be difficult to find a better example both of the merits, and, so far as *mere parody* is concerned, of the defects of Mr. Cholmondeley-Pennell's style than in the following lines, which he has kindly permitted me to insert in this collection.—They parody the *Morte D'Arthur*:—

LINES SENT TO THE LATE CHARLES BUXTON, M.P., WITH MY FAVOURITE HUNTER, WHITE-MIST.

The sequel of to-day dissevers all
This fellowship of straight riders, and hard men
To hounds—the flyers of the hunt.
I think
That we shall never more in days to come
Hold cheery talk of hounds and horses (each
Praising his own the most) shall steal away
Through brake and coppice-wood, or side by side
Breast the sharp bullfinch and deep-holding dyke,
Sweep through the uplands, skim the vale below,
And leave the land behind us like a dream.

I tear me from this passion that I loved—
Though Paget sware that I should ride again—
But yet I think I shall not; I have done:
My hunt is hunted: I have skimmed the cream,
The blossom of the seasons, and no more
For me shall gallant Scott have cause for wrath,
Or injured farmer mourn his wasted crops.

Now, therefore, take my horse, which was my pride
(For still thou know'st he bore me like a man—),
And wheel him not, nor plunge him in the mere,
But set him straight and give his head the rein,
And he shall bear thee lightly to the front,
Swifter than wind, and stout as truest steel,
And none shall rob thee of thy pride of place.

IN THE SCHOOLS AT OXFORD.

TO AN EXAMINER.

(*Suggested by the Laureate's conundrum "In the Garden at Swaintson."*)

Butcher boys shouted without,
Within was writing for thee,
Shadows of three live men
Talked as they walked into me.
Shadows of three live men, and you were one of the three.

Butcher boys sang in the streets,
The bobby was far away,
Butcher boys shouted and sang
In their usual maddening way.—
Still in the Schools quite courteous you were torturing men all the day.

Two dead men have I known,
Examiners settled by me.
Two dead men have I scored,
Now I will settle with thee.
Three dead men must I score, and thou art the last of the three.

REGNOLD GREENLEAF.

(*The Shotover Papers*, 1874).

Alfred Tennyson *(continued)*.

Since the year 1845 Alfred Tennyson has been in the receipt of a civil list pension of £200 a year, so that, in round figures, he has received about £8,000 of the public money, besides drawing the annual salary of £100 since his appointment as Poet Laureate, November, 1850. The sale of his works has also, of course, been greatly increased, owing to his official title, and the present fortunate holder of the laurels enjoys a fortune much in excess of that of any of his predecessors in office. From the days of Ben Jonson downwards Poets Laureate have been paid to sing the praises of the Royal Family; of these Laureates, Jonson, Dryden, Southey, and Wordsworth were true poets, but the others in the line of succession were mere rhymesters, whose very names are now all but forgotten. Eusden, Cibber, and Pye were unremitting in their production of New Year, and Birth-day Odes, Southey did little in this way, and Wordsworth would not stoop to compose any official poems whatever, although he wore the laurels for seven years.

It was reserved for Alfred Tennyson to revive the custom, and he has composed numerous adulatory poems on events in the domestic history of our Royal Family.

The smallest praise that can be bestowed on Tennyson's official poems is that they are immeasurably superior to any produced by former Laureates; and although the events recorded have but a passing interest, the poems will probably long retain their popularity. The death of the princess Charlotte in 1817 was, no doubt, considered at the time as a greater public loss than was the death of Prince Albert in 1861; yet who now reads Southey's poem in her praise? Whereas the beauty of Tennyson's *Dedication* of the Idyls of the King will cause it to be remembered long after people have forgotten the Prince to whom it was inscribed.

The Dedication commences thus:—

"THESE to his Memory—since he held them dear,
Perhaps as finding there unconsciously
Some image of himself—I dedicate,
I dedicate,—I consecrate with tears—
These Idyls.

And, indeed, He seems to me
Scarce other than my own ideal knight."

Continuing in this strain for another fifty lines, the Poet credits the Prince with every conceivable virtue, after which, as a contrast, it is almost a relief to turn to some parody, less ideal, and less heroic.

THESE to his memory—since he held them dear,
Perchance as finding there unwittingly
Some picture of himself—I dedicate,
I dedicate, I consecrate with smiles—
These Idle Lays—
Indeed, He seemed to me
Scarce other than my own ideal liege,
Who did not muchly care to trouble take;
But his concern was, comfortable ease
To dress in well-cut tweeds, in doeskin suits,
In pants of patterns marvellous to see;
To smoke good brands; to quaff rare vintages;
To feed himself with dainty meats withal;
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade;
To toy with what Neræa calls *her* hair;
And, in a general way, to happy be,
If possible, and always debonair;
Who spoke few wise things; did some foolish ones;
Who was good-hearted, and by no means stiff;
Who loved himself as well as any man;
He who throughout his realms to their last isle
Was known full well, whose portraiture was found
In ev'ry album.
We have lost him; he is gone;
We know him now; ay, ay, perhaps too well,
For now we see him as he used to be,
How shallow, larky, genial-hearted, gay;
With how much of self-satisfaction blessed—
Not swaying to this faction nor to that,
Because, perhaps, he neither understood;
Not making his high place a Prussian perch
Of War's ambition, but the vantage ground
Of comfort; and through a long tract of years,
Wearing a bouquet in his button-hole;
Once playing a thousand nameless little games,
Till communistic cobblers gleeful danced,
And democratic delvers hissed, "Ha! ha!"
Who dared foreshadow, then, for his own son
A looser life, one less distraught than his?
Or how could Dilkland, dreaming of *his* sons,
Have hoped less for them than some heritance
Of such a life, a heart, a mind as thine,
Thou noble Father of her Kings to be—
If fate so wills it, O most potent K——;
The patron once of Polo and of Poole,
Of actors and leviathan "comiques;"
Once dear to Science as to Art; once dear
To Sanscrit erudition as to either;
Dear to thy country in a double sense;
Dear to purveyors; ay, a liege, indeed,
Beyond all titles, and a household name,
Hereafter, through all times, Guelpho the Gay!

The Coming K——

The Coming K—— was published about ten years ago as one of Beeton's Christmas Annuals, and created a sensation at the time, as it dealt with some social scandals then fresh in the public mind. After enjoying a rapid sale for a

NOTE.—Poets Laureate, with the dates of their appointment:—Benjamin Jonson, 1615-16; Sir William Davenant, 1638; John Dryden, 1670; Thomas Shadwell, 1688; Nahum Tate, 1692; Nicholas Rowe, 1715; Lawrence Eusden, 1718; Colley Cibber, 1730; William Whitehead, 1757; Thomas Warton, 1785; Henry James Pye, 1790; Robert Southey, 1813; William Wordsworth, 1843; and Alfred Tennyson, 19th November, 1850.

short period, it was suddenly withdrawn in a mysterious manner from circulation, and is now rather scarce. Following the Dedication, just quoted, are parodies of the Idyls of the King, with the following titles:—The Coming of Guelpho; Heraint and Shenid; Vilien; Loosealot and Delaine; The Glass of Ale; Silleas and Gettarre; The Last Carnival; and Goanveer. In each of these parts there are parodies well worthy of preservation, but space will only permit of the insertion of the following extracts, one from *Vilien*, the other from *Goanveer*.

In *Vilien*, the then prevalent crazes for Spiritualism, Table Rapping, and Cabinet séances are amusingly satirised; Vilien seeks out Herlin the Wizard, and thus begs him to reveal the one great secret of his art:—

"I ever feared you were not wholly mine,
And see—you ask me what it is I want?
Yet people call you wizard—why is this?
What is it makes you seem so proud and cold?
Yet if you'd really know what boon I ask,
Then tell me, dearest Herlin, ere I go,
The charm with which you make your table rap.

* * * *

O yield my boon,
And grant my re-iterated wish,
Then will I love you, ay, and you shall kiss
My grateful lips—you shall upon my word."
And Herlin took his hand from hers and said,
O, Vilien, ask not this, but aught beside.
But as thou lov'st me, Vilien, do not ask
The way in which I make the table rap.
O ask it not!
And Vilien, like the tenderest hearted maid
That ever jilted swain or lover mocked,
Made answer, either eyelid wet with tears:
"Nay, Herlin, if you love me, say not so;
You do but tease to talk to me like this.
Methinks you hardly know the tender rhyme
Of 'Trust me for all in all, or not at all.'
I heard a 'comique' sing the verses once,
And they shall answer for me. List the song:

'In love, 'tis as in trade; if trade were ours,
Credit and cash could ne'er be equal powers—
Give trust to all or don't give trust at all.

It is the little rift within the lute
That cracks the sound and makes the music mute,
And leaves the banjo nothing worth at all.

It is the little moth within the suit,
It is the merry maggot in the fruit,
That worming surely, slowly ruins all.

It is the little leaven makes the lump,
It is the little piston works the pump;
And A-L-L spells ALL, and—all is all.'

O, Herlin, do you understand my rhyme?
And Herlin coughed, and owned that he did not.

* * * *

And Villien, naught abashed, replied again:
"Lo, now, how silly you must be, you know,
My simple stanzas not to understand;
'Tis thus our truest poets write their rhymes;
They try their sense and meaning to conceal;
But you should solve their riddles, though 'tis said
They don't the answers know themselves, sometimes.
However, be that as it may, I think
I'll give you one verse more. So Villien sang:
"That sign, once mine, is thine, ay, closelier mine,
For what is thine is mine, and mine is thine,
And this, I much opine, is line on line;
To learn the obvious moral once for all."
But Herlin looked aghast, as well he might,
Nor knew the teaching of her little song."

The last legend, that of *Goanveer*, tells how—

"FLEET Goanveer had lost the race, and stood
There in the stable near to Epsom Downs."

This mare the Coming K—— had backed heavily, but his trusted friend, Sir Loosealot, obtaining access to her stable the night before the race, had drugged her, so that on the day she hobbled sickly to the winning-post. By this evil trick Sir Loosealot wins much, whilst the Coming K— is a heavy loser. Guelpho visits the mare in her stable, and thus addresses her, in a parody of the celebrated passage in Guinevere, where Arthur parts from his faithless Queen:—

"And all went well till on the turf I went,
Believing thou wouldst fortune bring to me,
And place me higher yet in name and fame.
Then came the shameful act of Loosealot;
Then came thy breaking down in that great race;
And now my name's worth nil at Tattersall's,
And all my knights can curl their lips at me;
Can say 'I've come a cropper,' and the like,
And all through thee and he—and him, I mean—
But slips will happen at a time like this.
Canst wonder I am sad when thus I see
I am contemned amongst my chiefest knights?
When I am hinted at in public prints
As being a man who sold the people's race?
But think not, Goanveer, my matchless mare,
Thy lord has wholly lost his love for thee.
Yet must I leave thee to thy shame, for how
Couldst thou be entered for a race again?
The public would not hear of it; nay, more,
Would hoot and hound thee from the racing-course,
Being one they had loved, yet one on whom they had lost."
He paused, and in the pause the mare rejoiced.
For he relaxed the caresses of his arms;
And, thinking he had done, the mare did neigh,
As with delight; but Guelpho spake again:—
"Yet, think not that I come to urge thy faults;
I did not come to curse thee, Goanveer;
The wrath which first I felt when thou brok'st down
Is past—it never will again return.
I came to take my last fond leave of thee,
For I shall ne'er run mare or horse again.
O silky mane, with which I used to play
At Hampton! O most perfect equine form,

And points the like of which no mare yet had
Till thou was't bred! O fetlocks, neater far
Than many a woman's ankles! O grand hocks
That faltered feebly on that fatal day!"

* * * *

Yet, Goanveer, I bid thee now good-bye,
And leave thee, feeling yet a love for thee,
As one who first my racing instinct stirred,
As one who taught me to abjure the turf.
Hereafter we may meet—I cannot tell;
Thy future may be happy—so I wish.
But this I pray, on no account henceforth
Make mixture of your water—drink it neat;
I charge thee this. And now I must go hence;
Through the thick night I hear the whistle blow
That tells me that my 'special' waits to start.
Thou wilt stay here awhile, so be at rest;
But hither shall I never come again,
Or ever pat thy neck, or see thee more.
Good-bye!"

On the occasion of the arrival of the Princess Alexandra from Denmark in March, 1863, Tennyson wrote:—

A Welcome to Alexandra.

Sea-Kings' daughter from over the sea,
Alexandra!
Saxon and Norman and Dane are we,
But all of us Danes in our welcome of thee,
Alexandra!
Welcome her, thunders of fort and of fleet!
Welcome her, thundering cheer of the street!
Welcome her, all things youthful and sweet!
Scatter the blossom under her feet!

* * * * *

For Saxon or Dane or Norman we,
Teuton or Celt, or whatever we be,
We are each all Dane in our welcome of thee,
Alexandra!

In 1869, Ismail Pasha, the Viceroy of Egypt, visited this country, and the following kindly welcome appeared in *The Tomahawk* of July 10, 1869:—

Britannia's Welcome to the Illustrious Stranger.

Plague of Egypt, from over the sea,
Ismail Pasha!
Viceroy, Khidevé, or whatever you be,
Jacksons, O'Tooles, and McStunners are we,
But all John Bulls in our welcome of thee,
Ismail Pasha!

Welcome him, blunder of escort and suite,
Mounted inspector, and mob in the street!
Call up the first cab his Highness to meet!
Throw his hat-box and Bradshaw and rug on the seat!
Welcome him! feast him with fourpenny treat,
One glass of old ale and a sandwich to eat!
Scatter, O Royalty, gold for his keep!
Dream, all ye tradesmen of harvests to reap!
The Palace is empty, our pockets are deep!
Fling wide, O menial, the grand back door!

Take him, O attic, and rock him to sleep!
Strew a *viceregal* shakedown on the floor!
Welcome him, welcome him, all that is cheap!
Sing, Prima Donna, and fashion stare!
Scrape up your regiments, weak and few,
Hurry, ye Commons, and all be there,
To swell the pomp of the grand review!
Chuckle, Britannia! a Sultan? pooh!
A nobody! don't we know who's who,
Ismail Pasha!

Seeking quarters for change of air,
Come to us, love us (but pay your fare)—
Guests such as you we are happy to see;
Come to us, love us, and have we not shown,
In breakfast, and luncheon, and dinner, and tea,
Kindness to strangers as great as your own?
For Jacksons, O'Tooles, and McStunners we,
Viceroy, Khidevé, or whatever you be,
Yet thorough John Bulls in our welcome of thee,
Ismail Pasha!

Shortly after the death of the late John Brown, when it was announced that the Queen had had a statue of him erected in the grounds at Balmoral, it was also rumoured that Tennyson was writing a poem in his honour. A jocular author suggested that it might run as follows:—

Trash about bells and the merry March hare
Wrote I once at the royal summons.
More of us Danes than Antic Rum-uns!
No; let me see! In our welcome of thee,
Alexandra!

Have I gone mad, or taken a drappie?
Norman and Saxon and Dane a wee,
Just a wee drappie intil our ee,
My Indo-Teuton-Celtic chappie!
Norman and Saxon a wee are we,
But more of us rum-uns or Danes you see
Some of us Saxons, and all with a B
In our bonnets, or something that's stronger than tea;
And it's all as easy as A, B, C,
To the poet who sang like a swan up a tree,
Alexandra!

"The promise of May" was a little bit late,
And a fox jumped over a parson's gate,
And he had my cochins, too, if you please,
With a cat to the cream, which was not the cheese;
And a guinea a line is about the rate
You must pay for what flows from the poet's pate
When the blue fire wakes up the whole of the town;
And I'm sure I don't know what to say about Brown.
But whatever I say and whatever I sing
Will be worth to an obolus what it will bring!

The Referee, September, 1883.

It is generally admitted that Tennyson's more recent official poetry has added little to his fame, whilst it has often been mercilessly ridiculed, and, of late, his adulatory poems, and protestations of loyalty, have frequently been ascribed to interested motives. As soon as it was definitely announced that he was to be *ennobled*, a genealogy was compiled tracing his

descent from the kings who ruled in Britain long before the Conquest. This grand claim (which was quoted at page 28) has since been rather spoilt by the plain statement that Alfred Tennyson's grandfather was a country attorney, practising in a small, quiet way in Market Rasen, North Lincolnshire, who, having made money in his business, retired, and bought some land in the neighbourhood.

But for the title just conferred upon him, Tennyson's birth and lineage would have been matters of perfect indifference to his readers. As for raising Tennyson to the peerage, no writer seems seriously to have defended an act which most people look upon as a mistake. Not one parody in its favour has been written, but many against it.

You must wake and call me early, call me early, Vicky dear,
For to-morrow will be the silliest day we've seen for many a year;
For I am a rhyming prig, Vicky, that shoddy and sham reveres,
So I'm to be one of the Peers, Vicky, I'm to be one of the Peers.

There's many a crazy lyre, they say, but none so effete as mine;
It cannot ring out an ode to Brown, that gallant gilly of thine,
For there's none so inane as poor old Alf in his sad, declining years;
And I'm to be one of the Peers, Vicky, I'm to be one of the Peers.

I sleep so sound all night, Vicky, that I shall never wake;
So come in the early morn, Vicky, and give me a slap and a shake;
For I must gather my scissors and paste and scraps of the bygone years,
And I'm to be one of the Peers, Vicky, I'm to be one of the Peers.

As I came up the Row, Vicky, whom think you I should see?
Lord Queensberry against a lamp, and singing Tweedle-de-dee:
He thought of that vile play, Vicky, I wrote in bygone years;
But I'm to be one of the Peers, Vicky, I'm to be one of the Peers.

He thought I was a fool, Vicky, for I looked dazed and white;
He took me for a fool, Vicky—by jingo, he was right.
They call me Atheist-hater; but I care not for their jeers,
For I'm to be one of the Peers, Vicky, I'm to be one of the Peers.

They say men write, and all for love; but this can never be:
They say that great men write and starve; but what is that to me?
For gold I sell my laughter, for gold I sell my tears,
And I'm to be one of the Peers, Vicky, I'm to be one of the Peers.

I wrote my "In Memoriam" when I was young and green;
I wrote my "Promise of the May" when I was pumped out clean;
And I've been the Court's hired lackey for many cringing years;
And I'm to be one of the Peers, Vicky, I'm to be one of the Peers.

The spider in my mouldy brain has woven its web for hours
On the dull flats of Lincoln fens and withered hot-house flowers;
I feel the shortening of my wits and the lengthening of my ears,
So I'm to be one of the peers, Vicky, I'm to be one of the Peers.

The night winds come and go, Vicky, upon the meadow grass;
There are guineas for the rhymster and thistles for the ass:
I have been your rhyming flunkey for over thirty years;
Now I'm to be one of the Peers, Vicky, I'm to be one of the Peers.

There will be poets after me, not fresh and green and still,
Who care less for a Prince's nod than for the People's will,
Not rhyming royal nuptials and singing royal biers;
But I'm to be one of the Peers, Vicky, I'm to be one of the Peers.

You must wake and call me early, call me early, Vicky dear;
To-morrow will be the silliest day we've seen for many a year;
For I'm a lackey and prig, Vicky, that sham and shoddy reveres,
And I'm to be one of the Peers, Vicky, I'm to be one of the Peers.

From *The Secular Review*, December 29, 1883.

Of Tennyson's Patriotic Poems *The Charge of the Light Brigade* has always been the most popular, and has, consequently, been the most frequently parodied. An excellent parody, taken from *Puck on Pegasus*, was given on page 31; the following are the most interesting examples which remain to be quoted:—

THE INSTITUTION OF MECHANICAL ENGINEERS.

On Thursday, August 3, 1865, an excursion was made by the Members of the Institution of Mechanical Engineers of England, to the Dublin Corporation Waterworks at the Stillorgan and Roundwood Reservoirs. The members proceeded from Bray through the Glen of the Downs, along a portion of the line of pipes, and at the Roundwood Reservoir they were handsomely entertained by Sir John Gray, M.P., the Chairman of the Waterworks Committee, and by Mr. John Jameson, the Deputy-Chairman.

The following parody appeared in a Dublin newspaper a few days later. Dr. Waller, who is mentioned in it, was then the Chairman of the Connoree Copper and Sulphur Mines, in the Vale of Avoca, which were also visited by the party of Engineers:—

THE TWO HUNDRED.

(After Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade.")

"Half-past nine, August three—
Half-past nine—onward!
Off to the Vartry Works
Went some two hundred.
Off to the Vartry Works,
Where the good water lurks,
Down on the Wicklow line,
Thinking of how they'd dine;
Toasting,' with best of wine,
Off—with the weather fine—
Went the two hundred.

"'Forward!' said Sir John Gray,
On to the station, Bray,
There, there was some delay.
Some of the party said
'Waller has blundered.'
But they were wrong, to doubt—
Forty-three cars set out,
On from the station there,
Into the mountain air—
Through Wicklow's mountain air—
Drove the two hundred.

"Arrived at the Vartry stream,
Inspected each shaft and beam;
Saw how the men with spade
Embankments and *puddle* made:
Crowds there of every grade
Admired and wondered.
Gray, like an engineer—
Explained what was strange or queer:
All the works, far and near,
He showed the two hundred.

"Then through the Vartry pipes
As niggers bend to stripes,
Right through these monster pipes.
Like string through a bodkin,
Sir John led a lot of us,
Making small shot of us;
The first man he caught of us
Was our *London Times*—Godkin.

"Done with the Vartry Works,
Flashed all our knives and forks;
To work, like some 'hungry Turks,'
Went the two hundred.
Soup, fish, meat, fowl, and ham,
Ice, jellies, pies, and jam;
At this wild mountain cram
All the guests wondered.

"Champagne to the right of them,
Champagne to the left of them,
Champagne around them,
Popping and spurting.
Toasts then came from the chair,
Toasting the ladies fair,
But not a female there,
Therefore no flirting.

"Good wine of every sort,
Speeches with joke and sport;
Then they went back again,
But not the two hundred.
Some of them went astray
O'er hills and far away,
But, getting home next day,
Made up the two hundred.

"W. S."

This poem is signed with the initials W. S., which probably stand for the name of the late Mr. William Smith, a gentleman well-known in Dublin literary circles, as the author of many clever parodies which appeared over the *nom de plume* of "Billy Scribble." Whether these humorous poems have ever been published in a collected form, I cannot say, and I should be glad to receive any information about them.

"THE HALF HUNDRED" (OF COALS).

A good way after A. Tennyson's "Six Hundred."

Up the stairs, up the stairs,
Up the stairs, onward!
Joe took, all out of breath,
Coals, half a hundred!
Up he went, still as death,
Lest they had wonder'd
That I, with a cellar large,
Bought by the "Hundred!"

"Forward! the light evade;
Let 'em not know," I said;
"Glide up as still as death,
With the 'Half-hundred!'
Let them be gently laid!
No sound as by earthquake made
When the ground's sunder'd!
You here, if one should spy,
Wondering the reason why?
I with the shame should die!
So crawl up still as death,
With the 'Half-hundred!'"

A cat on the right of him!
Cat on the left of him!
Cat at the front of him!
What if he blunder'd?
Slipt his foot! clean he fell!
Came then a horrid yell!
Joe look'd as pale as death,
As down they came *pell mell*,
All the "Half-hundred!"

Out popt the "party" there!
Wondering what meant that *ere*
Noise on the landing stair!
All stood and wonder'd!
Dust-clouds of coal and coke!
Made them all nearly choke!
Oh! such a dreadful smoke!
As from the second floor
Rolled the "Half-hundred!"

Voices at right of him !
Voices at left of him !
Voices behind him !
Question'd and thunder'd !
Shrunk I into my shell;
Ah ! how my grandeur fell !
Knowing that (thought a "swell")
I was thus found to buy
Coals by the "Hundred !"

How does one's glory fade,
When there an end is made
At what the world wonder'd ?
Ne'er from my mind will fade
That awkward mess we made,
Of the "Half-hundred !"

JAMES BRUTON.

(From the Stratford-on-Avon Herald.)

The following clever parody was given to me, about ten years ago, by a young Scotch friend. who has since gone to New Zealand. I have no clue to the *year* in which it was written (the day of the month, however, was carefully preserved), nor do I know by *whom* it was written, nor where it made its first appearance in public. Will any kind correspondent furnish me with information on these points?

THE DOCTOR'S HEAVY BRIGADE.

"They would scarcely believe him when he told them that when in Thurso, some time ago, he on one occasion saw six hundred people asleep in a church." Speech of Dr. Guthrie, October 26th.

O'er their devoted heads,
While the law thunder'd,
Snugly and heedlessly
Snored the Six Hundred !
Great was the preacher's theme;
Screw'd on was all the steam;
Neither with shout nor scream
Could he disturb the dream
Of the Six Hundred !

Terrors to right of them !
Terrors to left of them !
Terrors in front of them !
Hell itself plundered !
Of its most awful things,
All those unlawful things,
Weak-minded preacher flings
At the dumb-founder'd !
Boldly he spoke, and well,
All on deaf ears it fell,
Vain was his loudest yell
Volley'd and thundered;
For, caring—the truth to tell,
Neither for Heaven nor Hell,
Snor'd the Six Hundred;

Still, with redoubled zeal,
Still he spoke onward,
And, in a wild appeal,
Striking with hand and heel,
Making the pulpit reel,
Shaken and sundered—
Called them the Church's foes,
Threatened with endless woes,
Faintly the answer rose,
(Proofs of their sweet repose),
From the United Nose
Of the Six Hundred !

L'ENVOY.

Sermons of near an hour,
Too much for human power;
Prayers, too, made to match
(Extemporaneous batch,
Wofully blundered).
With a service of music,
Fit to turn every pew sick,
Should it be wondered ?
Churches that will not move
Out of the ancient groove
Through which they floundered.
If they will lag behind,
Still must expect to find
Hearers of such a kind
As the Six Hundred !

THE CHARGE OF THE BLACK BRIGADE.*

Half a day, half a day,
Sped the clocks onward,
While in Freemason's Hall
Roared the six hundred !—
Frantic the Black Brigade,
"Charge for the Church !" they said,
In the Freemason's Hall
Roared the six hundred !

Frantic the Black Brigade,
Fearful the row they made,
Some day they'll know too well
How they have blundered.
Theirs not to hear reply,
Theirs throat and lungs to try,
Theirs to bawl "Low" and "High,"
Round the Archbishop's chair
Roared the seven hundred !

Canons to right of him,
Canons to left of him,
Canons in front of him,
Shouted and thundered !
Stormed at with groan and yell,
Really they stood it well,
Till they were out of breath,
Till an Earl tried to quell
Howls by the hundred !

Flustered the laymen's hair;
Flushed all the clergy were;
Scaring the waiters there
Hooting and hissing, while
York's prelate wondered—
Guides of us sinner folk

* *Apropos* of the clamorous meeting of the Clergy, in Freemason's Hall, December, 1868, the Archbishop of York in the Chair. 1439 votes were recorded at the division.

Precept and law they broke,
Curate and rector spoke,
Dealing the Church a stroke
Shaken and sundered—
Then they divided, and
Lost the six hundred!

Clergy to right of chair,
Clergy to left of chair,
Clergy in front of chair,
Shouted and thundered!
Stamping, with groan and yell,
Past any power to quell,
They who had roared so well
Went blessèd, and out of breath,
Back to their flocks to tell
All that was done by them—
Nice fourteen hundred!

When will the scandal fade
Of the wild row they made?
All the world wondered
Why such a noise was made
All by the Church Brigade—
Blind fourteen hundred!

Punch, 1868.

AT THE MAGDALEN GROUND.

Ecce canit formas alius jactusque pilarum.

I.

DRIVE to the Magdalen Ground;
Soon myself there I found,
Balls flew, and ground boys
After them blundered!
Theirs not at ease to lie,
Theirs but to field, and shy
Balls up and mind their eye;
If they were out of breath,
Who could have wondered?

II.

Balls to the right of me!
Balls to the left of me!
Balls, too, in front of me!
Nearly a hundred!
There stood each cricket swell,
Some of them batted well,
Smacking the balls about;
Seldom their wickets fell;
I stood and wondered!

III.

Thirsty, with elbows bare,
Bowlers were bowling there;
Cricket-balls through the air
Whizzed past their heads the while.
Muchly I wondered
Why no one's head was broke,
For at each mighty stroke
Close past the legs or head
Of some unconscious bloke,
Fast the balls thundered;
Which, had they hit him, would
Limbs have near sundered!

IV.

Balls to the right of me!
Balls to the left of me!
Balls, too, behind me!
Bounded and thundered!
Then came a sudden thwack,
Right on my poor old back,
Earthward I tumbled smack,
Knocked out was all my breath
With this untimely crack;
Whether my bones were smashed,
I lay and wondered.

Ne'er will the memory fade
Of the large bruise it made,
Not if six hundred
Years on this earth I stayed.
Why cricket's ever played,
Often I've wondered!

From *Lays of Modern Oxford*, 1874.

The following is a fair specimen of the Puff Poetical, taken from the *Daily News* of January, 1878:—

CHARGE OF THE FAIR BRIGADE.

With the Junior Partner's Apologies to Mr. Tennyson.

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All on the underground line
Rode the six hundred.
Right! cried the guard of the train;
Right! for the Sale, he said,
Into the Terminus then
Glide the six hundred.

Forward the bright brigade!
Was there a heart dismayed,
Not tho' it seemed too true
Someone had fainted.
Their's not to call a fly,
Aldgate, the station nigh;
Their's but to try and buy,
Into the premises
Came the six hundred.

Counters to right of them,
Counters to left of them,
Counters in front of them,
Dighted and lumbered;
Greeted with chair and grace
Boldly they entered apace,
Into the matter fain,
Into the "Sale" amain
Went the six hundred.

Flash'd all their note-books fair,
Flash'd all the pencils there,
Noting with all due care,
Purchases rich and rare,
All the world wondered;
Plunged in the "Hibernum Sale,"
Pleased with each neat detail;
Silken and Linen
Metre and yard-stick fail
Almost to measure.
Then they hark back, but not—
Not unencumbered.

Counters to right of them,
Counters to left of them,
Counters behind them
Piled up with wonders ;
Offered some bargains rare,
Mute with a great despair
They that had bought so well
Came from the "Tempus" Sale
Tired and deadly pale,
Weary six hundred.

When can their gladness fade?
O! the good time they had!
All the world wondered.
Honour the "parcels made;"
Honour the Drapers' Trade,
Noble six hundred.

THE CHARGE OF THE "BUSTLE."

FORWARD the Big Bustle!
Down the long street rustle,
Sweeping the street Arab
Into the gutter;
Swells to the right of it,
Swells to the left of it,
Cane, stick, and eyeglass,
All in a flutter!

Loud cries the errand-boy,
"Big Bustle there, ahoy!"
And the respectable
Citizens stare—
Reckless of every one,
On goes the "haughty one,"
Sweeping past houses,
Terrace and square.

But look, the low'ring sky
Portends a storm is nigh;
While men on all sides
Gallantly throng;
Swells to the right of it,
Swells to the left of it,
Blue Bustle charges,
Sweeping along.

Ah, 'tis a rainy day!
Streams flood the muddy way,
And the fair ornament
Cheeky cads hustle;
Homeward it now retreats,
Flies from the crowded streets,
Safe at last! ah, but not—
Not the same Bustle!

Judy, 17th April 1872.

OUR BOYS.

On the occasion of the Six Hundredth performance of this most successful comedy at the Vaudeville Theatre, the following verses were composed:—

Keep the league! keep the league,
Keep our league onward!
We twain have "run" a piece
Nights now Six Hundred.

Though but a light brigade,
Not such "great guns" 'tis said.
Yet we a play have played
Nights full Six Hundred!

"Here's your piece," Byron said,
"Take it friends, undismayed,"
So we did, for we knew
Seldom he's blundered!
Ours not to talk, but buy,
Ours but to act (or try!)
How fared the Comedy!
Into two years we've run,
Nights now Six Hundred.

Prophets to right of us,
Prophets to left of us,
Prophets in front of us,
Volleyed and thundered!
Wiseacre shot and shell.
"May, for a time, do well!"
Ne'er, in their jaws (so right!)
Ne'er in their mouths that night
Boded Six Hundred.

"Flashy! a thing of air!
Flashy! but very fair!"
So said these wonders there,
Stage-wise alarmists! while
All who of fun'd heard,
Crushed in the groaning pit.
Fought thro', fought bit by bit!
Coster and Nobleman
Laughed at the same old hit,
Laughed at, and wondered,
Thought of that night, but not
Dreamed of Six Hundred!

Dresses wore spite of us,
Scenes waned each night of us,
Stitches made light of us,
Severed and sundered;
Summers on "houses" tell,
"Business," tho', never fell,
Everything turned out well,
So, we are playing still,
Playing each night, with will,
All that is left of us
After Six Hundred!

When shall this fortune fade?
No increased charge we've made
(Herein we blundered!)
Thanks to all, true as steel!
Thanks to the Public, we'll
Double Six Hundred.

These stanzas, which bore the signature of Mr. Robert Reece, were circulated among the audience, but were not spoken from the stage.

The extraordinary run of *Our Boys*, which closed in April, 1879, will long excite the curiosity and wonder of the theatrical world. Mr. Byron's comedy was produced January 16, 1875, and was played continuously for four years three months and three days. This would allow about 1,321 nights, but extra day representations have raised the total number of performances to 1,362. Besides this return the "long runs" of

previous days were completely dwarfed. When *Our American Cousin* was brought out at the Haymarket it ran for 496 nights, and the *Colleen Bawn* went 278; *Meg's Diversion*, 330; and *School* 381 nights respectively.

"*Apropos* of the vote for six millions," said *The Globe*, "Mr. Gladstone, in his speech, protested against many of the attacks which had been levelled at him during the debate, and he threatened Mr. Chaplin in particular with his vengeance upon some future occasion, and he quoted, amid the laughter of the House, some doggerel verses which had been sent to him in reference to the vote. These lines, parodying 'The Charge of the Light Brigade,' ran thus :—

"Ring out your battle cry—
Vote us our war supply,
This must we do or die—
Vote the six millions.
Theirs not to reason why,
Ours not to make reply,
Ours but to say 'You lie'—
Vote the six millions."

THE CHARGE OF THE "RAD." BRIGADE.

(After Mr. Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade.)

By the League, by the League, by the League onward,
Into the Commons' House went the three hundred.
Forward the "Rad." Brigade! "Pass this Bill quick!" he said.
Into the Commons' House went the three hundred.

Forward the "Rad." Brigade! Who is a whit afraid?
What tho' the Tories say we have all blundered?
Theirs but to moan and cry—let Jemmy Lowther sigh, and ask Sir Stafford "Why?"
Into the Commons' House went the three hundred.

Leaguers to right of them, Whiggites to left of them,
Tories in front of them, shouted and thundered.
Stormed at with hoot and yell, while weak-kneed Lib'rals fell,
Into the lobby drear, into the House pell-mell, rushed the three hundred;

Flashed all their tongues quite bare, each one his speech to air,
Crushing the Leaguers there, dishing the Tories while Salisbury wondered.
Plunged in the hot debate, those who the rules had broke—
Parnell and Dillon—reeled from brave Gladstone's stroke shattered and sundered;
Then they went out, but not—not the three hundred.

Leaguers to right of them, Whigs on the left of them,
Tories behind them, stamped, roared, and thundered,
Stormed at with hoot and yell, while many a weak one fell,
They that had voted well came from the lobby back, back to the House pell-mell—
All that was left of the happy three hundred.

When will they e'er be paid? Oh, the grand vote they gave!
Salisbury wondered!
Honour the vote they gave! Long live the "Rad." Brigade!
Gladstone's three hundred.

25th June, 1882. J. ARTHUR ELLIOTT.

A LAY OF THE LAW COURTS.

Being the experience of Officials, Counsel, Clients, Witnesses, and all who do their business in the Great Legal Maze. With apologies to the Poet Laureate.

Up the stairs, down the stairs,
Farther and farther yet;
Here we come out of breath,
Flustered and sundered.

Barriers to right of us,
Barriers to left of us,
Barriers in front of us!
Bad words we thundered.

Most doors are barred and locked,
All sense of safety shocked;
Why is our business blocked
By those who blundered?

Back to the charge we're led;
Corridors dark we tread;
Had we gone heels o'er head
Who could have wondered?

No friend to say "Beware!"
No warning, "Pray, take care!"
Each step another snare!
If one, there's five hundred.

Ours not to make reply;
Ours not to reason why;
Still we may raise the cry,
Some one has blundered!

Funny Folks, 1883.

THE LATEST CHARGE.

[At a meeting in Ireland recently, when Mr. Biggar got up to speak, six hundred ladies rose and quitted the room.]

On their legs, on their legs,
On their legs onward,
All with face pale as death
Rose the Six hundred.
How dare he show his head?
"Rush from the wretch!" they said.
Straight to the street beneath
Strode the Six Hundred.

Forward the fair brigade,
No woman there dismayed.
Not though each fair one knew
Biggar had blundered.
His not to reason why,
His not to make reply,
Best take his hat and fly,
When with rage out of breath
Rushed the Six Hundred.

Married to right of him,
Single to left of him,
Widows in front of him
Volleyed and thundered.
No storm of shot and shell
E'er silenced man so well.
Joe! ne'er his tale shall tell
When near an Irish belle—
Noble Six Hundred!

Funny Folks, January 1884.

The Nineteenth Century, March 1878, contained a poem entitled—

THE REVENGE.

A Ballad of the Fleet.

I.

At FLORES, in the Azores, Sir Richard Grenville lay,
And a pinnace, like a flutter'd bird, came flying from far away:
"Spanish ships of war at sea! we have sighted fifty-three!"
Then sware Lord Thomas Howard; "'Fore God I am no coward;
But I cannot meet them here, for my ships are out of gear,
And the half my men are sick. I must fly, but follow quick.
We are six ships of the line; can we fight with fifty-three?'

* * * *

The rugged metre, and the exaggerated national sentiment of this ballad were thus amusingly parodied:—

RETRIBUTION—A XIXTH CENTURY BALLAD OF THE SLOE.

By the Author of "Vengeance, a Ballad of the Fleet."

AT his chambers in the Albany Sir Richard Tankard lay,
And a missive, like brown buttered toast, was brought him on a tray;
"Come, drink my Spanish wine—fifty dozen, all is thine,
And bring your friends with you, we'll drink till all is blue."

Then sware Lord Thomas Drunker: "By jingo, I'm no funker;
But I cannot go, I fear, for my liver's out of gear,
And my head feels like to burst, and I only slake my thirst
With Apollinaris water, for I dare not touch port wine."

Then spake Sir Richard Tankard, "I know you are no funker,
And fly wine for a moment to return to it again,
But my liver and my brain are free from ache and pain.
I should count myself the funker if I left them, my Lord Drunker,
Unsatisfied, and craving for the purple wine of Spain."

He called his friends together to go with him and dine.
He told them of the telegram that told him of the wine.
"We will go for we are dry;
Good Sir Richard, we are thine,
And the vintage we will try.

If good there will be little left ere morrow's sun be set!"
And Sir Richard said again, "We be all good Englishmen;
Let us empty all the bottles down our sturdy British throttles,
For I never turned my back upon glass or bottle yet."

Sir Richard spoke and he laugh'd, and we roared a hurrah, and so,
Like true-born sturdy Englishmen, we all of us would go.
And found the wine all laid along the floor in many a row,
And half was laid on the right-hand side, and half on the left was seen,
And the table, like the white sea foam, ran down the room between.

The dim eyes of the waiters winked with an inward laugh;
They seemed to mock the notion that we the wine would quaff.

But as the night was waning they watched the rows grow small,
And whispered to each other, "I bet they'll drink it all!"
For the wine was flowing swiftly down, as a cataract might be
When it leaps from a mountain to the sea!

And the moon went down and the stars came out o'er the smoky London town;
And never a moment ceased the flow of the purple liquor down!
Glass after glass, the whole night long, the mighty magnums went,
And bottle after bottle was away from the table sent.

"Dead men," as in a battle field, lay strewn upon the floor,
But still there was no cry of "Hold!" but constant shouts for "more!"
For he said, "Drink on, drink on!"
Though he scarce could lift his hand.

And it chanced when more than half of the summer night was gone
That he rose up on his feet and tried to stand,
But he sunk into his chair, and lay back grinning there,
And close up to his side we stept,
Then—the rule in such a case—we cork'd him on the face,
And he fell upon the floor, and he slept.

So pass'd we all, and when we woke each knew of a heavy head,
For not a soul of all of us had found the way to bed!
And a tempest of indignation swept over our surging brains,
That we could be floored by vintage, ay, ev'n of a hundred Spains!

"It never was PORT"! we cried, and so we tasted it once again—'twas SLOE!
Vile SLOE, with all our might, we had drunk for half the night!
And brave Sir Richard Tankard said, "Boys, although we drank hard,
'Tis SLOE-JUICE, and not Spanish wine, is giving us such pains!"
Then in a sink, that day, we poured the rest away,
To be lost evermore in the drains.

On the 15th March, 1882, at one of the London Ballad Concerts, Mr. Santley sang, for the first time, a patriotic song, written by Alfred Tennyson, the music composed by Mr. C. V. Stanford. This song was announced with much ceremony as a new work, whereas it was simply an abbreviated, and somewhat modified, arrangement of a poem in five verses, entitled *Hands all Round*, which had appeared in the *Examiner* in 1852, over the signature *Merlin*. The song did not arouse any enthusiasm, and is now only memorable for the offence its chorus gave to the temperance party. The first verse is quoted to illustrate the parodies:—

"First pledge our Queen, my friends, and then
A health to England, every guest;
He best will serve the race of men
Who loves his native country best!
May freedom's oak for ever last,
With larger life from day to day;
He loves the present and the past
Who lops the moulder'd branch away.

Hands all round ! God the traitor's hope confound !
To the great cause of Freedom, drink my friends,
And the great name of England round and round."

On this poem getting into the papers, the Good Templars attached far too much importance to it, and wrote to remonstrate with the Poet Laureate. The following reply was sent to Mr. Malins, the Chief Templar :—

"86, Eaton-square, London,—Sir,—My father begs to thank the Committee of the Executive of the Grand Lodge of England Good Templars for their resolution. No one honours more highly the good work done by them than my father. I must, however, ask you to remember that the common cup has in all ages been employed as a sacred symbol of unity, and that my father has only used the word 'drink' in reference to this symbol. I much regret that it should have been otherwise understood.—Faithfully yours, HALLAM TENNYSON."

The following parody, adverting to this correspondence, appeared in *Punch*, April 1, 1882 :—

SLOPS ALL ROUND !

Tennyson Teetotalised.

[The Manchester Good Templars having expostulated with the Poet Laureate for countenancing "in his latest so-called patriotic song, *Hands all Round*," the heathen and intoxicating custom of drinking toasts (in anything stronger than toast and water) it is understood that the conscience-stricken Bard has prepared the following "revised version" for the special use of the I. O. G. T's.]

FIRST pledge the Alliance, friends, and then
A health to WILFRID, champion dear !
He honours best that best of men
Who drinks his health in ginger-beer.
May LAWSON's jokes for ever live,
With washier shine from day to day,
He's Freedom true Conservative,
Who Zoedone imbibes alway.
Slops all round !
Heaven the Wittler's hopes confound !
To the great cause Teetotal, swig my friends,
And the great name of LAWSON round and round !

To Local Optionists who long
To hold the land in leading-strings,
By boldly banning liquors strong,
For lemonade and such sweet things.
To all who 'neath our watery skies,
Would English wits with water whelm,
To Toastandwaterdom's swift rise,
Till the Good Templar rules the realm,
Slops all round !
Heaven the Wittler's hopes confound !
To the great cause Teetotal swig, my friends,
And the great name of LAWSON round and round !

To all our Statesmen, so they be
Forwarders of our League's desire,
To both our Houses, if with glee
They'll quench, in water, Freedom's fire,
What odds though Freedom's flag *should* sink,
Whilst high the Temperance banner waves ?
Shall Britons bondsmen be to Drink
Through fear of being Slopdom's slaves ?
Slops all round !
Heaven the Wittlers' hopes confound !
To the great cause Teetotal swig, my friends,
And the great name of LAWSON round and round !

DRINKS ALL ROUND.

(Being an attempt to arrange Mr. Tennyson's noble words for truly Patriotic, Protectionist, and Anti-Aboriginal Circles) :—

A health to Jingo first, and then
A health to shell, a health to shot !
The man who hates not other men
I deem no perfect patriot !
To all who hold all England mad
We drink ; to all who'd tax her food !
We pledge the man who hates the Rad !
We drink to Bartle Frere and Froude !
Drinks all round ! Here's to Jingo, King and crowned !
To the great cause of Jingo drink, my boys,
And the great name of Jingo round and round !

To all the Companies that long
To rob as folk robbed years ago ;
To all that wield the double thong,
From Queensland round to Borneo !
To all that, under Indian skies,
Call Aryan man "a blasted nigger ;"
To all rapacious enterprise ;
To rigour everywhere, and vigour !—
Drinks all round ! Here's to Jingo, King and crowned !
To the great name of Jingo drink, my boys,
And every filibuster round and round !

To all our statesmen, while they see
An outlet new for British trade,
Where British fabrics still may be
With British size all overweighed !
Wherever gin and guns are sold
We've scooped the artless nigger in ;
Where men give ivory and gold,
We give them measles, tracts, and gin !
Drinks all round ! Here's to Jingo, King and crowned !
To the great name of Jingo drink, my boys,
And to Adulteration, round and round.

From *The Daily News*, March 17, 1882.

THE LAUREATE'S LAST LYRIC ; OR, NORTHAMPTON' FREEMEN.

Come ! pledge Northampton, friends, and then
A health to Freemen's every guest ;
He best will serve the race of men
Who loves his country's freedom best !
May Freedom's reign for ever last,
With wider bounds from day to day ;
He loves the present, not the past,
Who breaks the tyrant's chain away !

CHORUS—Hands all round ! All despotic laws confound !
Northampton's Freemen, cheer, my friends,
The hope of Britain round and sound !

To all the British hearts, who long
Will keep their heart of freedom whole—
To all our noble sons, the strong
Of British birth—the men of soul
Who rise against coercive wrong,
That drags "suspects" untried to gaol,
While starving thousands in the realm.
Oh! burst the prison of the "Pale."
Whatever statesman holds the helm.

CHORUS—Hands all round! All despotic laws confound!
Northampton's Freemen, cheer, my friends,
The hope of Britain round and sound!

To all our statesmen who for Right,
Are leaders at the land's desire;
Nor bend nor aid the force of Might,
That gags free speech to quench the fire
That burns to make the people great,
In thought and deed on every hand.
We freedom gave the mighty State,
But lack it in our native land!

CHORUS—Hands all round! All despotic laws confound!
Northampton's Freemen, cheer, my friends,
The hope of Britain round and sound!

June 1882. E. T. CRAIG.

Tennyson's blank verse has seldom been more successfully imitated than in *The Very Last Idyll*, written by Shirley Brooks for "Punch's Pocket Book," it concludes thus .—

"And the blameless king,
Rising again (to Lancelot's discontent,
Who held all speeches a tremendous bore),
Said, "If one duty to be done remains,
And 'tis neglected, all the rest is nought
But Dead Sea apples and the acts of apes."
Smiled Guinevere, and begged him not to preach;
She knew that duty, and it should be done:
So what of pudding on that festal night
Was not consumed by Arthur and his guests,
The queen upon the following morning, fried."

In a similar strain, but more ponderous in treatment is *Sir Tray: an Arthurian Idyll*, which appeared in Blackwood's Magazine for January, 1873. A few of the opening lines betray the whole of the jest:—

"The widow'd dame of Hubbard's ancient line
Turned to her cupboard, cornered anglewise
Betwixt this wall and that, in quest of aught
To satisfy the craving of Sir Tray,
Prick-eared companion of her solitude,
Red-spotted, dirty white, and bare of rib,
Who followed at her high and pattering heels,
Prayer in his eye, prayer in his slinking gait,
Prayer in his pendulous pulsating tail.
Wide on its creaking jaws revolved the door,
The cupboard yawned, deep throated, thinly set
For teeth, with bottles, ancient cannisters,
And plates of various pattern, blue or white;
Deep in the void she thrust her hooked nose
Peering near-sighted for the wished-for bone,
Whiles her short robe of samite, tilted high,
The thrifty darnings of her hose revealed;—
The pointed feature travelled o'er the delf,
Greasing its tip, but bone or bread found none.
Wherefore Sir Tray abode still dinnerless,
Licking his paws beneath the spinning-wheel,
And meditating much on savoury meats."

The hypercritical might object that, inasmuch as the dame greased the tip of her nose whilst peering into the recesses of her store-chamber, that some small rest of edibles was there, but the poem hurries on to its tragical climax, and carries the reader breathless past such trivial objections as these.

The dame passes out, and swiftly down the streets of Camelot, where she seeks, and finds, the needed bread, and hastens back—but all too late, alas! for Sir Tray lay prone upon the hearth, and neither breathed nor stirred:—

"Dead?" said the Dame, while louder wailed Elaine;
"I see," she said, "thy fasts were all too long,
Thy commons all too short, which shortened thus
Thy days, tho' thou mightst still have cheered mine age
Had I but timelier to the city wonned.
Thither I must again, and that right soon,
For now 'tis meet we lap thee in a shroud,
And lay thee in the vault by Astolat,
Where faithful Tray shall by Sir Hubbard lie."

Up a by-lane the undertaker dwelt;
There day by day he plied his merry trade,
And all his undertakings undertook:
Erst knight of Arthur's Court, *Sir Waldgrave* hight,
A gruesome carle who hid his jests in gloom,
And schooled his lid to counterfeit a tear.
With cheerful hammer he a coffin tapt,
While hollow, hollow, hollow rang the wood,
And, as he sawed and hammered, thus he sang—

Wood, hammer, nails, ye build a house for him,
Nails, hammer, wood, ye build a house for me,
Paying the rent, the taxes, and the rates.

I plant a human acorn in the ground,
And therefrom straightway springs a goodly tree,
Budding for me in bread and beer and beef.

O Life, dost thou bring Death or Death bring thee?
Which of the twain is bringer, which the brought?
Since men must die that other men may live.

O Death, for me thou plump'st thine hollow cheeks,
Mak'st of thine antic grin a pleasant smile,
And prank'st full gaily in thy winding sheet.

Yet am I but the henwife's favourite chick,
Pampered but doomed; and, in the sequel sure,
Death will the Undertaker overtake."

Thus to Sir Waldgrade the Dame recounts her loss:—

"Sir Tray that with me dwelt,
Lies on my lonely hearthstone stark and stiff;
Wagless the tail that waved to welcome me."

Here Waldgrave interposed in sepulchral tones—

"Oft have I noted, when the jest went round,
Sad 'twas to see the wag forget his tale—
Sadder to see the tail forget its wag"

The description of the coffin follows, and, lastly, after sundry vicissitudes (including a visit to the hatter's), the dame returned—

"Home through the darksome wold, and raised the latch,
And marked, full lighted by the ingle-glow,
Sir Tray, with spoon in hand, and cat on knee,
Spattering the mess about the chaps of Puss."

SIR EGGNOGG.

Forth from the purple battlements he fared,
Sir Eggnogg of the Rampant Lily, named
From that embrasure of his argent shield
Given by a thousand leagues of heraldry
On snuffy parchments drawn,—so forth he fared,
By bosky boles and autumn leaves he fared,
Where grew the juniper with berries black,
The sphery mansions of the future gin.
But naught of this decoyed his mind, so bent
On fair Miasma, Saxon-blooded girl,
Who laughed his loving lullabies to scorn,
And would have snatched his hero-sword to deck
Her haughty brow, or warm her hands withal,
So scornful she: and thence Sir Eggnogg cursed
Between his teeth, and chewed his iron boots
In spleen of love. But ere the morn was high
In the robustious heaven, the postern-tower
Clang to the harsh, discordant, slivering scream
Of the tire-woman, at the window bent
To dress her crisped hair. She saw, ah woe!
The fair Miasma, overbalanced, hurled
O'er the flamboyant parapet which ridged
The muffled coping of the castle's peak,
Prone on the ivory pavement of the court,
Which caught and cleft her fairest skull, and sent
Her rosy brains to fleck the Orient floor.
This saw Sir Eggnogg, in his stirrups poised,
Saw he and cursed, with many a deep-mouthed oath,
And, finding nothing more could reunite
The splintered form of fair Miasma, rode
On his careering palfrey to the wars,
And there found death, another death than hers.

From *Diversions of the Echo Club.*

The following is from the *St. James's Gazette*, January 14, 1881.

THE PLAYERS.

A Lawn Tennisonian Idyl.

I, who a decade past had lived recluse,
Left for awhile the dust of books and town
To share the pastimes of a country house;
And thus it chanced that I beheld a scene
That steep'd my rusted mind in wonderment.
The morn was passing fair; no vagrant cloud
Obscured the summer sun, as from the porch
I sallied forth to saunter at my will
Adown the garden path. Anon I came
To where a lawn outspread its verdant robe,
Whose decoration filled me with amaze.
Lawns many had I seen in days gone by,
But never lawn before the like of this;
For o'er its grassy plane a strange device
Of parallelograms rectangular
Was limn'd in lines of most exceeding whiteness:
Athwart the centre of this strange device
A threaden net was stretch'd a full yard high,
And clasp'd in its reticulated arms,
As ivy clasps the oak, two sturdy staves
Uprear'd on either side. At either end,
Holding opposing corners of the field,
A youth and damsel did themselves disport
In costume airy, mystic, wonderful;
The while in dexter hand each held a quaint
And spoon-shaped instrument of chequer'd strings—
Modell'd perchance, upon an ancient lute—
Wherewith they nimbly urged the bounding sphere
Across the meshy bar.
No space had I
To ponder, ere they spied me and did call
A welcome—"Hast thou come to see us play?"
"What is the game?" I ask'd; they answer'd "Love."
"A pretty game," quoth I, "for man or maid,
But one wherein a third is out of place;
Fain would I therefore go." "Nay, nay," they cried;
"Prithee remain, and thou shalt stand as umpire."
And so I stay'd, and presently besought
To know their prospects. Then the maiden said,
"I'm fifteen now;" the gallant, he replied,
"And thirty, I." Whereon methought at first
That he did somewhat overstate his case,
Though she seem'd rather underneath the mark.
But when they said that she was thirty-two,
And, next, that he was forty, I perceived
They told of other things than length of years;
Since mortals' ages, e'en at census time,
Could scarce be subject to such fluctuations.
Thus did they wage the contest, hither, thither
Running and smiting, till triumphantly
The damsel shouted, "Deuce!" Alas! mused I,
That lips so fair should utter words so base,
Yet would have held my peace, had not the youth
Turn'd unto me—"How's that; was that a fault?"
"A fault!" I answer'd; aye, and worse than that;
Indeed, 'tis nigh a sin." "Go to," he said;
"Thou makest merry." So the sport went on;
And then she cried, "Advantage, and I win!"
And then, "'Tis deuce again!" and then, "Advantage
To thee!" and then she strove to reach the ball,
And fail'd, and in despair exclaim'd, "Oh, dear,
I'm beaten!" and fell back upon the sward.
"And this," quoth I; "is this your game of love?
Well, I have heard men say that oftentimes
True love, once smooth, is scattered to the deuce
And she that first advantage hath obtain'd,
Doth lose at last, and suffer sad reverse.
Sweet maid, when thou art wed, the deuce avoid,
And thou shalt ne'er at least deserve a beating."
She laugh'd; he frown'd; I turn'd, and went my way.

Notwithstanding the care Tennyson has usually bestowed upon his writings, he has occasionally of late years, published poems in the magazines, remarkable for their inferiority—even as com-

pared with ordinary magazine poetry—by no means a very high standard. Perhaps he never wrote a weaker set of lines than those printed in "Good Words" for March, 1868, they were headed—

1865-1866.

I stood on a tower in the wet,
And New Year and Old Year met,
And winds were roaring and blowing;
And I said, "O years! that meet in tears,
Have ye aught that is worth the knowing?"
Science enough and exploring,
Wanderers coming and going;
Matter enough for deploring,
But aught that is worth the knowing?
Seas at my feet were flowing,
Waves on the shingle pouring;
Old Year roaring and blowing,
And New Year blowing and roaring.

The following parody, which appeared shortly afterwards, is scarcely inferior to the Laureate's lines:—

1867-1868.

I sat in a 'bus in the wet,
"Good Words" I had happened to get,
With Tennyson's last bestowing;
And I said, "O bard! who works so hard,
Have ye aught that is worth the knowing?"

Verses enough and so boring,
Twaddle quite overflowing,
Rubbish enough for deploring;
But aught that is worth the knowing?
Placards on walls were glowing,
Puffs in the papers pouring,
"Good Words" roaring and blowing,
"Once a Week" blowing and roaring!

Or, "another way," as the cookery books say—

A PARODY,

After Tennyson's Last.

TENNYSON stood in the wet,
And he and his publishers met,
His publishers cursing and swearing,
And they said "O Tennyson tell us,
Have you anything good to sell us,
The public mind it enrages,
To read such bosh by pages,
'The Victim' was little better,
And oh! that 'Spiteful Letter.'"
They spoke, their poor hair tearing,
TENNYSON poems rehearsing,
Publishers cursing and swearing,
TENNYSON swearing and cursing.

"The Victim," above referred to, which also had appeared in "Good Words," was the subject of the following witty parody, in which the versification of the original is closely imitated:—

"THE VICTIM."

NOT *by Alfred Tennyson, Foet Laureate,*

(See *Good Words*, January 1, 1868).

I.

A plague upon the people fell,
A plague of writers high and low,
There were some wrote ill, and some wrote well,
And the Novel, the Novel was all the go;
But the people tired of what they admired,
And they said to the Editors one and all,
'We have had enough of sensation stuff,
So give us a change, be it great or small'—
And the Editors paled
As they heard the throng—
What would you have of us?
Poem or Song?
Were it the queerest,
Were it the dearest
Money can purchase,
We'll give you a Song.

II.

But still the plague spread far and wide,
Bad novels were written and bought and read,
In which handsome wives took their husbands' lives,
And maidens behaved as if they were wed:
So the people stormed and some of them swore,
"'Good Words" they butter no parsnips, no;
So give us a song, both sweet and strong,
Or you or your magazines may go—
To Jericho!'—
Or was it Hong Kong?
'Were it the queerest,
Were it the dearest,
We'll give them a song.'

III.

The Editors went through 'The Men of the Time,'
'Including the Women,' with eager look,
Through the men and women who dabble in rhyme,
Whose names are inscribed in that golden book.
'Oh! who shall we get to sing to "the Beast"?
To sing to the Beast a deathless song?'—
'Till they came to Tupper, the great High Priest—
Proverbially the worst of the throng.
And their hearts exulted
A moment or two:—
'*His* were the queerest,
But we've promised the *dearest*,
Tupper won't do!'

IV.

Again they looked for a bard divine.
'Here's one,' they exclaimed, 'should be preferred
A poet the half of whose name is *Swine*,
Is fittest to sing to the swinish herd.
But *Swine* and *burn* suggest in their turn
Ideas a little too gross and warm;
And a poet who writes of hermaphrodites
Is scarcely the man to weather the storm.
So Swineburne, too,
Won't do, won't do!
What's to be done
With the raging throng?
We can't have the queerest,
We'll pay for the dearest:
Give us a song!'

V.

The cry went forth o'er cities and towns;
It tickled the ears of the men who write;
It leaped from the land and over the downs,
And flew like wind through the Isle of Wight:
There Tennyson sat in his wide-awake hat,
Or smoked and strolled on his 'sponge-wet' grounds;
'*I*'ll give them a song not over long—
I'll give them a song for two hundred pounds.'
How happy, how happy,
The Editor's grew!
'Were it the merest
Trash, 'tis the *dearest*,
And therefore will do.'

VI.

The poet wrote the poem I quote,
'The Victim,' whose life the priests would destroy
But the Editor knows ere now, I suppose,
That *he* is the victim, and not the boy:
'Tis he must *bleed* for this rhythmic deed
And ever for more, as the public cry,
May Alfred the Great—the Laureate—
Shriek out 'the *dearest*, the *dearest* am I!'
And the public are happy,
And so they ought;
For to them doth belong,
If not the sincerest
Outburst of song
That ever was thought,
At least the dearest
That ever was bought.

January 27, 1868, "M."

Dublin Paper.

Tennyson's *The Victim* was curiously anticipated by *The Prophet Enoch*, a poem by James Burton Robertson (London, James Blackwood, 1860), in which the following passage occurs:—

"'One victim more!' a thousand voices cry;
'One victim more!' resounds the cave of gloom.
Lo! borne on lofty car, 'mid savage cries
Of a wild band, a costlier victim comes.
It is a lovely stripling, o'er whose cheek
Youth hath her earliest purple bloom suffused:
In rich luxuriant curls his locks descend,
Twined with the fatal flowers that sweetly mock
The victim they adorn. Wild with despair,
His shrieking mother grasps the iron wheel
Of the inexorable car: she spurns
The fierce rebukes, or menace of the throng,
To catch the last glimpse of her darling boy.
'Ah! spare my son; shed mine own blood instead:
My life may satisfy your vengeful gods!"
Exclaims the hapless matron, but in vain.

THE THREE COURSES OF ACHILLES.

Mr. Gladstone's fondness for Homer is well known, and he was doubtless one of the first to read the Laureate's lines in the *Nineteenth Century*, called "Achilles Over the Trench." This Trojan hero will now be dearer than ever to the Premier, for the Laureate's lines show him to be a man strangely after the "People's William's" own heart. Thus, it is matter of public notoriety that Mr. Gladstone thinks thrice before he makes his mind up to any great matter, and he is famed for his historic "three courses." How curious, then, to find that Achilles, too, has what may be termed a "triologic" bent of mind! Evidently it was not till he had thought thrice that he remained sulking in his tent. And when he came out and fought, we find, from Alfred Tennyson, that—

"Thrice from the dyke he sent his mighty shout,
Thrice backward reel'd the Trojans and allies."

The fragment of verse is incomplete, but we have little doubt that when we see it complete, we shall read something of this kind:—

"Thrice rolled his glowing eye, with fury fired,
And thrice his spear leapt forward at the foe;
Whilst as the sinking sun proclaimed it three,
He thrice imbued it in the Trojan's blood.
Then stood he where three stones were rudely piled,
And thrice he thought what next his course should be;
Thrice wiped the triple tears that dewed his cheek,
Thrice muttered words I care not to repeat;
Then murmuring his mother's name three times,
Made up his mind to slaughter three more foes.
So thrice again his spear was launched in space,
And three miles off, within Troy's triple walls,
Three widows, each with children three, were left
To mourn that he, Achilles, had not thought
Four times that afternoon instead of three."

From *Funny Folks*.

UNFORTUNATE MISS BAILEY.

An Experiment.

(A parody of the *Lord of Burleigh*.)

WHEN he whispers, "O, Miss Bailey,
Thou art brightest of the throng!"
She makes murmur, softly, gaily—
"Alfred, I have loved thee long."

Then he drops upon his knees, a
Proof his heart is soft as wax;
She's—I don't know who; but he's a
Captain bold from Halifax.

Though so loving, such another
Artless bride was never seen;
Coachee thinks that she's his mother--
Till they get to Gretna Green.

There they stand by him attended,
Hear the sable smith rehearse
That which links them, when 'tis ended,
Tight for better or for worse.

Now her heart rejoices—ugly
Troubles need disturb her less—
Now the Happy Pair are snugly
Seated in the night express.

So they go with fond emotion,
So they journey through the night;
London is their land of Goschen--
See its suburbs are in sight!

Hark, the sound of life is swelling,
Pacing up, and racing down;
Soon they reach her simple dwelling—
Burley-street, by Somers Town.

What is there to so astound them?
She cries "Oh!" for he cries "Hah!"
When five brats emerge—confound them!
Shouting out, "MAMMA!"—"PAPA!"

While at this he wonders blindly,
Nor their meaning can divine,
Proud she turns them round, and kindly,
"All of these are mine and thine!"

* * * *

Here he pines and grows dyspeptic,
Losing heart he loses pith—
Hints that Bishop Tait's a sceptic,
Swears that Moses was a myth.

Sees no evidence in Paley,
Takes to drinking ratafia:
Shies the muffins at Miss Bailey,
While she's pouring out the tea.

One day, knocking up his quarters,
Poor Miss Bailey found him dead,
Hanging in his knotted garters,
Which she knitted ere they wed.

FREDERICK LOCKER.

In Memoriam.

£. S. D.

"*Abiit ad plures.*"

BADEN-BADEN, MDCCCLXVIII.

I.

I HOLD it truth, with him who rings
His money on a testing stone
To judge its goodness by its tone,
That gold will buy all other things.

It hides the ravages of years;
It gilds the matrimonial match;
It makes deformity "a catch;"
And dries the sorrowing widow's tears.

Let love grasp cash, lest both be drowned;
Let Mammon keep his gilded gloss;
Ah, easier far to bear the loss
Of love, than of a thousand pound!

Let not the victor say with scorn,
While of his winnings he may boast,
"Behold the man who played and lost,
And now is weak and overworn."

* * *

II.

O, Fortune, fickle as the breeze!
O, Temptress, at the shrine of gain!
O, sweet and bitter!—all in vain
I come to thee for monied ease!

"The chances surely run," she says;
But prick the series with a pin;
Mark well; and then go in and win!—
Or lose! for there are but two ways.

And still the phantom, Fortune, stands
And sings with siren silvery tone;
Music that I may reach alone
With empty purse and empty hands!

And shall I still this fickle fair
With constant energies pursue?
Or do as other people do—
Escape the tangles of her hair?

* * *

XXVII.

I envy not in any mood
The mortal void of Mammon's lust,
Who never to a chance will trust,
And never Fortune's favours woo'd.

I envy not the plodding boor,
Whose stupid ignorant content
Cares not if odds on an event
Are 2 to 1 or 10 to 4.

Nor him who counts himself as blest,
And says, "I take the wiser way,
Because for love alone I play,
So gambling never breaks my rest."

I hold it true, whate'er befall,
I feel it when I lose the most,
'Tis better to have play'd and lost
Than never to have played at all.

(Name of Author not known).

PUNCH TO SALISBURY.

I hold it true, whate'er befall,
Though Jingo bounce and patriot rail,
'Twere better far to meet and fail,
Than never try to meet at all.

THE RINKER'S SOLACE.

I hold it true whoe'er may fall,
I *feel* it when I tumble most,
'Tis better to have rinked and lost
Than never to have rinked at all.

Tennyson (revised).

BEHIND TIME.

She looked quite cross—her face had not
The smile that once lured one and all,
While waiting at that seaside spot
For him she loved;—divinely tall;
Her sloe-black eyes showed restless change,
Small sparks of anger you might catch,
And yet those eyes you could not match,
Were you throughout the world to range,
"Alas! I'm getting weary, weary—
Waiting here for Fred;
He said he'd take me sailing—query?
He's not come yet," she said.

"He asked me when we met last night,
If I would like a sail or row;
I answered 'Yes,' with great delight;
He said at one o'clock we'd go.

'Tis now five minutes past the hour,
And where is *he*, I'd like to know?
Oh! if I did not love him so
I'd punish him—and show my pow'r.
But oh, alas! it *is* so dreary
When I am not with Fred;
I feel like Moore's lamenting Peri:
Why *won't* he come?" she said.

The tear-drops then welled from her eyes,
And down her damask cheek they crept;
Her bosom heaved with sundry sighs,
She cried, "I'll *no* excuse accept.
I will not speak to him," said she;
"How *dare* he keep me waiting here?"
When suddenly, approaching near,
Her tardy swain she chanced to see;

And then, forgetting she'd been weary,
She cried, "Oh, here comes Fred!"
And somehow then she seemed less dreary,
"How *nice* he looks!" she said.

H. C. NEWTON.

From *Tom Hood's Comic Annual*, 1884.

ALFRED TENNYSON *(conclusion.)*

The Poet Laureate's cruise with Sir Donald Currie, in the autumn of 1883, was an event of some importance, as he was then afforded an opportunity of reading his poems to a select audience of Royal personages; it is generally supposed that it was during that trip also that the Prime Minister offered him the title, his acceptance of which has since been the subject of so much comment and censure. *Punch* (September 22, 1883) described the voyage to the north in the following comical medley of parodies of the Laureate's poems :—

A LAUREATE'S LOG.

(Rough Weather Notes from the New Berth-day Book.)

MONDAY.

If you're waking, please don't call me, please don't call me, CURRIE dear,
For they tell me that to-morrow t'wards the open we're to steer!
No doubt, for you and those aloft, the maddest merriest way,—
But *I* always feel best in a bay, CURRIE, *I* always feel best in a bay!

TUESDAY.

Take, take, take?—
What will I take for tea?
The thinnest slice—no butter,—
And that's quite enough for me!

WEDNESDAY.

It is the little roll within the berth
That by-and-by will put an end to mirth,
And, never ceasing, slowly prostrate all!

THURSDAY.

Let me alone! What pleasure can you have
In chaffing evil? Tell me, what's the fun
Of ever climbing up the climbing wave?
All you the rest, you know how to behave
In roughish weather! I, for one,
Ask for the shore—or death, dark death,—I am so done!

FRIDAY.

Twelve knots an hour! But what am I?
A poet, with no land in sight,
Insisting that he feels "all right"
With half a smile—and half a sigh!

SATURDAY.

Comfort? Comfort scorned of lubbers! Hear this truth the Poet roar,
That a sorrow's crown of sorrows is remembering days on shore.
Drug his soda, lest he learn it when the Foreland gleams a spec
In the dead unhappy night, when he can't sit up on deck!

SUNDAY.

Ah! you've called me nice and early, nice and early, CURRIE dear!
What? Really in? Well, come, the news I'm precious glad to hear;
For though in such good company I willingly would stay—
I'm glad to be back in the bay, CURRIE, I'm glad to be back in the bay!

It is now somewhat more than fifty years since a young, and comparatively obscure writer addressed some presumptious lines to a lady of noble family, in which he sneered at her claims of long descent, ridiculed nobility generally, and concluded by advising her to go out amongst the poor, to teach the children, and to feed the beggars.

The tone of the poem was censorious and offensive; but Lady Clara Vere de Vere, to whom it was addressed, let it pass unnoticed by, knowing that "Everything comes to those who know how to wait," and now this last daughter of a hundred Earls has written a good-humoured rejoinder to the first Baron Tennyson, in which she playfully assumes her age to have remained what it was fifty years ago :—

Baron Alfred T. de T.,
Are we at last in sweet accord?
I learn—excuse my girlish glee—
That you've become a noble Lord;
So now that time to think you've had
Of what it is makes charming girls,
Perhaps you find they're not so bad—
Those daughters of a hundred earls.

Baron Alfred T. de T.,
When last your face I chanced to see,
You had the passion of your kind,
You said some horrid things to me;
And then—"we parted," you to sail
For Oshkosh, in the simple steerage,
But now—excuse my girlish glee—
You reappear, and in the peerage!

Baron Alfred T. de T.,
Were you indeed misunderstood
That other day I heard you say,
"'Tis only noble to be good?"
I really thought you then affirmed—
'Tis so the words come back to me,
"Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

Baron Alfred T. de T.,
There stand twin-spectres in your hall,
And as they found you were a Lord
Two wholesome hearts were changed to gall;
The two, an humble couple they,
I think I see them, on my life,
The while they read of "Baron" T.,
The grand old Adam, and his wife!

Trust me, Baron T. de T.,
From yon blue heaven above us bent,
This simple granger and his spouse
Smile as you read your long descent.
Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
Nor must you think my language cruel,
It seems—excuse my girlish glee—
Consistency's a lovely jewel.

Baron Alfred T. de T.,
I know you're proud your name to own;
Your pride is yet no mate for mine,
My blood is bluer than your own,

Don't bid me break your heart again
For pastime, ere to town I go;
I'll not do that, my noble Lord,
But give you something that I owe.

Baron Alfred T. de T.,
When you were in that angry fit
You turned to me and thundered out,
"Go, teach the orphan girl to knit."
I am an orphan girl myself,
And that my knitting you may see,
Here is a *mitten* that I've knit—
Excuse my gushing, girlish glee.

Now, there was another young lady who was treated with scant courtesy by the author of *Locksley Hall*, and she, too, has written a reply to the love-sick ravings of the young poet:—

COUSIN AMY'S VIEW.

SCENE—*The neighbourhood of Locksley Hall.*

Enter Lady AMY HARDCASH (*ætat. forty*), *with a book of poems and several children.*

LADY AMY *loquitur.*

CHILDREN, leave me here a little; don't disturb me, I request;
For Mamma is very tired, and fain would take a little rest.

'Tis the place, the same old place, though looking somewhat pinched and small.
Ah, 'tis many and many a day since last I looked on Locksley Hall!

Then 'twas in the spring of life and love—ah, Love, the great Has-been!
Love which, like the year's own Spring, is very nice—and very *green!*

In the Spring the new French fashions come the female heart to bless,
In the Spring the very housemaid gets herself another dress;

In the Spring we're apt to feel like children just let loose from school;
In the Spring a young girl's fancy's very apt to play the fool.

On the moorland, by the waters he was really *very* nice;
There was no one else at hand, and I—forgot Mamma's advice.

He indulged in rosy raptures, heaved the most suggestive sighs,
Said the very prettiest things about my lips and hazel eyes.

All his talk was most poetic, all his sentiments were grand,
Though his meaning, I confess, I did not always understand.

So that, when he popped the question, I *did* blush and hang my head,
And,—well, I dare say the rest was pretty much as he has said.

* * * *

LOCKSLEY'S famous—yes, and married, notwithstanding his fierce curse,
To a dame with lots of gold and very little taste for verse.

Nice to be a Lion's Lady in Society, no doubt!
Not so nice to smooth his mane at home when Leo is put out.

Talk of tantrums! Read these lines he published after—well, the jilt,
Pitching into poor Mamma, and charging me with nameless guilt!

Dear Mamma! *I* thought her hard—but I'm a mother now myself,
And I know what utter nonsense is the poet's scorn of pelf.

* * *

"Woman is the lesser man!" I hold that false as it is hard.
The most womanish of creatures surely is an angry bard.

Yet, sometimes, when, as at present, Spring is brightening all the land,
Comes that longing for the fields, Sir RUFUS *cannot* understand;

Comes a ghostly sort of doubt if e'en Society can give
All, quite all, for which a *well-loved* woman might desire to live;

Comes a memory of his voice, a recollection of his glance,
Thoughts of things which then had power to make my maiden pulses dance;

Comes,—but I'm extremely stupid. Well, I know if our dear FAN
Took a fancy for a poet, I should soon dismiss the man.

Here she comes! She'll wed, I hope, rich Viscount VIVIAN ere the fall.
She ne'er had had *that* chance, had I espoused the Lord of Locksley Hall!

Punch, June 1, 1878.

In a magazine entitled *The Train*, published in 1856, there was a poem called *The Three Voices*, written by Mr. Lewis Carroll, who has since become famous for his quaintly humorous works. This was a parody of the obvious truisms, the muddled metaphor, and vague reasonings contained in Tennyson's *Two Voices*, and Mr. Carroll has wisely inserted it in his last collection of poems (*Rhyme? and Reason?* Macmillan and Co.), it is somewhat altered from its original form, and is much heightened in its effect by the intensely comic, and ably drawn, illustrations of Mr. Arthur B. Frost.

Unfortunately, this clever parody is too long to quote entire, and an extract gives but a faint idea of its terribly grotesque sorrows, and its whimsical burlesque of the Laureate's reasoning in *The Two Voices*:—

THEY walked beside the wave-worn beach,
Her tongue was very apt to teach,
And now and then he did beseech,

She would abate her dulcet tone,
Because the talk was all her own,
And he was dull as any drone.

She urged "No cheese is made of chalk;"
And ceaseless flowed her dreary talk,
Tuned to the footfall of a walk.

Her voice was very full and rich,
And when at length she asked him "Which?"
It mounted to its highest pitch.

He a bewildered answer gave,
Drowned in the sullen moaning wave,
Lost in the echoes of the cave.

She waited not for his reply,
But, with a downward leaden eye,
Went on as if he were not by.

Then, having wholly overthrown
His views, and stripped them to the bone,
Proceeded to unfold her own.

* * * *

"Shall Man be Man? And shall he miss
Of other thoughts no thoughts but this,
Harmonious dews of sober bliss?

"What boots it? Shall his fevered eye
Through towering nothingness descry
The grisly phantom hurry by?

"And hear dumb shrieks that fill the air;
See mouths that gape and eyes that stare,
And redden in the dusky glare?

"Yet still before him, as he flies,
One pallid form shall ever rise,
And bodying forth in glassy eyes

"The vision of a vanished good,
Low peering through the tangled wood,
Shall freeze the current of his blood."

Till, like a silent water-mill,
When summer suns have dried the rill,
She reached a full stop, and was still.

To muse a little space did seem,
Then like the echo of a dream,
Harped back upon her threadbare theme.

Still an attentive ear he bent,
But could not fathom what she meant:
She was not deep, nor eloquent.

* * * *

But, in truth, Tennyson has never failed so signally as when he has attempted to be metaphysical, and although his admirers have written many essays to explain the profundity of his ideas, and the beauties of his philosophy, their explanations seem to require some explaining, whilst it also seems that general readers fail to discern the charm in his would-be philosophical writings.

The Higher Pantheism may be taken as an instance. It commences thus:—

The sun, the moon, the stars, the seas, the hills and the plains—
Are not these, O Soul, the vision of Him who reigns?

Is not the vision He? tho' He be not that which he seems?
Dreams are true while they last, and do we not live in dreams?

Dark is the world to thee; thyself art the reason why;
For is He not all but thou, that hast power to feel "I am I!"

There are several other couplets which do not tend to unravel the poet's tangled web of thought, whereas if we turn to *The Heptalogia* (Chatto and Windus, 1880), we find the whole mystery treated with much greater lucidity of expression in *The Higher Pantheism in a Nutshell.*

ONE, who is not, we see; but one, whom we see not, is:
Surely this is not that; but that is assuredly this.

What, and wherefore, and whence? for under is over and under:
If thunder could be without lightning, lightning could be without thunder.

Doubt is faith in the main; but faith on the whole is doubt:
We cannot believe by proof; but could we believe without?

Why, and whither, and how? for barley and rye are not clover:
Neither are straight lines curves; yet over is under and over.

* * * *

God, whom we see not, is; and God who is not, we see;
Fiddle, we know, is diddle: and diddle we take it is dee.

The clever little work, from which the above is an extract, was published anonymously, but has been ascribed by the *Athenæum*, and other authorities, to a no less distinguished poet than Mr. A. C. Swinburne. Its full title is—

SPECIMENS OF MODERN POETS.

THE HEPTALOGIA; OR, THE SEVEN AGAINST SENSE.
A CAP WITH SEVEN BELLS.

I. The Higher Pantheism in a Nutshell.
II. John Jones.
III. The Poet and the Woodlouse.
IV. The Person of the House (Idyl CCCLXVI.)
V. Last Words of a Seventh-rate Poet.
VI. Sonnet for a Picture.
VII. Nephelidia.

All these poems display wonderful power and choice of language, with a perfect mastery of the most difficult forms of metre, such as only a practised poet could achieve.

The Nineteenth Century for May, 1880, contained another of the Laureate's vague rhapsodical poems, entitled *De Profundis*, of which all the meaning was as well expressed in the following parody as in the original:—

"Awfully deep, my boy, awfully deep,
From that great deep before our world begins;
Awfully deep, my boy, awfully deep,
From that true world within the world we see,
Whereof our world is but the bounding shore.
Awfully deep, my boy, awfully deep.
With this ninth moon that sends the hidden sun
Down yon dark sea, thou comest, darling boy."

The Princess Ida; or, Castle Adamant, by Mr. W. S. Gilbert, which was produced at the Savoy Theatre, on January 5th, 1884, though a humorous adaptation of Tennyson's *Princess*, is not strictly a burlesque, and is styled by the author "A Respectful Operatic Per-version" of the Laureate's poem. It is altered from an earlier piece by Mr. Gilbert on the same theme. Almost the only passage which can be considered an actual parody of Tennyson's diction is the speech of the Princess Ida to the Neophytes, which is modelled on the Lady Psyche's harangue in the original poem:—

"Women of Adamant, fair Neophytes—
Who thirst for such instruction as we give,
Attend, while I unfold a parable.
The elephant is mightier than Man,
Yet Man subdues him. Why? The elephant
Is elephantine everywhere but here (*tapping her forehead*).
And Man, whose brain is to the elephant's,
As Woman's brain to man's—(that's rule of three)
Conquers the foolish giant of the woods,
As woman, in her turn, shall conquer Man!
In mathematics, woman leads the way—
The narrow-minded pedant still believes
That two and two make four! Why we can prove,
We women-household drudges as we are—
That two and two make five—or three—or seven;
Or five-and-twenty, if the case demands!
Diplomacy! The wiliest diplomate
Is absolutely helpless in our hands,
He wheedles monarchs—woman wheedles him!
Logic? Why, tyrant Man himself admits
It's waste of time to argue with a woman!
Then we excel in social qualities:
Though Man professes that he holds our sex
In utter scorn, I venture to believe
He'd rather spend the day with one of you
Than with five hundred of his fellow-men!
In all things we excel! Believing this,
A hundred maidens here have sworn to place
Their feet upon his neck. If we succeed,
We'll treat him better than he treated us:
But if we fail, why then let hope fail too!
Let no one care a penny how she looks—
Let red be worn with yellow—blue with green—
Crimson with scarlet—violet with blue!
Let all your things misfit, and you yourselves,
At inconvenient moments come undone!
Let hair-pins lose their virtue; let the hook
Disdain the fascination of the eye—
The bashful button modestly evade
The soft embraces of the button-hole!
Let old associations all dissolve,
Let Swan secede from Edgar—Gask from Gask—
Sewell from Cross—Lewis from Allenby!
In other words, let Chaos come again!

A large number of miscellaneous parodies remain to be noticed, a few of the best will be given in full; of the remainder it will be sufficient to indicate the works in which they occur, as they are readily accessible.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

Some time ago *Funny Folks* remarked:—

"The Laureate ought to add a verse to his famous lay of the Six Hundred. It seems that whenever one of the immortal brigade dies, a couple of recruits, at least, appear and fill his place There are already far more living claimants to the glory of participating in the famous charge than ever took part in it.

"When can their glory fade,
If from the Light Brigade
When ONE is sundered,
Two will his place supply,
Ready to multiply
Still the Six Hundred?"

And in a somewhat similar manner parodies on this famous poem seem to start up on every hand. One, not yet mentioned, appeared in *Figaro*, November 29, 1876.

Another anonymous parody of the same original, called "The Charge of the Tight Brigade," though rather smart, is too slangy in its language to be inserted.

The following has been sent by Mr. James Dykes Campbell, who states that it was current in the Oxford colleges about twenty years ago. The author's name is not known.

THE CHARGE OF THE GOWNSMEN.

A Reminiscence of the Anti-Tobacco Lecture.

(The Metre has been kindly lent for the occasion by the Poet Laureate).

To the "Star," through the "Star,"
Up the "Star" staircase—
Into the Assembly Room,
Crowded the Gownsmen.
Some one cried, "Chaff the cad!"
Forward they went like mad—
None knew exactly why—
All wished a lark to try—
E'en 'neath the Proctor's eye—
Into the Assembly Room.
On went the Gownsmen.

'Baccy to right of them,
'Baccy to left of them,
'Baccy in front of them,
Densely surrounds men!
Howled at by cad and scout,
Ordered by Proctors out,
Still they pressed onwards well,
Raising a stifling smell,
Into the "Star" Hotel,
To the Assembly Room,
Hastened the Gownsmen.

Flashed every weed alight,
Showed every gownsman fight,
Hitting to left and right,
Cheeking the Proctor, and
Milling the Townsmen.
Flew Academic blows,
Smashing the civic nose,
Strong was the smoke, and thick,
Making the Lect'rer sick—
Then from the Assembly Room,
Down the stairs, down the stairs,
Bolted the Gownsmen!

Peelers to right of them,
Proctors to left of them,
Pro.'s on the rear of them,
Mingled with Townsmen!
Out of the "Star Hotel,
Those who had smoked so well,
Thro' the Turl—through the High
Mizzled the Gownsmen!

Still shall the tale be told,
When Private Halls are old,
How was that Lect'rer sold
By the fierce Gownsmen!

I am indebted to the courtesy of an unknown correspondent for the following parody, which was recited by Major Wilson after a banquet given in honor of the Anniversary of the Birth of Robert Burns, at the Caledonian Club, Leadville, Colorado:—

"THE CHARGE OE THE LIGHT BALLET."

Half a leg, half a leg,
Half a leg onward,
All before the foot-lights
Danced the one hundred.
Crash went the German band.
Supes strew'd the stage with sand;
All before the foot-lights
Danced the one hundred.

"Forward, the light ballet!"
Was there a coryphée
Who couldn't help feeling
Some one had blundered?
Turned on the calcium light,
Glittered each spangled tight,
Kicked they with main and might;
All before the foot-lights
Danced the one hundred.

Bald heads to right of them,
Bald heads to left of them,
Bald heads in front of them
Shouted and thundered;
Cynosures of every eye,
Boldly they kicked and high,
Regardless of life and limb,
Into the very sky
Kicked the one hundred,

Flashed all their fleshings bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Crazing the bald heads there,
In orchestra chair, while
All the house wondered.
On light, fantastic toe,
Pirouette and *pas de Seaux*,
Premier and coryphée
Reeled from the vertigo,
Shattered and sundered,
And then they danced back,
But not—not the one hundred.

Bald heads to right of them,
Bald heads to left of them,
Bald heads in front of them
Shouted and thundered;
Bravoed the *dilettante*,
While each old Bonfanti,
With split raiment and scanty,
Danced back from the jaws of death,
Back from the ——(see Dante),
All that was left of them,
Left of one hundred.

When can their glory fade?
Oh, the high kicks they made!
All the house wondered.
Fling up your big bouquet,
Bald-headed Y. M. C. A.!
Honour the light ballet,
Noble one hundred!

From *The Carbonate Chronicle*, Leadville, Colorado, January 27, 1883.

TRAGIC EPISODE IN AN OMNIBUS.

(Charged to the Poet Laureate.)

Night Scene—Last City 'bus, chock full of people. Enter—Very stout old gentleman.

(Related by an eye witness.)

I.

Half a yard, half a yard,
Half a yard onward,
All through that narrow way,
Gasping and out of breath, yet never ponder'd!
"Right, Bill," the 'bus cad said,
"'Bout time we were in bed."
All through that narrow way
Still he strode onward.

II.

Though light began to fade,
Was there a man dismayed?
Not tho' each row well knew
Some one had blunder'd;
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs to sit tight and try
To look stouter, broad, and high,
As *he* came onward.

III.

Sneerers to right of him,
Frowners to left of him,
Scowlers in front of him,
Curses a hundred.
Words that no man could spell,
Boldly strove he and well,
All through that narrow way,
Tumbling about pell-mell,
Still on he wander'd.

IV.

To threats he gave no care,
Worrying the poor man there,
As standing he eyed them, while
  The 'bus rolled and thundered.
Wrap't in his dark, brown cloak,
Right through that line he broke,
'Twas then that boot and shoe
Thought it a feeble joke—
  Corns nearly sundered!
For he turned back again,
  Seeing he'd blunder'd.

V.

Sneerers to right of him,
Frowners to left of him,
Scowlers behind him,
  Curses a hundred.
Words that no man could spell,
How he got out no one can tell;
Back through that narrow way,
Back from that beastly sell,
Moaning the toil and time,
  Unwittingly squandered.

VI.

Can his bumps be repaid?
Won't he be ever afraid
  Of 'busses? I wondered!
Honour the try he made,
Honour the stones he weighed,
  As he limped homeward.

From "Cribbings from the Poets" (Jones and Piggott, Cambridge, 1883.)

On page 38 a parody entitled *The Doctor's Heavy Brigade* was inserted, with a note that the author's name was not known. I have been pleased to receive the information that these clever verses were written by a Scotch poet whose name I am not at liberty to mention, and appeared in *The Scotsman* about ten years ago.

The following *apropos* composition, which has never before been printed, is from the same pen.

Tennyson's original poem commences—

"You ask me, why, tho' ill at ease,
  Within this region I subsist,
  Whose spirits falter in the mist,
And languish for the purple seas?"

And concludes—

"Yet waft me from the harbour-mouth,
  Wild wind! I seek a warmer sky,
  And I will see before I die
The Palms and Temples of the South."

THE LAUREATE IN PARLIAMENT.

You ask me why, though ill at ease,
  I sit among those Vere de Veres,
  I used to curse in former years,
Pooh-poohing all their pedigrees.

My answer's plain as it is true,
  Although of just and old renown,
  My fame is flattening slowly down,
And yieldeth not its wonted due.

This state of things I can't afford.
  My dramas and my later lays
  Have brought me neither pence nor praise.
And, after all, a lord's a lord

And so I joined the upper set,
  I know the seasons, when to take
  Macmillan by the hand, and make
My poems fly far wider yet.

I speak not of my works to you
  Who have them—they shall further go,
  The many-headed beast shall know,
That he must learn to read them too.

Yet blame me not for pride or pelf,
  I've royal blood, the heralds say,
  Insisting on it, yea or nay.
(I never heard of it myself).

And, furthermore, you ought to know
  'Twas not my doing, I was sent—
  The Premier ordered me, I went;
What man can stay when he says "Go?"

I'd vote for some august decree
  Strong as the fabled towers of Ilium,
  Broad-based upon the people's William!
Do anything, he asked of me!

Well, yes, the House *is* dull, but still
  A useful haunt, where sitting down,
  (Extremely handy when in town)
A man may eat the thing he will.

I only said, the House was dreary!
  Wit cometh not, with help to keep
  One's eyes awake; but I can sleep
Like others there that grow aweary!

I hold it true whate'er befall.
  That, though in bed more quiet kept,
  'Tis better to have sat and slept
Than never to have slept at all.

But yet should faction gather head,
  Till by degrees to fullness wrought,
  Men speak much louder than they ought;
I'll take the train, and go to bed.

Yes, waft me from the brainless mouth,
  Wild wind! I seek a calmer sky,
  And I will reach before I die
My old home island in the South!

A DREAM OF QUEER WOMEN.

(*With Apologies to the Poet Laureate.*)

I READ, before mine eyelids dropt their shade,
  The last romance from MUDIE'S lately writ
By one who is considered—in the trade—
  The flower of female wit.

Miss BLANK, the famous writer, whose wild way
  Of fiction-weaving was the first to fill
The startled times of good VICTORIA
  With ghosts which haunt them still.

And for awhile I tumbled on my bed,
Her Art from slumber held me, as strong gales
Hold driven birds from lighting, and my head,
Chock-full of her strange tales.

* * * * *

Sudden I heard a voice that cried, "Come here!
I want to look at you."

I, turning, saw, curled in an easy chair,
One sitting well wrapped up, as if from cold,
Her cheeks were peachy, and her fluffy hair
Was of the tawny gold.

She, flashing forth a Circe smile, began:
"I murdered men for fun—it was my trade;
But, oh, 'tis long since I have slain a man.
Once, panther-like I played

"With many husbands, and then shed their blood,
But life in this dim place is vastly slow;
I have no men to murder in my mood—
That makes my only woe!

"The men, my lovers, how they bowed their necks
'Neath the neat boots wherewith my feet were shod!
I witched them, and the sturdiest of the sex
Were vassals to my nod.

"At last the sly detective tracked me down;
I tried to coax *him*, but the brute was cold.
They found the last poor fool I tried to drown,
And for the rest—behold!"

With that she tore her robe apart, and half
The polished ivory of her shoulders grand
Laid bare. Thereto she pointed with a laugh,
Showing the convict's brand.

* * * *

From *Punch*, October 12, 1878.

A Dream of Fair Women and Others.

I read, before such things had lost their spice,
Les Jolies Femmes de Paris—a sweet work,
Devoted to the furtherance of vice—
A sort of Devil's *Burke*.

A scroll of fame and frailty that includes
All Hamadryads that have ever shone,
And nymphs who sell the Satyrs, in the woods
Of Boulogne and St. John.

And for awhile the study of those plates,
Wherein the sylvan beauties were portrayed,
Lifted my soul across the Dover straits,
Without a Boyton's aid.

* * *

Then swiftly rose another Voice, and burst:
"Aye, let them troll your ditties and applaud;—
'Twas I, Madame, preceded you, I first
Called poetry a fraud.

"I was Thérésa, and I saw what 'took,'
Dropped art, dropped passion; knew you'd had enough;
The amorous *Sapeur* cozening a cook
Was all my lay of love.

"And court and street took up the strains in glee;
I sang to Cæsar, sang to prince and priest,
And in the palace of the Medici
Roared *Le Petit Ebeniste*."

Then clashed the cymbals, and the bugles blew,
Vague scents swarmed o'er the visionary stage;
A soft sweet shape arose. We looked and knew
The Darling of the age.

She spoke no word, she had no need to speak;
Who could withstand the sorceress—who compete?
We knew that matchless smile, and that unique
Allurement of the feet;

The way so womanly, and yet so bold;
Her eyes so frank, her gestures so profane;
Her step so light—Ah! no need to be told—
Voici La Belle Helene,

Evohe, la belle Hélène, fair and fat,
And forty, though they say you are, Time's touch
Lies soft upon your plumpness—and of that,
Say, *can* one have too much?

Oh no, my liege, my gracious Grande Duchesse,
However variously our ways incline,
You find us all before your sweet address,
Natives of Gérolstein.

* * * * *

This poem proceeds to describe, at considerable length, the leading actresses then appearing in the Paris theatres and music halls.

From *Edward VII.*, 1876.

Another parody of the same poem appeared in *The World*, July 23, 1879, from which a few verses are quoted:—

A Dream of Fair Women.

"Dreaming, methought I heard the Laureate's song
Of fairest women linked with deeds of shame,
Whose burning loves of insult and of wrong
Were anguish-paths to fame.

"And for a while their sad looks haunt my dream;
Then the night-visions slowly fade away,
And fairer faces in the warm light gleam—
The beauties of to-day.

* * * * *

"And around one, supreme in perfect grace,
Princes bow down, and nobles gather nigh;
And crowds afar off gaze upon her face,
Contented there to sigh.

* * * * *

"Then o'er my dream a daintier figure came,
Whose voice was music, and her gesture grace
The fire of genius frets her tender frame,
And lights her girlish face.

"In foreign tones she murmurs, 'O, the bliss
Of art that triumphs on a perfect stage;
The thunders of applause, and e'en the hiss
That tells of Envy's rage!'"

. . . . .

A parody on the same original, entitled *A Dream of Great Players* (in reference to Lawn-Tennis) appeared, on the 13th February, 1884, in *Pastime*, an ably conducted journal, devoted to out-door games and recreations. Unlike most of the sporting papers, *Pastime* has a distinctly literary tone, and publishes, from time to time, clever parodies of our modern poets. Two have appeared on Tennyson's blank verse, the first (June 29, 1883), entitled *A Fragment of the Lost Tennisiad;* the second, which was much longer, appeared in the number for July 27, 1883, and commenced thus :—

THE LAY OF THE SEVENTH TOURNAMENT.

All the long week Lawn-tennis balls had rolled
On the green sward beside the echoing line,
Until the last and stateliest of the crowd
Of players there competing, Donald Stewart,
Had fallen at Wimbledon before his foe,
Ernest : the last, because his skill was great,
They hailed the winner of the All-comers' prize.
And graced with large reward and honour meet.
One struggle yet remained,—Ernest with William,
Renshaw with Renshaw, must at last contend,
Equal alike in name and age,—well matched
In strength and skill,—there lightly-clad they stood,
Brother confronting brother,—and the net
Betwixt them. High above them blazed
The goblet, carved with curious imagery,
Unknown save to the initiate, but to these
Pregnant with meaning, mystic, magical,
Prize of the great Lawn-tennis championship,
Which in its deep capacious womb concealed
A thirsty man's allowance long withheld :
This twice had William gained in equal fight,
Winner of two successive tournaments ;
And, could he claim the prize but once again,
'Twere his for ever.

Therefore hither came
From Wimbledon and Putney, and the lands
Which lie across the silver stream of Thames,
From far Tyburnia and Belgravian halls,
The strength and manhood of our lusty youth,
The grace and beauty of our matchless maids,
Clothed in rich raiment flashing on the sward
In hues that mocked the butterfly, and made
The rainbow colourless—satin and silk,
Cambric, and lawn, and muslin virginal :
Haply, there also whatsoe'er of strange
Elise, or Worth, or Harberton devise,
The wizards of adornment,—mystic shapes
Dual or indivisible,—the awed bard
Shrinks into silence.

* * * * *

THE BACHELOR'S RETURN.

A Vere de Vere-isimilitude.

MRS. BIGGS, of Brunswick Square,
On me you shall no more impose.
You said I wanted change of air ;
My books, my desk, you bade me close ;
You raved about my "precious 'elth."
Has conscience, Mrs. B., no twinges?
You wouldn't lose me for the wealth,
You told me "not of all the Injies."

Mrs. Biggs, of Brunswick Square,
Though I had work upon my hands,
I grew alarmed : oppressed with care,
I sought repose on Ramsgate sands.
Returned at last, I chanced to cast
A glance into my chiffonier.
Oh, Mrs. B., your dodge I see !—
While I've been gone you've drunk my beer !

Mrs. Biggs, of Brunswick Square,
You put strange memories in my head,—
That currant jam !—I'd almost swear
I'd half-a-dozen pots of red.
Oh, your sweet child ! On him I smiled
Benignly ; but it seemed to me
That he had smears across his face
Which I was hardly pleased to see.

Mrs. Biggs, of Brunswick Square,
You've used up all my choice Pekoe ;
My sherry's gone ; and where, oh where
Is that half-flask of curaçoa?
Of brandy, too, I'm quite bereft :
The bottle's dry, and—oh, my stars !
This ends what patience I had left—
You've smoked up all my best cigars !

Mrs. Biggs, of Brunswick Square,
Some meeker lodger you must find ;
Though good apartments may be rare,
To quit you I've made up my mind.
You held your course without remorse,
To make me trust you with my keys,
But when on you my back was turned,
You needs must play such pranks as these.

Mrs. Biggs, of Brunswick square,
If rooms be vacant on your hands,
If footsteps sound not on your stair,
And tenantless your mansion stands,
Go, teach that orphan girl you call
Eliza,—she who cleans the boots,—
The awful fate which waits for all
Who steal their lodgers' best cheroots.

A. P. SINNETT.

From *Tom Hood's Comic Annual*, 1871.

A parody of the May Queen, entitled *The Premier's Lament*, appeared in *The Evening News*, of February 18, 1884, ridiculing Mr. Gladstone for his policy in Egypt, and foretelling defeat as probable in the then pending vote of censure. The parody had no literary merit.

TIT FOR TAT.

WE were two children in one house,
She was as meek as the mildest mouse,
The time had come for a midnight spree !
When we were over our jokes and wine,
She scattered horse-hair chopped up fine.
O ! the girl was fair to see !

She laughed well-pleased with what she'd done,
She played the dreadful trick for fun.
The time had come for a midnight spree!
I lay awake! and struck a match,
For didn't the horrible horse-hair scratch.
O! the girl was fair to see!

I made a vow! I laid a snare!
And crept quite softly up the stair,
The hour had come for a midnight spree!
And after dinner from her bed
I stole the pillow for her head.
O! the girl was fair to see!

I took the dredger full of flour,
The pillow powdered for an hour;
The time had come for a midnight spree!
I hated her for her cruel sell,
She loved her tresses passing well.
O! the girl was fair to see!

She slept serenely all that night,
But woke up in a dreadful fright;
The time had come for a midnight spree!
When half awake she neared the glass,
She uttered naughty words, alas!
O! the girl was fair to see!

She brush'd and comb'd her floury head,
"I'll never get it out," she said,
The time had come for a midnight spree!
My deep revenge she'll not forget
I think she may be brushing yet!
O! the girl was fair to see!

From *Fun*, February 1, 1868.

The same journal also contained, December 16th, 1872, *Papa's Theory* (after A. Tenny . . n); and, May 7, 1876, *Home They Brought the Gallant Red*— (croquet.)

George Cruikshank's *Omnibus*, published in 1842, contains on page 260 some pertinent remarks on Parody. "It is essential, says E. P. W., to the full effect of a parody, that the original should be familiar to the reader. Now, several parodies we have received possess that advantage, thus we have half-a-dozen parodies on "Gray's Elegy," suggested by the conflagration at the Tower, and a like number of variations of the "Beggar's Petition;" but although these originals are well known, we pass their parodies by in favour of one upon Tennyson's 'Mariana at the Moated Grange,' entitled"—

THE CLERK.

With black coal-dust the walls and floor
Were thickly coated, one and all;
On rusty hinges swung the door
That open'd to the gloomy wall;
The broken chairs looked dull and dark,
Undusted was the mantel-piece,
And deeply-speck'd with spots of grease
Within the chamber of the clerk.

He only said "I'm very weary
With living in this ditch;"
He said, "I am confounded dreary,
I would that I were rich."

* * *

About six fathoms from the wall,
A blackened chimney (much askew)
Smoked in his face—and round and small
The chimney-pots destroyed his view,
Hard by—a popular highway,
With coal-dust turned to pitchy dark,
Where many a little dog doth bark—
Some black, some mottled, many grey.
He said, "My life is very dreary,
With living in this ditch;"
He said, "I am fatigued and weary,
I would that I were rich."

The two other verses of this parody have no great merit, and, indeed, the above are only quoted to show that more than forty years ago there was an outcry about the wretched habitations of our London poor.

THE BUGLE SONG.

[At the commencement of the Wagnerian performances at Bayreuth, the chief *motivo* in the opera was given out by several bugles, after which the curtain rose.]

The bugle calls in Bayreuth's halls
Some notes of Wagner's mythic story;
The tenor shakes, the heroine quakes,
And the wild Teuton leaps in glory.
Blow, bugles, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Echoes of Melody, ye answer, "Dying, dying."

O hark! O hear! how thin and clear,
With no perspiring players showing;
O sweet and far from bar to bar
The horns and trumpets faintly blowing.
Blow—let us hear composers' ghosts replying;
Blow, Wagner, blow, while Melody is dying.

"Sweet tunes," they cry, "you shall not die,
Nor fade from hill, and field, and river,
But sweetly roll from soul to soul,
And gladden music lovers ever."
Blow, bugles, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
But Melody still answers—"Never dying."

From *Funny Folks*.

SONG OF THE IRWELL.

I flow by tainted noisome spots,
A dark and deadly river;
Foul gases my forget-me-nots,
Which haunt the air for ever.
I grow, I glide, I slip, I slide,
I mock your poor endeavour;
For men may write, and men may talk,
But I reek on for ever.

I reek with all my might and main,
Of plague and death the brewer;
With here and there a nasty drain,
And here and there a sewer.
By fetid bank, impure and rank,
I swirl a loathsome river;
For men may write, and men may talk,
But I'll reek on for ever.

I grew, I glode, I slipped, I slode,
My pride I left behind me;
I left it in my pure abode—
Now take me as you find me.
For black as ink, from many a sink,
I roll a poisonous river;
And men may write, and men may talk,
But I'll reek on for ever.

And thus my vengeance, still I seek
Foul drain, and not a river;
My breath is strong, though I am weak,
Death floats on me for ever.
You still may fight, or may unite
To use your joint endeavour;
But I'll be "boss," in spite of Cross,
And poison you for ever.

The City Lantern, Manchester, 1874.

THE BAGGAGE MAN.

WITH many a curve the trunks I pitch,
With many a shout and sally;
At station, siding, crossing, switch,
On mountain-grade or valley.
I heave, I push, I sling, I toss,
With vigorous endeavour,
And men may smile and men grow cross,
But I sling my trunks forever!
Ever! ever!
I bust the trunks for ever.

The paper trunk from country town
I balances and dandles;
I turn it once or twice around,
And pull out both the handles,
And grumble over travelling-bags
And monstrous sample-cases;
But I can smash the maker's brags
Like plaster-Paris vases,
They holler, holler, as I go;
But they can stop me never,
For they will learn just what I know—
A trunk won't last forever;
Ever! never!

I tug, I jerk, I swear, I sweat,
I toss the light valises;
And what's too big to throw, you bet,
I'll fire it round in pieces.
They murmur, murmur everywhere;
But I will heed them never,
For women weep and strong men swear,
I'll sling their trunks forever!
Ever! ever!
I'll bust the trunk forever!

From the United States *Independent*, September, 1881.

After the defeat of Colonel Burnaby, and the Hon. A. C. Calthorpe, at the last Birmingham election, the following parody appeared in *The Gridiron*, a local satirical paper.

The dashing Colonel's testimony in favour of Cockle's pills was the cause of many jokes at his expense in the election squibs. Messrs. Stone and Lowe were prominent members of the Birmingham Conservative party.

"Home they brought the news with dread!
He nor swore nor uttered cry:
His committee watching said,
He must weep, or he will die.

"Then they praised him, Stone and Lowe,
And called him worthy to be loved,
Jingo's friend and Gladstone's foe,
Yet he neither swore nor moved.

"Rose up Calthorpe from his place,
Lightly to the warrior crept,
Made a speech all full of grace,
But he neither swore nor wept.

"Rose a man of ninety years,
Placed a pill-box on his knee,
Like summer tempest came his tears,
"Cockle mine, thou'st done for me!"

HARD TIMES.

(A Parody of *The Grandmother*.)

AND so your prosperous days have passed away from you, John;
And empty have grown your pockets, and all your customers gone;
And the Government still keep talking—they never were over-wise;
Never fit to rule you, John—but you wouldn't take my advice.

For, John, do you see, the Tories were never the men to save;
It doesn't look well to be mean while Britannia rules the wave:
Swagger enough—lots of swagger—but it all costs money, you know,
And so your grandfather found, John, some seventy years ago!

For I remember the troubles that vexed your grandfather, John,
Stripped every rag off his back, to the very shirt he had on;
It was all for England, and glory—but that cost money, you know—
Seventy years ago, John, seventy years ago.

And now you say it's the same, what with Afghanistan and Zulu,
And that darned American weather come over to bother you too;
'There won't be very much left me, if this sort of thing goes on;
And this is a time of peace—of peace with honour!' says John.

'And all trade seems half dead, and the farmers can't pay their rent,
While the landlords are only too happy to give them back twenty per cent.
Farmers!—and pay no rent? Well, the rent perhaps could be borne,
But giving back twenty per cent. won't make up for American corn.

To be sure, Lord Beaconsfield says that we're an Imperial race,
And an unscientific frontier is really a sort of disgrace;
And Stafford and Holker—I hear them too—their voices are sweet,
But they can't very well expect *me* to get fat on American meat.

And to tell you the good plain truth, I never can quite understand
What it is Lord Beaconsfield means, or what he's got in his hand;
He conjures eggs out of his hat, he keeps fireworks under his bed,
I really am not always certain he's not going to stand on his head.

And the Liberals make it their text as they go to the hustings, no doubt!
Even those who do nothing in office understand what to promise when out;
There wouldn't be waste any more—not enough to make meat for a mouse—
If Gladstone was at the Exchequer, and Hartington leading the House.

Pattering upon the platform—they'll all be pattering soon,
When Beaconsfield makes up his mind to dissolve them some fine afternoon,
I seem to be sick of it all—I know every word they'll say,
And perhaps it will come even sooner, for some are beginning to-day.

So this is a time of peace—of peace with honour, you know;
And empty have grown my pockets—they never used to be so;
At least, not often, I think. I never was one to boast,
But I seem to be sick of it all—and of empty pockets the most.'

Prize parody from *The World*, November 19, 1879.

The second prize parody on the same topic commenced thus:—

BREAD has gone up again. Was that what you said to me, child?
Bread and coals gone up, and the weather wet and wild;
Bread gone up again, and cold and hunger severe;
An' me not knowing which way to turn, an' you but a child, my dear.

Don't look at me that way, Mary, with eyes that plead for bread—
O Lord, I could bear it well enough, if it only fell on *my* head!

But the child so weak and sickly, and me but an old man now,
Asking no better, though, Lord knows, than to work in the sweat of my brow.

But work is not to be had, though I seek it from morning till night:
Not to be had by me; there are men who are younger, a sight;
Younger and stronger, too, who take what is to he had;
And bread has gone up and cold is sharp, and times is very bad.

* * * * *

At page 127 of *Snatches of Song*, by F. B. Doveton (Wyman and Sons, 1880) will be found another long parody of the same original.

THE SPITEFUL LETTER.

Of course, it is here, all snarl and sneer,
A letter from my Tutor.
He said it was wrong, not to read in the "Long,'
For he was far acuter.

O little don, in the days bygone,
Did you never prefer the pages
Of those gay books—a woman's looks—
To the lore of Eastern sages?

Were there not times when College Rhymes
Relieved your mind dejected?
And were they not a sorry lot
Of things you had rejected?

The time is brief from the fresh green leaf
Of the callow moderator;
From the greener leaf to the yellow leaf,
The age of perambulator.

Silly, am I? Is that your cry?
And, I shall live to see it?
Exactly so; but yours said "No,"
And mine said "Yes, so be it."

And he would know who 'twas that so
Had filled my thoughts with folly,
And, oh! the name was the very same,
The name of our love was Molly.

From *The Shotover Papers*, Oxford 1874.

In *Fun* of February 1, 1868, it was asked, 'Who sent *The Spiteful Letter* to Alfred Tennyson?"

"If anybody *did*—and nobody doubts that it really was somebody—everybody ought to know about it. *Fun* has, therefore, addressed a circular to everybody who is anybody in the round of rhyme, putting the direct question—'Was it you, you, or you?' Down to the latest moment answers had been received from George Macdonald, the Poet Close, Algernon Swinburne, and Walt Whitman."

As the two last-named parodies are the best they are quoted, although it will be seen that they give not the slightest explanation of the origin of *The Spiteful Letter*:—

FROM A . . . . . N S . . . . . E.

Sick of the perfume of praise, and faint with the fervid caresses,
Flushing his face with a flame that is fair, like the blood on a dove;
Weary of pangs that have pleased him, the poet refrains and confesses—
Shrinks from the rapture of death, and the lips and the languors of love;
The rootless rose of delight, and the love that lasts only to blossom,
Blossom and die without fruit, as the kisses that feed and not fill;
Famishing pleasure, dry-lipped, with the sting and the stain on her bosom,
And all of a sin that is good, and all of a good that is ill!

(This explicit language of Mr. S . . . . . E's will, we are sure, be satisfactory to all our readers. No explanation could make his reply clearer and more readily intelligible.—ED. *Fun*.)

FROM W . . T W . . T M . . N.

(*An American, one of the roughs, a kosmos.*)

Nature, continuous ME!
Saltness, and vigorous, never-torpid yeast of ME!
Florid, unceasing, for ever expansive;
Not schooled, not dizened, not washed and powdered;
Strait-laced not at all; far otherwise than polite;
Not modest, nor immodest;
Divinely tanned and freckled; gloriously unkempt;
Ultimate yet unceasing; capricious though determined;
Speak as thou listest, and tell the askers that which they seek to know.
Thy speech to them will be not quite intelligible.
Never mind! utter thy wild common-places;
Yawp them loudly, shrilly;
Silence with shrill noise the lisps of the foo-foos.
Answer in precise terms of barbaric vagueness,
The question that the *Fun* editor hath sparked through Atlantic cable
To W . . T W . . TM . . N, the speaker of the pass-word primeval;
The signaller of the signal of democracy;
The seer and hearer of things in general;
The poet translucent; fleshy, disorderly, sensually inclined;
Each tag and part of whom is a miracle——.

(*Thirteen pages of MS. relating to* MR. W . . T W . . TM . N *are here omitted*).

Rhapsodically state the fact that is and is not;
That is not, being past; that is, being eternal;
If indeed it ever was, which is exactly the point in question.

*** The fact, rhapsodically stated, occupies twenty-six more pages of MS., but is left in as much doubt at the end as it was in at the beginning.—Ed. *Fun*.

SONG OF THE UNSUCCESSFUL STOCK EXCHANGE SPECULATOR

(*Apropos of certain recent failures*).

Break, break, break!
It's a serious thing to see,
And I wish I could manage to utter
The cheques that are forged by me!

Oh well for the bill-broking cad
That is able to toddle away!
Oh well for the discounting lad
That goes to no Botany Bay!

The detective police go on,
To find him whose name's on the bill—
And it's oh for a whiff of Havannah brand,
And a glass of the wine that is still!

Break, break, break!
It's little of me you will see;
For the tender touch of detective's hand
May some day be felt by me.

From *Faust and 'Phisto*, 1876.

Tithonus was the subject of two long prize parodies, concerning Lord Beaconsfield, which appeared in *The World*, July 30, 1879.

The opening stanzas of the first parody are now of almost historical interest:—

AH me! the times decay, and rent-rolls fall,
The farmers weep the burden of moist ground,
The men that back the field are out of luck.
For during such a summer where's the coin?
For me a wreath, prize of verbosity
Was made: it withers still in Tracy's hands.
For what to me this quiet Western world,
While shadows flit before me, like a dream
Of princely visits to the far-off East,
And costly gifts, and Empire's badges worn?
Alas for these gray tresses, once so black,
When, glorious in my youth, I was thy choice,
Britannia, and I seemed no vulgar clod
To thee, who taught'st me my verbosity.
Then, though the dull roughs met where'er they would,
Beat the Park palings down, and marred the flowers,
They could not end my rule; but left me still
To sit 'neath shade of thy Imperial shield—
Imperial locks beside Imperial shield—
Though all things else were ashes. Thy rich gift,
The Garter, made amends; but, Tracy, go;
I pray thee go; take back thy vulgar gift:
Why should the honest working man desire
To vary from the spendthrift race of men,
And part with hard-earned quarts of "fourpenny,"
Which good Sir Wilfrid calls the curse of all?

* * * * *

In the *The Shotover Papers*, page 181, will be found, *Tithonus in Oxford*.

"The men come up, the men come up, go down.
The mighty Proctor prowls along the streets.

Dons come and plough the men, and let them through,
The unattached at length becomes B.A.
The only envious moderators
Will never pass. I linger through the terms
Here in the quiet Tavern's classic shades,
A bearded undergraduate, well nigh bald,
Roaming along the High, the Broad, the Corn,
Amidst new men, strange faces, other minds."

* * * * *

THE LAWYER'S SOLILOQUY.

"I hold it clear, as one who sings
The party song in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping stones
Of brazen speech to higher things."

This is the first of sixteen verses contained in the *St. James's Gazette*, of June 18, 1881.

A TENNYSONIAN LYRIC.

I hold this truth with one who sings
That when a donkey will not go,
The kick, the curse, the brutal blow
Should be exchanged for milder things.

But who that sees the donkey's ears
Droop downward, and his hind legs rise,
While from the creature's back he flies,
Can spare the lissom switch he bears?

Or who can smile when crowds condemn,
And ragamuffin imps deride,
Advising him to "get inside"
That product of Jerusalem?

Had I the brute that would not stir,
Despite "Gee-woa!" or "Kim-up, Ned!'
I should, methinks, use arts instead
Of supplemented provender.

From *Funny Folks*.

Funny Folks for January 23, 1875, contained a parody, in ten verses, on *The Voyage*; the first and last verse only are given, as the rest are of little interest:—

THE EXCURSION TRAIN.

We left behind the painted buoy
That tosses at the harbour mouth;
And madly danced our hearts with joy
As fast we floated to the South.

THE VOYAGE.

"We left behind the painted boy
Who tumbles at the gutter's mouth,
And madly leaped our hearts for joy
In taking tickets for the south;
To get away from smell and sound,
And crowded street and city roar,
Two used-up clerks on pleasure bound,
Ere yet our holidays were o'er.

* * * *

And never tongue of ours was furled,
As on we went with spirits free;
The railway was our little world,
Though not a little whirled were we.
The winds and rain might blow and cease—
What cared we for wind or rain?
We'd paid our one pound ten apiece,
And this was our Excursion Train!

The following is an extract from a parody on *The Lotus Eaters*. It was written by Captain Barlow, and obtained the second prize offered by the Editor of *The World*, in which paper it appeared in September, 1879:—

THE MINISTERS AT GREENWICH.

"GREENWICH,' they said, and pointed into space;
"The steaming train will bear us thither soon,"
In time for dinner came they to that place,
In which it seemed always dinner-time.
A place of diners: some with friend or fair,
Slow dropping down the stream, to feast did go;
And those by quicker train did there repair
Who deemed all other locomotion slow,
Nor cared to watch the muddy river's flow.

The sky looked showery, as is oft the case
Now, when no two days ever seem the same;
But yet, despite of Nature's frowning face,
To dine the whitebait-eating members came.
Baskets they saw of that delightful fish
Whose flavour is seductive, and doth make
Those who have tasted say that never dish
Was so delicious, and when they partake
Of these, all other food they straight forsake.

Then some one said, "Why further should we pace?"
And all at once they sang, "This is the place
To spend a happy day. Rest we a little space.
Refreshing is this liquor dry,
Iced well as well can be;

Drink is "the best of life." Then why
Abstain teetotally?

* * * * *

THE AMIABLE DUN.

A Fragment.

(After Tennyson.)

At breakfast time he comes and stands,
He puts his paper in your hands,
He hums and haws, with "ifs" and "ands."

His hands he laves with unseen soaps,
Thanks you for nothing, says he hopes,
Then bows, "Good morning, sir;" he slopes.

From *Odd Echoes from Oxford*, 1872.

A parody of the "Lord of Burleigh" appeared in *Figaro*, January 22, 1873, and one entitled "A Welcome to Alexandra (Palace)" in *Funny Folks*, May 18, 1875.

The Poet Laureate has recently contributed a poem, entitled *Early Spring*, to an American paper. It consisted of eight verses, and the fee paid the writer was said to be 1,000 dollars.

Taking the following as a fair example of the rest, it would seem that 125 dollars per verse was a very liberal remuneration :—

Opens a door in Heaven ;
From skies of glass
A Jacob's ladder falls
On greening glass,
And o'er the mountain-walls
Young angels pass.

* * * *

Has the Poet no friends about him who can point out that by the publication of such painfully weak effusions, the once great reputation of Tennyson is being surely, if slowly, undermined ; and that the rising generation will be little encouraged, by such specimens of his genius, to read his early works. It is well known that the Poet Laureate is exceedingly vain of his writings, and does not hesitate to place them on a par with those of Milton ; this is a point we may leave to posterity to decide, but it seems most improbable that even the finest works of the laurelled, pensioned, titled bard of our days, will ever be considered worthy of a place by the side of the glorious and imperishable poems of the stern old puritan.

As parodies of Tennyson's poems are constantly being produced, a supplementary collection of them will be published separately at some future date.

Mr. Charles Stewart Calverley.

The death of "C. S. C." will be heard of with regret by all who enjoy the lighter forms of English poetry, such as are to be found to perfection in his two little volumes, entitled "Fly Leaves" and "Verses and Translations," published by Messrs. G. Bell and Sons.

Mr. Calverley had an extraordinary ear for rhythm, and could imitate, at will, the measure and metre of any poet. Taking some comically trifling topic, he could so write it up as to reproduce not only the style, but even the very mode of thought of his original. Thus, in his poem, "The Cock and the Bull," he has caught far more of Robert Browning than the mere verbal eccentricities ; "Wanderers" contains the very best of all parodies of Tennyson's "Brook" (quoted on page 30) ; Matthew Arnold is well imitated in "Thoughts at a Railway Station ;" whilst the "Ode to Tobacco" reads like a continuation of Longfellow's "Skeleton in Armour." For *refined parody*, as distinguished from mere verbal burlesque, Mr. Calverley was unapproached, and no collection of humorous English poetry would be complete, which did not include several of his best pieces. His humour was ever genial and pleasant, without a tinge of malice or ill-will, and even those whom he so deftly parodied could have taken no offence at his clever banter. Mr. Calverley was also a considerable scholar, as his translations testify, and he left at Oxford (where he studied before going to Cambridge) a considerable reputation as a wit and conversationalist.

H. W. Longfellow.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born at Portland, Maine, on February 27, 1807, and died on the 24th March, 1882, having thus just completed his 75th year. After graduating at the age of eighteen at Bowdoin College, he entered the office of his father to study the law. Soon afterwards, however, he left America for Europe, where he travelled for three years and a half, in order to qualify himself for a professorship of modern language, which had been offered to him in the college where he had received his education. A few years later he was appointed to a similar position in Harvard College. In order to become acquainted with the literature and language of Northern Europe he again left America and travelled in Scandinavia, Germany, and Switzerland, entering upon his new duties in 1836. Mr. Longfellow commenced his career as an author while yet he was an undergraduate, and continued to write almost to the last. A mere list of his works would occupy considerable space. They are thoroughly well known wherever our language is spoken, and have obtained in this country a popularity second to that of no English writer. The Universities of Oxford and Cambridge both conferred degrees upon Mr. Longfellow, and he was also elected a member of the Russian Academy of Science and of the Spanish Academy.

The following are the poems which have been most frequently selected as the models for Parodies:—A Psalm of Life; Beware!; Evange-

line; The Song of Hiawatha; The Village Blacksmith; Excelsior; Curfew; The Bridge; and several parts of the Saga of King Olaf.

A Psalm of Life Assurance.

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
  Life Assurance is a dream,
And that while the public slumbers,
  Figures are not what they seem!

Really, I am quite in earnest!
  So would you be. Here's a goal!
Come let's have enquiry sternest.
  It's too bad, upon my soul.

Here's a set of fellows borrow
  Money that they can't repay,
Then buy up, till each to-morrow
  Finds them deeper than to-day.

Thus my claim they'll fail in meeting,
  Though they've taken all I gave!
They, not muffled drums, want beating
  Soundly till they look quite grave.

Talk of board rooms' tittle tattle!
  Stuff! I have insured my life.
I'm not dumb, like driven cattle!
  And I'll make a precious strife!

Trust the Future? Come, that's pleasant!
  Wait until I'm buried—dead?
No, I'll make a row at present.
  On official toes I'll tread!

And directors think to blind us!
  Humbug us just for a time.
Till we go to leave behind us
  Nothing? Why, the thing's sublime!

Nothing! Do they think another
  Will insure, like me, in vain!
No! the outcry they'll not smother,
  Nor catch shipwrecked dupes again!

Let us, then, be up and doing,
  Never mind what be our fate,
Each director still pursuing,
  Shouting out "Investigate!"

From *The Tomahawk*, September 11, 1869.

The Psalm of Fiction.

Tell us not in mournful "numbers"
  Life is all a ghastly dream!
Such as those we have in slumbers
  When the nightmare makes us scream.

Life is dark enough in earnest
  Without bringing in the gaol,
Only readers of the sternest
  Like their heroines out on bail.

Not to swindle, or to borrow
  Is the reputable way;
Not to marry, and to-morrow
  Kill your bride, and run away.

Arson's wrong, and poisoning dreary,
  And our hearts, though pretty brave
Now and then get rather weary
  Of the gallows, and the grave.

In the great domestic battle,
  In the matrimonial strife,
Be not like those Mormon "Cattle,"
  Give your hero but one wife.

Wives and Daughters should remind you
  There are women without crime;
Draw them and you'll leave behind you
  Fictions that may weather time.

Fictions free from that Inspector,
  Who is sent by Richard Mayne,
And finds footmarks that affect a
  Solemn butler in the lane.

Let us, then, have no more trials,
  No more tampering with wills,
Leave the poisons in the phials
  And the money in the tills.

Miss M. to Mr. Green.

A Mournful Ditty.

Tell me not that I am pretty—
  Really don't, now, Mr. Green;
I'm the last to think it's witty
  Not to name things as they seem.

Yes; I know my hair is curly,
  Blacker than the blackest sloe;
And I know that you'll be surly
  With the candour I thus show.

That my eyes with fire are glancing
  I'll admit if that you say:
Yet I think that you're romancing
  When you swear they're bright as day.

Then my teeth you state are pearl,
  Purer than the driven snow;
And to touch my lips you'd dare all
  Dangers from an earthly foe.

Please don't be so very minute
When my beauties you describe,
As, perhaps, your flimsy tribute
May appear to be a bribe.

To secure my young affections
To your nasty little self,
And to banish all reflections
That you seek not me but pelf.

Now, if you'd be bright and happy,
Try and don't be what you seem—
A wretched, lazy, selfish chappy:
There—you have it, Mr. Green.

The Modern Athenian.

BACHELOR'S LIFE.

"I will tell in measured numbers,
That our life is not a dream;
That the earth we don't encumber;
That we are not what we seem.

"Man is real—we are earnest;
Eve, thy birth is not a fib;
Of man thou art, to him returnest;
We each are looking for his rib.

"No selfishness, not pleasure,
Is our only aim below;
Or to win wealth and treasure,
The only bliss we wish to know.

"Life is short, time is fleeting,
We should hurry, up and do
That which brings a parent's greeting,
That which settles us below.

"Bring us aid through life to battle
Who'll gird her hero in the strife;
No longer be mere straying cattle,
Find a tender, loving wife.

"Beware the future, howe'er pleasant
Our fondest dream of it may be;
Our freedom, liberty, past and present,
Our pleasures we may cease to see.

"Do not married men remind us,
We, though erring, yet have time,
To amend and leave behind us
Names unsullied by the crime.

"A crime the ladies all declare,
Being single through life's rapid run;
No victim to their wedded care,
Bent on freedom, pleasure, fun.

"Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still in honour's track pursuing,
Find a partner, though its late."

From *Notes and Queries*, August 31, 1872.

The following appeared in the *Leattle Intelligencer* (a Washington Territory newspaper), of December 4, 1871:—

THE MAIDEN'S DREAM OF LIFE.

"Tell us not, in idle jingle,
'Marriage is an empty dream!'
For the girl is dead that's single,
And things are not what they seem.

"Life is real! life is earnest!
Single blessedness a fib;
Man thou art, to man returnest.
Has been spoken of the rib.

"Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act that each to-morrow
Finds us nearer marriage-day.

"Life is long, and youth is fleeting,
And our hearts are light and gay;
Still like pleasant drums are beating
Wedding marches all the day.

"In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb-driven cattle!
Be a heroine—a wife!

"Trust no future, howe'er pleasant;
Let the dead past bury its dead;
Act—act in the living present,
Hoping for a spouse ahead.

"Lives of married folk remind us
We can live our lives as well;
And departing leave behind us
Such examples as will 'tell';

"Such examples that another,
Wasting time in idle sport,
A forlorn, unmarried brother,
Seeing shall take heart and court.

"Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart on triumph set;
Still contriving, still pursuing,
And each one a husband get."

ON CAMPBELL'S "*Lives of the Chancellors.*"

Lives of great men misinform us
Campbell's *Lives* in this sublime,
Errors frightfully enormous,
Misprints on the sands of time.

THE interest which is taken in this collection by many of the subscribers is shewn by their kind permission to quote Parodies from their works; by the information they have sent as to out-of-the-way books in which others may be found; and, further, by their contribution of original Parodies.

The author of the following introduction to this series, is well known for his charming pathetic poems. From the first he has rendered most valuable assistance; having formed a large collection of Parodies, he has kindly placed them at the Editor's disposal, and they will be inserted under the respective authors to whom they apply.

THE MONTHLY PARODIES.

AN APOLOGY.

After William Morris's "Earthly Paradise."
(Written expressly for this collection.)

Of Love or War this is no hour to sing,
  But I may ease the burden of your fears
(Lest you think death to mirth is happening),
  And quote from wit of past and present years,
  Till o'er these pages you forget your tears,
And smile again, as presently you say
Some idle jingle—or forgotten lay.

But when a-weary of the hunt for mirth
  Thro' comic journals with a doleful sigh
You feel unkindly unto all the earth,
  And grudge the pennies that they cost to buy
  These "weakly comics," lingering like to die,
Remember, then, a little while, I pray,
The clever singers of a former day.

The pomp and power and grand majestic air
  That marches thro' their poems' stately tread,
These idle verses may catch unaware,
  And by burlesque call back remembered
Some rhymes "that living not can ne'er be dead,"
  Though what is meant by that I cannot say—
  But Mr. Morris wrote it one fine day.

Here grouped are strains of parody in rhyme,
  Now classified and placed in order straight,
Let it suffice it for the present time
  That some be old, while some are born but late,
  A careful choice, from all the crowd that wait,
Of those that in forgotten serials stay,
Or are, in passing journals, tossed away.

Folks say a wizard to a common King,
  One April-tide such wondrous jest did show
That in a mirror men beheld each thing,
  Like, yet unlike, and saw the pale nose glow,
  While rosy face looked white as fallen snow,
Each visage altered in such comic way
That those who came to court, remain'd to play.

So with these many Parodies it is,
  If you will read aright and carefully,
Not scathing satire, nor malicious hiss
  For lack of beauty in the themes to see,
  Nor jeerings coarse, at what men prize, as we
But jest to make some little changeling play
Its pranks in classic robes, all crowned with bay.

J. W. GLEESON WHITE,
March, 1884. CHRISTCHURCH.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW (*continued.*)

On the 1st March, 1884, a bust of Longfellow (by Mr. T. Brock, A.R.A.) was unveiled in Poet's Corner, Westminster Abbey. It is placed between the graves of Dryden and Cowley, and bears this inscription:—

LONGFELLOW.

"This bust was placed among the memorials of the poets of England by the English admirers of an American poet, 1884."

and on the sides are the dates—

"Born at Portland, U.S.A., February 27, 1807.
Died at Cambridge, U.S.A., March 24, 1882."

Mr. J. Russell Lowell was present at the ceremony, and gave an address, in which he stated that—

"Longfellow's mind always moved straight towards its object, was always permeated with the emotions, and gave them the frankest, the sincerest, and, at the same time, the most simple expression; and never was there a private character more answerable to public performance than that of Longfellow. His nature was consecrated ground, into which no unclean spirit could ever enter."

This tribute to his memory, paid by one who had known him for nearly forty years, sufficiently explains the reason why, in the parodies of his works which are now to be given, nothing of a personal nature will be inserted. Indeed it is doubtful whether one unkindly worded, or spiteful burlesque was ever penned about either Longfellow, or his works. The absence of this element will be all the more noticeable as following directly after the parodies of the Poet Laureate, whose actions and writings have invited so many attacks. Tennyson's early sneers at hereditary nobility, as contrasted with his adulation of royalty, and the exaggerated praise of princes in his official poems of later years. His involved, and often obscure, mode of writing, especially when attempting to deal with metaphysical topics; his narrow insular prejudices; his frequent writings in praise of war, and calling aloud for the blood of either the French, or the Russians, or the Spaniards. And, lastly, his acceptance of a coronet which sits grotesquely enough on the laurels he so long has worn as Poet Laureate.

In all this there was ample room for adverse comment, which the life and works of Longfellow never afforded. The tenderness, the grace, the sweet pathos, and the exquisite simplicity of his poems, combined with the purity, charity, and kindness of his personal character,

were such that detraction, envy, and malice were dumb, and criticism itself was almost silenced.

Hence the parodies will be found to consist principally of imitations of his style, language, or ideas, or of reproductions of his poems in a grotesque form. In some cases a few verses of the original are given for the convenience of comparison with the parodies.

A Noble Ambition.

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Life's one long unending bill—
Debts unpaid disturb your slumbers—
Tin *will* fly, do what you will.

Meat is high in real good earnest,
Far above the hungry soul ;
Dust thou art, to dust returns, is
Very typical of coal.

In the weekly market battle,
For the cheapest things and best,
Be not like dumb-driven cattle,
Stand out bravely, all the rest.

Not enjoyment, hardly sorrow,
Feel we, when small debts we pay ;
Still, we know that each to-morrow
Finds them larger than to-day.

Duns are hard, and time is fleeting,
Bills are sadly in arrears,
And our hearts, tho' brave, stop beating
At the aspect of affairs.

Bailiffs are not very pleasant,
Lock your door and keep the key ;
Act, act in the living present—
Leave your country, cross the sea.

Lives of great men, too, remind us,
Big debts sometimes clogged *their* feet ;
And, like them, we leave behind us
Some few bills we cannot meet—

Bills that make you try to smother,
As you cross the stormy main,
Thoughts of love, and home, and mother,
Listening for your step in vain.

Let us then be up and doing
With an eye to making tin,
Any likely trade pursuing,
Learn to gain your end and win.

From *The Figaro*, December 3, 1873.

The Liberal Psalm of Life.

Tell us not in mournful numbers
Liberal union is a dream :
Bright is cranky, Bob Lowe slumbers ;
Yet things are not what they seem.

Opposition must be earnest,
Or we shall not win the goal ;
If for Gladstone still thou yearnest,
Thou art a weak-minded soul.

Ministerial slips to follow
Is our destined end and way,
So that we may throw each morrow
Stumbling blocks in Dizzy's way.

Dizzy's strong, but fame is fleeting ;
Conservatism, now so brave,
In the Bills which we are greeting,
Yet may find an early grave.

Trust no Forster, howe'er pleasant,
Let past premiers bury their dead ;
Act with Hartington at present,
Nor the coming session dread.

Hansard's pages all remind us
We have but to bide our time ;
Dizzy some fine day may find us
In majority sublime.

Gladstone's gone, but till another,
Like him takes the helm again,
Let us help our leader, brother,
Hartington with might and main.

Let us then be up and doing,
Meeting Dizzy in debate,
Tory tactics still pursuing,
Find a policy—and wait !

From *Funny Folks*, February 27, 1875, when the Conservative party, led by Mr. Disraeli, was in power, and the Liberal Opposition was led by Lord Hartington.

A Psalm of Life at Sixty.

What the Heart of the Old Man said to the Genial Gusher at Christmas Time.

Tell me not in Christmas Numbers
Life is but a *gourmet's* dream !
Sure your sense is dead or slumbers :
Peptics are not what they seem.

Life is serious ! Life is solemn !
And good grub is not its goal :
Menu-making by the column
Helps not the dyspeptic soul.

Not delight from cates to borrow
Is the aim of prudent will,
But to eat so that to-morrow
Finds us not exceeding ill.

Feeds are long and health is fleeting ;
And old stomachs once so strong,
Find that indiscriminate eating
Very quickly puts them wrong.

In the banquet's dainty battle,
At the table's toothsome strife,
Feed not like dumb hungry cattle,
Wield a cautious fork and knife !

Trust no *menu*, howe'er pleasant ;
Night-mare-Nemesis is dread ;
Swig and swallow like a peasant,
You'll repent it when in bed !

Memories of big feeds remind us
Christmas pudding peace can slay ;
Touch it, and next morn shall find us
Indigestion's helpless prey.

Pudding that perhaps another,
Light of heart and bright of brain,
Some strong-stomached younger brother,
Eating, sends his plate again.

Let us then beware high feeding,
Or the love of luscious cate,
Still abstaining, ne'er exceeding,
Learn to dodge dyspeptic fate !

From *Punch*, December 27, 1879.

Lives of wealthy men remind us
That by using Printer's ink,
We can die and leave behind us
Monstrous piles of golden "chink."

TO MY SCOUT AT BREAKFAST.

DON'T tell me in cheerful numbers
That the jug is full of cream !
For the milkman's conscience slumbers,
And things are not what they seem !

Odd Echoes from Oxford, 187-.

A FRAGMENT.

Wives of great men all remind us
We may make our wives sublime
By departing—leave behind us
Widows in the "weeds" of time.

Widows that perchance some other
Sailing o'er life's solemn main
Some forlorn rejected brother,
May take heart, and "splice" again.

BEWARE !

(*From the German.*)

I KNOW a maiden fair to see,
Take care !
She can both false and friendly be,
Beware ! beware !
Trust her not.
She is fooling thee !

She has two eyes, so soft and brown,
Take care !
She gives a side glance and looks down,
Beware ! beware !
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee !

LONGFELLOW.

"TAKE CARE."

Have you a wife with real estate ?
Take care !
She can "devise, and alienate,"
Beware ! Beware !
She has got
The whip hand of thee !

Too promptly she may take her cue,
Beware !
And learn she has the "power to sue,"
Take care ! Take care !
Thwart her not,
She'll be down on thee !

Her three per cents are but a snare,
Take care !
She "holds" as if *femme sole* she were,
Beware ! Beware !
Has she not
The whip hand of thee ?

You, Darby, who could sponge on Joan,
Take care !
Henceforth her earrings are her own,
Beware ! Beware !
Touch them not,
She'll be down on thee !

If this new law be put in force,
Take care !
Lest th' old mare prove the better horse,
Beware ! Beware !
Marry not,
There's a hint for thee !

From *The Tomahawk*.

BEWARE !

I KNOW a rink that's fair to see,
Take care !
It can both kind and cruel be,
Beware ! Beware !
Trust it not,
It will injure thee !

It has two skates to lend to you,
Take care !
With wheels that oft want oiling too,
Beware ! Beware !
Trust it not,
It will injure thee !

It has a surface smooth as glass,
Take care !
For you can't see what will come to pass,
Beware ! Beware !
Trust it not,
It will injure thee.

It shows your wondrous grace and skill,
Take care !
But naught it says about a spill,
Beware ! Beware !
Trust it not,
It will injure thee !

It tells you much of pleasure there,
Take care !
'Tis a delusion and a snare,
Beware ! Beware !
Trust it not,
It will injure thee !"

Idyls of the Rink, 1876.

Beware!

(Dedicated to Lord Salisbury.)

I know a statesman fair to hear;
Take care!
He can make worst the best appear;
His "little game" is very clear.
Beware! Beware!
Trust him not—he is one to fear.

He has a conscience—*he says so;*
Take care!
He knows how far to let it go
(We had a *Treaty* once, you know).
Beware! Beware!
Trust him not, though it *may* be so.

He gives thee a mode of trading "fair;"
Take care!
It is a fool's-cap for thee to wear!
A "card" for him, for thee a snare.
Beware! Beware!
Trust him not, though it sounds so rare.

He has one face, and some say *two;*
Take care!
And what he says it is not true,
He would do good, but not to *you.*
Beware! Beware!
Trust him not, or you will rue.

Grins and Groans, 1882.

The Village Blacksmith.

Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

* * * *

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow,
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

* * *

Longfellow.

The Village Blacksmith as he is.

Under the spreading chestnut tree
The village blacksmith stands,
The smith an awful cad is he
With very dirty hands.
For keepers and the rural police
He doesn't care a hang.
He swears, and fights, and whops his wife,
Gets drunk whene'er he can;
In point of fact, our village smith's
A very awful man.

He goes on Sundays to the pub'
With other festive boys,
When drinking beer and goes of rum
His precious time employs.
Till he gets drunk, and going home
He makes no end of noise,
Then, with his poor half-starving wife
He in a passion flies.
He pulls her by the hair, from off
The bed on which she lies,
And kicks her round the room, and says
Bad things about her eyes.

Smoking, soaking, bullying,
Onward through life he goes,
Each morning sees a blackened eye
Or else a broken nose.
I fear within the County Gaol
Calcraft his life will close;
Thanks, thanks to thee, thou black blacksmith
For the lesson thou hast taught.
By Calcraft, or his deputy
I never will be caught,
And to that end I'll never do
The thing I hadn't ought.

From *Figaro Programme,* February 6, 1873.

The Night Policeman.

(Not by Henry W. Longfellow.)

Beside a noisy tavern door
The night policeman stands,
And a foaming pot of half-and-half,
He clutches with eager hands;
But little doth our Robert know
He is watched by thievish bands.

His voice is thick, his speech too strong
For any sober man;
His brow is wet with his tall helmet,
He drinks whene'er he can;
But the merry prig laughs in his face,
He arrests not any man.

Through the dark night to the broad daylight
You can hear him tramp below,
Until the serjeant hath passed, and then
He soon doth leave his beat to go
To visit a sprightly area belle,
When the evening star is low.

When the burglar, fixing a handy tool,
Breaks in through the bolted door,
And quickly pockets the notes and gold,
And the glittering jewelled store—
Hearing the laugh, as he gaily flies,
Come from the kitchen floor.

When Robert makes report next morn
Of nought but naughty boys,
Householders angrily impeach.
He hears the inspector's voice;
And he knows that his stately form no more
Will make the cook rejoice.

It sounds to him like a warning voice :
  Farewell to rabbit pies,
And juicy ham and nourishing stout,
  And the pickles he doth prize.
And with his worsted glove he wipes
  A tear from out his eyes.

Shuffling, lying, sorrowing,
  He takes off his dark blue clothes—
Lantern, truncheon, and helmet too,
  With his cape he sadly throws.
Burglaries attempted ! Burglaries done !
  Out of the force he goes.

From *Funny Folks*, May 22, 1875.

The Village Grog Shop.

Under a spreading chestnut tree
  The village grog shop stands ;
The host a thirsty man is he,
  With large and bloated hands ;
And the vessels of his beery charms
  Are bright in pewter bands.

His tap is "Watney," "Meux," and "Long,"
  And bitter as the tan ;
His till is fill'd with ready coin,
  He cheats whene'er he can,
He looks the whole "Bench" in the face,
  And he trusts not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
  You can hear the liquor flow ;
And after hours the bobby's tread,
  With measured beat and slow,
Like a convict working the cheerful mill
  When his morals have been low.

And maidens, not long freed from school,
  Jot down th' increasing score,
They love to see the lab'rers gorge,
  And hear the rustics roar,
And catch th' attempted wits—so "fly,"
  With chaff—from a sawdust floor.

He goes in Sessions 'fore the Bench,
  And sits among the crowd ;
He hears the "unpaid" jaw and preach,
  He hears his counsel's voice
Pleading with legalic fire ;
  And licensed, has his choice.

It makes him think of the Three per Cents.
  Wherein his money lies !
He needs must think of her once more
  How in the bar she plies,
And with his hard rough hands he lifts
  His beer-mug to the skies.

Spoiling—adult'ring—borrowing,
  Onward through life he goes ;
Each morning sees some cask begun,
  Each evening sees its close ;
Somebody tempted, something won.
  Has earned the pub's repose."

Mirth, March, 1878. F. H. S.

The English Judge.

(*As sung by Dr. E. V. Kenealy*).

Under the carved-oak canopy
  Our ermined Justice sits ;
The Judge, a mighty man is he,
  With large and varied wits ;
And nobly to his land and Queen
  His duty he acquits.

His wig is crisp, and gray, an l full,
  And if his face you scan,
'Tis furrow'd deep with lines of thought ;
  'Twere hard his brow to span.
And he looks the whole world in the face,
  For he fears not any man.

Term in, term out, from ten till four,
  You can hear his accents clear ;
You can hear him crush deceit and fraud
  With authority severe,
But the innocent and helpless one
  Has naught from him to fear.

And strangers "doing" London sights
  Look in at the swinging door ;
They love to see his massive form,
  And to hear his legal lore,
And to catch the pearls of thought that drop
  From his copious mental store.

At four for home he leaves the bench,
  And 'midst his books and notes
His leisure far into the night
  To "cases" he devotes.
Nor counts his nights and mornings lost,
  If justice he promotes.

With patient care he extricates
  The tangled legal skein ;
Whilst barristers and clients sleep,
  Re-links the broken chain,
And ere the hour of ten has come
  Is at his post again.

Toiling, re-searching, circuiting,
  Onward through life he goes ;
Each morning sees new work begun,
  But not each night its close ;
And not till Long Vacation comes
  Can he expect repose.

Thanks, thanks ! then, to the English Judge
  For the lessons he has taught !
For a life so earnest and so pure,
  With good example fraught.
And may we all learn this from him,—
  How duty should be wrought.

Truth Christmas Number, 1879.

The Village Beauty.

Under a spreading Gainsborough hat
  The village beauty stands,
A maiden very fair to see,
  With tiny feet and hands,
As stately, too, as if she owned
  The squire's house and lands.

Her hair is golden brown and long,
  Her brow is like the snow,
Her cheeks are like the rosy flush
  Left by the sunset's glow,
She greets the lads with a careless look,
  She's the village belle, you know.

Week in, week out, at morn and night,
  The young miller comes each day;
"'Tis the nearest way to town," he says,
  But 'tis rather out of his way,
And every night he seems to have
  Plenty of time to stay!

And children, coming home from school
  Look in at the door, and know
That the handsome fellow by her side
  Is pretty Nellie's beau,
Who can hardly tear himself away,
  When he finds 'tis time to go.

He goes on Sundays to the Church,
  And sits in his proper pew,
But his eyes wander off to the transept near,
  Where he sees a charming view,
For Nellie sits there, in her Sunday best,
  With her bonnet of palest blue.

He hears the parson pray and preach
  With his outward ear alone,
For he only listens for Nellie's voice,
  And responds in a dreamy tone,
And when she smiles at the carpenter near,
  He can't suppress a groan.

Despairing, hoping, fearing,
  Onward thro' life he goes;
Each morning he sees Nellie,
  And each evening, at its close;
She even haunts him sleeping,
  And disturbs his night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
  For the lesson thou hast taught;
Thus at the flirting time of life
  Our fortunes may be wrought,
So we cannot be too careful
  Over every word and thought!

L. P.

From *The Dunheved Mirror*, Cornwall, March, 1880.

The British M.P.

(*A Song of St. Stephen's.*)

Under St. Stephen's high roof-tree
  The British M.P. sits:
M.P. a mighty man is he,
  With sharp and seasoned wits,
And an eloquence that, once set free,
  Would give opponents fits.

Week in, week out, from noon to night,
  He must sit in silent woe,
Whilst Warton vents his dullard spite,
  With measured boom and slow,
Or Sexton soars in furious flight
  When the morning lights burn low.

Boiling and bored, no fight, no fun,
  Onward the M.P. goes.
Each day sees aimless jaw begun,
  No night beholds its close.
Little attempted, nothing done—
  No work and no repose!

Punch, March 24, 1883.

The Village Pax.

(*With Deprecatory Acknowledgments to Longfellow.*)

["A Peaceful Parish.—It is worthy of remark that in a parish near Blandford a petition in favour of peace has been signed by every grown-up man and woman, with the exception of one farmer."—*Times.*]

Under the spreading olive tree
  The peaceful village stands,
It's known for its tranquillitee
  Throughout the neighbouring lands;
And it drinks but very weak Bohea,
  Nor smokes the mildest brands.

Its hair is smooth, its patience long,
  Its biceps, when you span,
You find they're more like dimples; and
  You may hit them where you can,
And come off cheap with easy fame,
  For it fights not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
  You can hear the humming low
Of dogs who like to bark and bite
  Because their nature's so;
And their cocks they're all put out of sight,
  For the bullies used to crow!

Preaching, protesting, sorrowing,
  Because of Eastern foes,
Each morning sees that village dawn,
  Each evening sees it doze,
O'er asses' milk and ginger-beer,
  And Peter Taylor's prose.

Thanks, thanks, to you, O happy vale!
  It is a cheering thought
That somewhere waits a blessed spot
  For one by yells distraught,
Where bray of Jingoes reaches not,
  And Drummond-Wolff is nought.

The Village Woodman.

(*With apologies to Mr. Longfellow.*)

Under a spreading chestnut tree
  The busy Gladstone stands;
Ever this restless W. G.
  Has something on his hands.
O'er field or meadow, park or farm,
  O'er clay or gravelly lands,
He takes the sharpened axe in hand
  With tree-destroying plan;
His brow is wet with woodman's sweat,
  He fells whate'er he can,
And looks the proud tree in the face,
  And cleaves it like a man.

Week in, week out, from morn to night,
You can hear his hatchet's blow;
You can see him swing his heavy axe,
Resolved that tree shall go,
Like a workman labouring for his pay
When his funds are very low;
And tourists, wandering o'er the fields,
Look aghast at this woodman bold;
They shudder at the flashing axe,
And mark the upturned mould;
They see by the scattered chips that fly
That the woodman's strong though old.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And reads the lessons there.
To hear the parson pray and preach
Few to that church repair.
But reading in that village church
Makes the G. O. M. rejoice,
For he loves to hear his own sweet voice
In Church or Parliament.
But where'er he be he thinks of trees,
How many fallen lie,
And those who notice him may see
A twinkle in his eye.

Toiling, rejoicing, brandishing
His axe, thus on he goes;
Each morning sees some grand old tree,
Each evening sees its close;
Some branches felled, some trunk laid low—
And then he seeks repose.

Moonshine, January 19, 1884.

Longfellow's *Song of Hiawatha* certainly invites parody, and its easy metre is readily caught up by any one having an ordinarily good ear, and knack of versification. Consequently parodies of it abound; unfortunately they become somewhat wearisome in perusal from the monotonous diction, and some of the best only will be quoted at length.

The following, written by Mr. J. W. Morris, appeared in the *Bath and Cheltenham Gazette* shortly after the appearance of Longfellow's poem, and is interesting as giving an account of the feelings with which *Hiawatha* was first received:—

HIAWATHA.

(*A Parody.*)

Do you ask me what I think of
This new song of *Hiawatha*,
With its legends and traditions,
And its frequent repetitions
Of hard names which make the jaw ache,
And of words most unpoetic?
I should answer, I should tell you
I esteem it wild and wayward,
Slipslop metre, scanty sense,
Honour paid to Mudjekewis,
But no honour to the Muse.

* * * * *

"Honour to the Muddyminded!"
Who now wears the belt of Wampum,
He has stolen it from the Northmen,
And he wears it, and shall wear;
And hereafter, and for ever,
Shall he hold ungrudged dominion
Over all the winds that whistle;
Call him no more Muddyminded,
Call him Longfellow, the Yankee!

* * * *

Forth upon a Pitchy Puddle,
Gleaming with a fitful phosphor;
In a bark of his own making,
With a line of his own twisting,
Forth to catch a fine new Poem
All alone went Muddyminded.
At the stern sat Muddyminded,
For 'twas windy, and he knew
He was heavy, and he trembled
Lest he'd sink his grand canoe;
Soon he came to where 'twas clearer,
And the bottom he could see,
So he looked, and saw the bottom,
Saw the bottom of the sea.

There he saw the song he wanted
Lying *far beyond his reach*,
Lying just within his vision,
But beyond the reach of boat-hook.
There it lay in all its armour,
Fenced about with ugly words,
Indian names and Indian notions,
Painted too, with various colours,
Earthy, very earthy, too.

Muddyminded cast about him,
How he'd bring this song to light:—
"Take my bait, you Indian Poem!"
Cried he down the depths below,
Then sat waiting for an answer,
For an answer from below.

Quiet lay the Indian Story,
Nor would listen to his clamour;
Turned he to another tale though,—
EUANGLEEN,—six-footed monster,
And he bade him take the bait, that
Still was dangling to and fro:
EUANGLEEN he rose to take it;
Muddyminded liked him not,
And he shouted through the water,
"Pesta! Pesta! shame upon you!
You are not a Poem at all,
You are one six-footed monster,
You are not the song I wanted."
Then went downward swift and certain,
Down the depths of dark oblivion,
Disappointed EUANGLEEN.

Then the mighty Indian Poem
Said to GOLDEN LEG, another,
"Take the bait of this great boaster,
Break his line, and spoil his trade!"
But again did Muddyminded
Shout derision as he rose,
"Pesta! Pesta! shame upon you!
You are but a lame imposture,
Fame will never call you Poem,
You are not the song I wanted."

Then upleapt this Indian Story,
Legend rude, but fierce and strong—
High enough he leapt, to show us
What he might be could we tame him,
Could there but a real Magician
Disenchant him, and control.
His great jaws he op'ed, and swallowed
Both canoe and Muddyminded.

Down into that dark oblivion
Plunged the hapless Muddyminded,—
As a log on some black river
Down the rapids plunges soon,
Found himself in utter darkness,
Thought he had been there before,
Groped about, and groped, and wondered,
Wondered, groped, and groped the more.

J. W. M.

In 1856, a small shilling volume of 120 pages was published by George Routledge and Co., as a companion to Longfellow's *Hiawatha*. This was entitled, "*The Song of Drop o' Wather*, a London legend, by Harry Wandsworth Shortfellow," and is now scarce. It commences thus :—

APOLOGY FOR THERE BEING NO PREFACE.

AUTHOR (*considering*). "People expect a preface; and this is the place for one. But there is no preface in the great 'Indian Edda' which has occasioned this poem. The author of that work gives his explanation to the public in the Notes and Vocabulary; then, of course, mine also, ought (and is) to be found in the Notes and Vocabulary to 'The Song of Drop o' Wather.'"

Then follow the contents, consisting of an Introduction and thirteen chapters, namely :—

I. Drop o' Wather's Childhood.
II. Drop o' Wather and Pudgy-Wheezy.
III. Drop o' Wather's Fasting.
IV. Drop o' Wather's Friends.
V. Drop o' Wather's Filching.
VI. Drop o' Wather's Wooing.
VII. Drop o' Wather's Wedding.
VIII. The Ghost of the Star and Garter.
IX. Bilking the Runners.
X. Paw-Paw-Keeneyes.
XI. The Hunting of Paw-Paw-Keeneyes.
XII. The Fate of Queershin.
XIII. Drop o' Water's Departure.

In its completeness and closeness of imitation, this anonymous work is the best parody extant of the *Song of Hiawatha*. From the introduction, and the first chapter, it will be gathered that the hero is a poor little gutter child, who grows up to be a thief. The following chapters trace his career in crime, and the last describes his departure to Australia as a repentant emigrant.

THE SONG OF DROP O' WATHER.

INTRODUCTION.

YE who love the haunts of Town-Life,
Love the kennel and the gutter,
Love the doorway of the gin-shop,
Love the mud about the kerb-stones,
And the drippings from the houses,
And the splashing of the rain-spouts
Through their palisade of gratings,
And the thunder of the coaches,
Whose innumerable echoes,
Roar like sea-waves on the shingle ;—
Listen to these wild traditions,
To this song of Drop o' Wather !
Ye who love a nation's legends,
Love the ballads of a people,
That like voices from afar off
Call to us to stop and listen,
Speak in tones so hoarse and roopy,
Scarcely can the ear distinguish
Whether they are hummed or shouted ;—
Listen to this London Legend,
To this song of Drop o' Wather !

I.

DROP O' WATHER'S CHILDHOOD.

Downward through the darkening twilight,
In the days long time ago, now,
In the last of drunken stages,
By the Half-Moon fell poor Norah,
On the pavement fell poor Norah,
Just about to be a mother.
She'd been tippling with some women,
Just within the Wine-Vaults' swing-door,
When her Gossip, out of mischief,
Partly idle, partly spiteful,
Pushed the swing-door from behind her,
Pushed in twain the Wine-Vaults' door-flap,
And poor Norah tumbled backward,
Downward through the darkening twilight,
On the gangway foul, the pavement,
On the gangway foul with mud-stains.
"See ! a wench falls !" cried the people ;
"Look, a tipsy wench is falling !"
There amidst the gaping starers,
There amidst the idle passers,
On the gangway foul, the pavement,
In the murky darkened twilight,
Poor drunk Norah bore a boy-babe.
Thus was born young Drop o' Wather,
Thus was born the child of squalor;
He was named, by those who knew him,
Out of joke, and fun, and larking,
For what's called an Irish reason,
Or, by folks who sport the Classics,
A *lucus a non lucendo*,
Like, for all it is so unlike,
Hold a thing to be another,
For the sake of contradiction,
Or the sake of droll connection ;
So the folks who knew our hero,
Gave his nickname for this reason,—
'Cause his mother never touched a
Drop of Water in her lifetime.
At the door on fine spring evenings,
Played the little Drop o' Wather ;
Heard the cry of "Buy my inguns !'
Heard the cry "Young raddyshees, yere

Calls of cadger, costermonger;
"Bilin'-apples!" said the huckster;
"Pies-all 'ot!" still said the pieman.
Saw the pot-boy, Wall-eyed Tommy,
Trudging through the dusk of evening,
With the shrillness of his whistle
Piercing all the courts and alleys.
And he sang the song of street-boys.
Sang the song the pot-boy taught him;—
"Wall-eyed Tommy, he's the cove, boys!
He's the ranting, roaring blade, boys!
He's the lad, the daring fellow!
He's the chap, to carry ale-cans,
Pots of beer, and all them 'ere boys!"
Saw the balls at the pawnbroker's,
Balls alike, and three in number,
Saw the gold and burnish on them,
Bawled, "What are those? I say, mother!"
And the fuddled Norah answered,
"Once a cricketer, when angry,
Seized his ball, and bowling, threw it
Up against the shop times threefold,
Right against the shop he threw it;
'Tis its tri-ghost that you see there."
Saw the gallows near the prison,
In the morning sky, the gallows;
Bawled, "What are that? I say mother!"
And the fuddled Norah answered,
"'Tis the gallows-tree, the gibbet;
All the naughty boys of London,
All the wicked ones and careless,
When in town they steal and pilfer,
Hang on that 'ere tree above us."
When he heard the thieves at midnight,
Hooting, laughing in the alley,
"What is that?" he cried half frightened;
"What is that? Now tell me, mother!"
And the fuddled Norah answered,
"That's the thieves and prigs together,
Talking in their own cant language,
Hoaxing, chaffing one another."
Then the little Drop o' Wather
Learned of all the thieves their language;
Learned their slang and learned their by-words,
Twigged their nicknames, knew their lodgings,
Where they hid themselves from justice;
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Drop o' Wather's Cronies."
Of all prigs he learned the language,
Learned their gag, and all their secrets.
Found out all their haunts and dodges,
Picked up where they hid their booty,
How they packed the swag so closely,
Why they fought so shy and wary;
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Drop o' Wather's Brothers."

II.

Drop o' Wather and Pudgy-Wheezy.

Out of childhood into manhood
Now had grown young Drop o' Wather,
Skilled in all the craft of filchers,
Learned in all the slang of robbers,
In all ways and means of cribbing,
In all knowing arts and dodges.
Swift of foot was Drop o' Wather;
He could pitch a pebble from him,
And run forward with such fleetness,
That the pebble fell behind him!
Strong of arm was Drop o' Wather;
He could fling ten pebbles upward,
Fling them with such strength and swiftness,
That the tenth had left his fingers
Ere the first to ground had fallen.
He had bludgeon, Millemlikefun,
Good strong bludgeon, made of ash-wood;
When into his hand he took it,
He could smite a fellow's head off,
He could knock him into next week.
He had ankle-boots so jemmy,
Good strong ankle-boots of calf-skin;
When he put them on his trotters,
When he laced them up so tightly,
At each step three feet he measured.
From his lair went Drop o' Wather
Dressed for roving, armed for plunder;
Dressed in shooting-jacket natty,
Velveteen, with pearl-white buttons;
On his head a spick-and-span tile,
Round his waist a vest of scarlet;
In his mouth a sprig of shamrock,
In his breast a dashing brooch-pin,
Gold mosaic, set with sham stones;
With his bludgeon, Millemlikefun,
With his ankle-boots so jemmy.
Warning said old fuddled Norah,
"Go not forth, son Drop o' Wather,
To the quarter of the West-End,
To the regions, Hyde-Park, May Fair,
Lest they nab you (chaps from Bow-street),
Lest they clap you into prison."
But the daring Drop o' Wather
Heeded not her woman's warning;
Forth he went along the alley,
At each step three feet he measured;
Tempting looked the shops about him,
Tempting looked the things within them;
Bright and fine the showy jewels,
Smart and gay the newest fashions,
Brown and smooth cigars in boxes,
All that set his heart a-longing,
Longing with the wish to crib them.

* * * *

XIII.

Drop o' Wather's Departure.

Now remains for me to tell of
How he ended, Drop o' Wather;
What befell him, after all his
Knowing doings in the course of
His career, his life in London.
He had run his rigs so clever,
He had risked so very closely,
He had just avoided Newgate,
He had narrowly 'scaped hanging;
And a dream he had one midnight,
Brought him to a sense of danger.
Thus he dreamed; 'twas really awful.
Not far off from Bedford Bury,
By the muddy Big-Thame-Water,
At the doorway of his lodging,
Thought he stood one rainy morning,
Thought he stood there, lounging idly,
Watching fall the sooty raindrops
From the eaves and roofs of houses,
Watching fill the dirty puddles,

Splashed and speckled with the drizzle ;
Flowed in filthy streams the gutters,
Flowed the spouts as they ran over ;
Pouring, pelting, came the shower.

* * * * *

Through the alley, sudden, briskly,
Something in the hazy distance,
Something in the misty morning,
Came along the dripping pavement,
Now seemed hurrying, now seemed hasting,
Coming nearer, nearer, nearer.
Was it Dingledong, the dustman?
Was it Twopenny, the postman?
Or the cobbler, Shoe-shoe-mender,
Or the milkman, Water-well-it,
With the raindrops dripping, dashing
Profitably in the milk-cans?
It was neither milkman, dustman,
Cobbler, postman, none of those men,
Coming on that misty morning ;
But a set of sturdy fellows,
Fast advancing up the alley,
Striding, splashing through the raindrops,
Come with warrant strictly formal,
From the distant Police-office,
From Marlborough Street that morning,
Come with magistrate's command to
Apprehend and promptly take up
Drop o' Wather for his trial.
Then he thought he dreamed the scene of
His conviction, condemnation ;
How he saw the Court dense crowded,
Crowded with indignant faces ;
How he saw the dock, where he stood,
How he saw the Bench, where Judge sat,
How he saw the box for jury,
Where the twelve sat looking fateful ;
Saw the Judge rise up and cover
With black cap his hair of silver ;
Heard the word of solemn verdict,—
"Guilty!" Words of fearful sentence,—
"Hanged by neck," and "dead, dead, dead," last.
Thought he fainted quite away there,
And was carried straight to Newgate ;
In the dreary cell of felon,
In condemned cell chained with fetters,
There to 'wait the time appointed
For his final execution.
Dreamed he saw the black-robed Chaplain
Come to speak of consolation ;
Dreamed he heard the words of comfort
Sounding strangely (Ah, how strangely!—
Sad to think how very strangely
Come those words to ear of culprit,
Never taught to seek their lessons,
Never taught to know their meaning!)
Dreamed he saw the fatal gibbet,
Dreamed he saw the upturned faces
Of the multitude below him ;
Dreamed he felt Jack Ketch's fingers
Busy round his neck, adjusting
Noose of rope that was to hang him
Like a dog, not human creature!
Dreamed that in that awful moment,
Came a shout, a cry, a calling ;
Dreamed he heard "Reprieve!" loud shouted.
Dreamed he heard of transportation
Being his commuted sentence.

This last thought possessed him wholly
When he woke, and found he'd dreamed all.
Grave he pondered, till it struck him,
That he'd carry out the substance
Of that portion of his dreaming,
Where he felt relieved from terror.
He resolved to seek his fortune
In a fresh new scene of action ;
He determined on the scheme of
Nothing less than transportation.
Voluntary transportation,
Willing, prompt, self-transportation,
Most transporting transportation,—
In words other,—emigration.
And he said to mother Norah,
To his wife his Minnie Wather,
Better half, his Frisky-Whisky,
"I've made up my mind to try and
Live a new life, life more decent ;
So let's go and try what turns up
In the New World over yonder."
On the deck stood Drop o' Wather,
Turned and waved his hat at parting ;
On the deck of the good vessel,
Outward bound for the long voyage,
Stood and waved his hat at parting
From the dear old Mother Country.

* * * * * *

Then a pause ; and then he shouted,
Shouted loudly Drop o' Wather :
"Southward! Southward! now then, Southward!'
And the ship went sailing forward
On her way of trust and promise,
Southward, southward ; Drop o' Wather
Looking steadfastly before him,
As confronting firm the future.
And his people gave a loud cheer,
Just to cheer him up at parting,
As the ship sailed southward, southward ;
And they cried, "Good-bye, my boy, then!
Good-bye, Norah! Good-bye, Minnie!
Take good care of yourselves, darlints!
Let us know how you all get on!
Best of all good luck go wid' ye!
So God bless ye! and God speed ye!"
Thus departed Drop o' Wather,
Drop o' Wather, the fine fellow,
With his trust of doing better,
With, at least, that firm intention,
To the regions of the New World,
Of the Bay entitled Bot'ny,
To the Island of New Holland,
To another "New" New South Wales,
To the land of hope, Australia!

This clever parody is followed by amusing burlesque notes, the first of which thus explains the origin of *The Song of Drop o' Wather.*

"This London Legend—if it may be so called—has been suggested by an interesting Indian tradition, given to the world in the form of a beautiful poem. The picturesque scenery, vivid description, and glowing imagery to be found in that production, are fully felt; while their charm is no more disparaged by the present sportive trifle, than the sublimity of Shakespeare has been lessened by the burlesques and parodies that have been made from time to time upon his great dramas. The tragedy of *Hamlet* is exalted, not

lowered, by Mr. Poole's admirably clever travestie. The mere fact of burlesquing a work avouches its excellence—, certainly its popularity."

It is much to be regretted that the author of this amusing work should remain unknown.

Mr. H. Cholmondeley-Pennell's *Puck on Pegasus* (Chatto and Windus) has gone through so many editions, and is such a favourite book, that his imitation of *Hiawatha* is familiar to most people. The author has recently somewhat modified its opening lines. As thus altered it will shortly appear in a selection of Mr. H. C. Pennell's poems, and he has kindly allowed me to include it in this collection.

The original poem in *Puck on Pegasus* commenced thus :—

SONG OF IN-THE-WATER.

When the summer night descended,
Sleepy, on the White-witch water,
Came a lithe and lovely maiden,
Gazing on the silent water—
Gazing on the gleaming river,
With her azure eyes and tender,—
On the river glancing forward,
Till the laughing wave sprang upward,
Upward from his reedy hollow,
With the lily in his bosom,
With his crown of water-lilies—
Curling ev'ry dimpled ripple
As he sprung into the starlight,
As he clasped her charmed reflection
Glowing to his crystal bosom—
As he whispered, "Fairest, fairest,
Rest upon this crystal bosom !"

* * *

In the new version the title has been changed, and some of the opening lines altered, but from the point where the above extract closes to the end of the poem, the two versions are very similar, and the later one is quoted in full :—

SONG OF LOWER-WATER.

When the summer Moon was sleeping
On the Sands of Lower-Water—
By the Lowest Water Margin—
At the mark of Dead Low Water,—
Came a lithe and lovely maiden,
Crinolina, Wand'ring Whiteness,
Gazing on the ebbing water—
Gazing on the gleaming river—
With her azure eyes and tender,—
On the river glancing forward,
Till the laughing Wave sprang upward,
From his throne in Lower-Water,—
Upwards from his reedy hollow,
With the lily in his bosom,
With his crown of water-lilies—
Curling ev'ry dimpled ripple
As he leapt into the starlight,
As he clasped her charmed reflection
Glowing to his crystal bosom—
As he whisper'd "Wand'ring Whiteness,
Rest upon my crystal bosom !
Join this little water party." . . .
Yet she spoke not, only murmured :—
Down into the water stept she,
Lowest Water—Dead Low Water—
Down into the wavering river,
Like a red deer in the sunset—
Like a ripe leaf in the autumn :
From her lips, as rose-buds snow-filled,
Came a soft and dreamy music,
Softer than the breath of summer,
Softer than the murm'ring river,
Than the cooing of Cushawa,—
Sighs that melted as the snows melt,
Silently and sweetly melted ;
Sounds that mingled with the crisping
Foam upon the billow resting :—

Still she spoke not, only murmured.

From the forest shade primeval,
Piggey-Wiggey looked out at her ;
He the most Successful Squeaker—
He the very Youthful Porker—
He the Everlasting Grunter—
Gazed upon her there, and wondered !
With his nose out, Rokey-pokey—
And his tail up, Curley-wurley—
Wondered what could be the matter,

Wondered what the girl was up to—
What the deuce her little game was. . . .

And she floated down the river,
Like a water-witch'd Ophelia. . . .
FOR HER CRINOLINE SUSTAINED HER.

THE WALLFLOWERS.

Two belated men from Oxford,
Members of a nameless college—
Pip, the philosophic smoker,
And his friend they called the Fluffer—
Men belated in the country,
Lost their way geologising ;
Reached the city after midnight,
After lawful hour of entry,
By the gateway of the college.
And they did not rouse the porter,
For they knew the dean was wrathful,
And had vowed a weighty vengeance,
If a man knocked in belated.
But they gat them round a back way,
Where a wall divides the college
From intrusion of the vulgar.
Stole they down a lonely footpath,
And they halted where a sapling
Very near the wall was growing ;
And above an ancient elm-tree
Stretched a downward arm in welcome,
To embrace the little sapling.

Each in turn his toe adapted,
Where a crevice in the stonework,
In the worn and ancient stonework,
Gave a short precarious foothold
While they climbed the little sapling.
Pip had scaled the wall, and sitting,
Helped the Fluffer struggling upwards,
When a Bobby, a policeman,
Irreproachable policeman,
Came upon them round the corner,
And remarked, "Gents, I have caught you;
You're a pretty pair of wallflowers!"
Then the Fluffer answered briefly,
Answered, "Bobby, you have caught us,"
And the careful Pip, the smoker,
From his seat upon the wall-top,
Echoed, "I believe you've caught us."
But the Bobby, the policeman,
Said, "I have not seen you do it—
Seen you over any wall get;
And perhaps I should not see you,
If I happened to be looking
In an opposite direction,
With my back turned right upon you."
Nothing further said the Bobby,
Irreproachable policeman,
Only grinned, and seemed to linger.
Quick then Pip pulled up the Fluffer,
And inquired, "Old fellow, Fluffer,
Have you any coin about you?"
And the Fluffer from his pockets,
Brought the bob, the silver shilling,
And the piece of six, the tizzy,
And the piece of four, the joey,
And the double bob, the florin.
Down he threw them on the pathway;
Then the Bobby, the policeman,
Irreproachable policeman,
Picked them up, and whispered softly,
Somebody had dropped some money;
He was lucky to have found it.
After that did Pip, the smoker,
And his friend they called the Fluffer,
Get across the wall securely;
But the Bobby, the policeman,
Irreproachable policeman,
Did not see them get across it;
For he happened to be looking
In an opposite direction,
And his back was turned upon them.

Odd Echoes from Oxford, by A. Merion, B.A. J. C. Hotten, 1872.

THE SONG OF NICOTINE.

Should you ask me why this meerschaum,
Why these clay-pipes and churchwardens,
With the odours of tobacco,
With the oil and fume of "mixture,"
With the curling smoke of "bird's eye,"
With the gurgling of rank juices,
With renewed expectorations
As of sickness on the fore-deck?
I should answer, I should tell you,
From the cabbage, and the dust-heaps,
From the old leeks of the Welshland,
From the soil of kitchen gardens,
From the mud of London sewers,
From the garden-plots and churchyards,
Where the linnet and cock-sparrow
Feed upon the weeds and groundsel,
I receive them as I buy them
From the boxes of Havana,
The concocter, the weird wizard.
Should you ask how this Havana
Made cigars so strong and soothing,
Made the "bird's eye," and "York-river,"
I should answer, I should tell you,
In the purlieus of the cities,
In the cellars of the warehouse,
In the dampness of the dungeon,
Lie the rotten weeds that serve him;
In the gutters and the sewers,
In the melancholy alleys,
Half-clad Arab boys collect them,
Crossing-sweepers bring them to him,
Costermongers keep them for him,
And he turns them by his magic
Into "cavendish" and "bird's-eye,"
For those clay-pipes and churchwardens,
For this meerschaum, or he folds them,
And "cigars" he duly labels
On the box in which he sells them.

From *Figaro*, October 7, 1874.

The following is an extract from a long parody contained in *Lays of Modern Oxford*, by *Adon* (Chapman and Hall, 1874.)

THE BUMP SUPPER.

"*Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero Pulsanda tellus.*"

YOU shall hear how once our college,
When our boat had done great wonders,
And had bumped all boats before it,
Gave a great and grand bump-supper.
First the scouts, the sherry-swiggers,
And the scouts' boys, beer-imbibers,
Spread the things upon the table.

* * * *

And they placed upon the table
Champagne-cup and rosy claret.
When the lamp-black night descended
Broad and dark upon the college,
When the reading man, the bookworm,
Grinding, sat among his Greek books,
With his oak securely sported,
And his tea-cup on the table,
From their rooms in groups assembled
Many guests to this great supper.
Came the boating men in numbers,
Came the cricketers in numbers,
Came the athletes clothed with muscle,
Came the singers, and the jesters,
And the jokers, funny fellows;
Came the active gymnast Biceps,
Also Pugilis, his comrade,
Very clever with the mittens;
Came our sturdy plucky boat's crew,
Remex Princeps, and his comrades,
And the steerer, Gubernator.

All were hungry, all were merry,
Full of repartee and laughter.
First they ate the slippy oyster,
Native oyster, cool and luscious,
And the ruddy blushing lobster,
And the crab so rich and tasty;
Then they ate the cold roast chicken,
And the finely flavoured ox-tongue,
And the cold roast mutton sheep's flesh,
And the pigeon-pie, the dove-tart,
And the well stuffed duck and turkey,
With the sausages around it.
Thus the guests, the mutton munchers,
Played the noble game of chew-chew,
Game of knife and fork and tumblers,
Very popular in Oxford.

* * * *

Then a man, who came from Cornwall,
Sang a song that clearly stated
If a person named Trelawny,
Should by any hap or hazard,
Leave the world by death untimely,
Many people in the south-west
Part of England would insist on
Knowing wherefore he had left it.
Then the cheeky smiling Ginger
Sang of lovely Angelina,
Lady with the Grecian bend, and
Of the maiden dressed in azure,
With both eyes and hair of darkness.
Then the guests said, "Sing some more songs;
Sing to us immortal Ginger,
Songs of laughter quaint and comic,
With a merry roaring chorus,
That we all may be more noisy.
And the sleeping dons may waken."

* * * * *

All was shouting, noise, confusion,
Till at last the guests exhausted,
All departed hot and dizzy,
Thus the entertainment ended,
Thus the great bump-supper ended,
Long to be discussed and talked of,
Long to be remembered by the
College in the days hereafter.

The Legend of Ken-e-li.

(From *Figaro*, August 11, 1875.)

* * * * *

High among the tribes of Jon-buls,
Was a tribe they called the Lor-yahs;
Very cunning were the Lor-yahs:
They could talk and twist and double
Till the other tribes of Jon-buls
Scarcely knew if they were standing
On their heads or on their sandals.

Chief among these learned Lor-yahs
Was the great and good Ken-e-li.
Brave and handsome, kind and gentle,
Soft in voice and smooth in manner,
Wise yet simple, strong yet tender,
Was the mighty chief Ken-e-li.
But the blind and stupid Jon-buls
Could not see his many virtues;
When he spake they shouted, "*Bun-kum!*"
And they scoffed at good Ken-e-li.

* * * * *

The poem then describes the gentle manners of the inhabitants of the district An-lee, their mild sports and pastimes, and how they chose the great Ken-e-li to be their talking Em-pee in the council of their nation, and the manner in which he was received there.

The Song of the Beetle.

[The following graceful effusion, by a well-known Longfellow-countryman of the Colorado insect, should be hailed with delight by the British public. As it contains an accurate description of the Beetle, we would suggest that it should be learned by heart by the Rector of Hitcham's school-children, with a view to preventing entomological mistakes.]

Should you ask me of the Beetle,
Of the Colorado Beetle!—
Properly the *Doryphora*
Decemlineata christen'd—
I should answer, I should tell you,
"He's a beggar for potatoes,
Quite a glutton at potatoes—
For he 'wolfs' the common 'murphy.'
The *Solanum tuberosum*.
(Thus the *savans* named the tater!")

Should you ask me if the Beetle
Were at all like other beetles—
Like the 'chafer, for example,
Him whom boys impale on pin-point—
I should straight reply in this wise:
"He, when young, is like the insect
Whose abode is always burning,
She whose children are departed.*

But when fourteen days have glided,
Then the Beetle is much longer;
Very much more pointed-taily,
Sharp as to his latter ending,
Red thus far has been his colour,
Red, the hue of guardsman's tunic,
Red, the tint of postal pillars.
But, as time and trouble try him,
This our insect grows much paler,
Fades and fades till he is yellow—
Yellow e'en as one dyspeptic,
Yellow with black stripes upon him."

Should you further ask the poet,
How to treat the little stranger?
I should answer, I should bid you,
"Stamp on him, where'er you find him!
In the garden—in the pig-sty—
In the parlour or the bed-room
In the roadway or the meadow—
Squash the little wretch, confound him!
That's the way that I should answer,—
That's the sort of man that *I* am."

From *Funny Folks*.

* This appears to be a covert allusion to the lady-bird.

In 1879 the editor of *The World* offered two prizes for the best parodies on Longfellow's *Hiawatha*, the subject selected being *The Hunting of Cetewayo*. There were 135 competitors, the first prize was awarded to Floreant-Lauri, whose poem will be found, with the three next best, in *The World* for October 8, 1879.

The prize poem commenced as follows :—

VERY wrath was Wolsey-Pullsey
When he landed at Fort Durban,
Hearing all the depredations
Of the cunning Cetewayo ;
Called his captain Giffey-Wiffey,
Saying, "Catch this Cetewayo,
Muzzle thou this mischief-maker ;
Not so tangled is the jungle,
Not so dark the deepest donga,
But that thou canst track and find him."
Then in hot pursuit departed
Giffey-Wiffey and his soldiers,
Through the jungle, through the forest ;
But they found not Cetewayo—
Only found his bed and blanket.
From the farthest dingey-donga
Cetewayo looking backward,
Placed his thumb upon his nostril,
Made the sign, the Snookey-Wookey,
Made the gesture of derision,
Pulling bacon, piggey-whiggey,
Hurling at them his defiance.
Then cried Giffey-Wiffey loudly,
"When I catch you, you black rascal,
Cat-o'-nine tails, pussey-wussey,
You and she shall be acquainted,"
Mockingly came back the answer :
"When you catchee, when you catchee !"
* * * *

THE HUNTING OF CETEWAYO.

Full of anger was Sir Garnet
When he came among the Zulus,
And found them in a precious muddle,
Heard of all the wicked doings,
All the luckless Zulus slaughter'd
By the savage Cetewayo.
Fuming in alarming fashion,
Through his thick moustache he mutter'd
Dire words of blood and thunder,
Raging like an angry tiger—
"I will nobble Cetewayo,
Bag this horrid rascal," said he ;
"Not so wide the realm of Zulus,
Not so terrible the bye-ways,
That my anger shall not nail him,
That my vengeance shall not spot him !"
Then in hot pursuit departed
Marter and the mighty hunters
On the trail of Cetewayo.
Through the bush where he had hidden,
To the hut where he had rested—
But they found not Cetewayo ;
Only in the charcoal embers
And the smell of bad tobacco,
Found the spot where he had halted ;
Found the tokens of his presence.
Through the bush and brake and forest
Ran the cunning Cetewayo,
Till a lonely kraal he entered
In the middle of the forest !
Then the corpulent old sinner
Heard the tramp of many footsteps,
Heard the sound of many voices,
Saying, "He, the white man's coming !"
Got into a funk and shivered.
Then came Marter, mighty Major,
He, of all Dragoons the boldest,
To the hut door riding straightway,
Saying, "Where is Cetewayo,
For his Majesty is wanted ?"
Then came forth the noble savage,
On his breast a scarlet blanket,
Proudly wearing à la toga,
Gave himself to mighty Marter ;
Pass'd a captive 'twixt the soldiers !
Ended now his strange adventures,
Ended all his wily dodges,
All his plottings and his schemings,
And his hecatombs of Zulus !

From *Snatches of Song*, by F. B. Doveton, 1880.

HIAWATHA'S PHOTOGRAPHING.

Author's Preface.

("In an age of imitation, I can claim no special merit for this slight attempt at doing what is known to be so easy. Any fairly practised writer, with the slightest ear for rhythm, could compose, for hours together, in the easy running metre of 'The Song of Hiawatha.'")

FROM his shoulder Hiawatha
Took the camera of rosewood.
Made of sliding, folding rosewood,
Neatly put it all together.
In its case it lay compactly,
Folded into nearly nothing ;
But he opened out the hinges,
Pushed and pulled the joints and hinges,
Till it looked all squares and oblongs,
Like a complicated figure
In the Second Book of Euclid.
This he perched upon a tripod—
Crouched beneath its dusky cover—
Stretched his hand, enforcing silence—
Said, "Be motionless, I beg you !"
Mystic, awful was the process.
All the family in order,
Sat before him for their pictures ;
Each, in turn, as he was taken,
Volunteered his own suggestions,
His ingenious suggestions.
First the Governor, the Father,
He suggested velvet curtains
Looped about a massy pillar ;
And a corner of a table,
Of a rosewood dining-table.
He would hold a scroll of something,
Hold it firmly in his left hand ;
He would keep his right hand buried
(Like Napoleon) in his waistcoat ;
He would contemplate the distance
With a look of pensive meaning,

As of ducks that die in tempests.
Grand, heroic was the notion :
Yet the picture failed entirely—
Failed because he moved a little,
Moved, because he couldn't help it."

* * * *

Next to him the eldest daughter :
She suggested very little,
Only asked if he would take her
With her look of 'passive beauty.'
Her idea of passive beauty
Was a squinting of the left eye,
Was a drooping of the right eye,
Was a smile that went up sideways
To the corner of the nostrils."

After having taken each member of the family in succession, with the most dismal results :—

Finally my Hiawatha
Tumbled all the tribe together,
('Grouped' is not the right expression),
And, as happy chance would have it,
Did at last obtain a picture
Where the faces all succeeded :
Each came out a perfect likeness.
Then they joined, and all abused it,
Unrestrainedly abused it,
As 'the worst and ugliest picture
They could possibly have dreamed of.'

* * * * *

But my Hiawatha's patience,
His politeness and his patience,
Unaccountably had vanished,
And he left that happy party.
Left them in a mighty hurry,
Stating that he would not stand it,
Stating in emphatic language
What he'd be before he'd stand it.
Thus departed Hiawatha.

From *Rhyme? and Reason?* by Lewis Carroll, 1883.

These disjointed extracts give but a poor idea of this most amusing poem, the comical effects of which are much heightened by Mr. A. B. Frost's humorous illustrations.

THE LAWN-TENNIS PARTY AT PEPPERHANGER.

(*A fragment in the mètre of Longfellow's "Hiawatha."*)

I was sitting in my wigwam,
Looking from my lofty wigwam,
On the fir-clad hill of Dryburgh,
O'er the vale of Pepperhanger.
Suddenly there came a rapping,
The Postman's knock. Double rapping, double tapping,
Sounding through the little wigwam,
Startling quiet Pepperhanger.
Thus the Government Messénjah,
Heathen Mythology. Mercury of brazen buttons,
Crimson-collared, azure-coated,
Blue as when some ancient Briton,
As enlightenment came o'er him,
Thinking skin was rather shabby,
History of England. Went and put a coat of Woad on.
He, the carrier of all letters,
He the bearer of all tidings
To the lofty hill of Dryburgh,
To the vale of Pepperhanger.
Swiftly then I took the letter;
Eagerly I read the message
From a hospitable lady
Of the vale of Pepperhanger,
"Come at four o'clock to tiffin,
If no better action urges ;
In the cool of Tuesday evening,
Come and play a game of Tennis
On my lawns at Pepperhanger."
Thus her letter : then I sallied
To her almost hidden wigwam.
Which from East and rude Sou'-wester
Evergreen the pine-tree shelters ;
Took my Tennis shoes of rubber,
Mocassins of Indian rubber,
Racket, too, of Horace Bayley,
To the tournament of Tennis
On the lawns of Pepperhanger.
Lodge's Peerage. Came the lordly Tennyslornah.
Clergy List. Came the Reverend B. A. Kander,
Came the cute 'un, Charley Pleycynge,
Came the smasher, young de Vorley,
Came the great Sir V. O. Verandah,
Came the warrior, Foragh Biscoe,
Sludge-borough-in-the-Marsh. Strangers from a distant countrie,
To the tournament of Tennis
In the vale of Pepperhanger.
There we had a game at Tennis,
Outdoor Tennis let us call it,
Lest the lords of real Tennis
Should invoke a curse upon us ;
Hotly smote the fierce back-hander,
Volleyed toward, also froward,
Till the speeding ball appeared as
One continuous flash of lightning :
Shouted loudly cries of Tennis,
"Forty-thirty" and "advantage,"
Giving fifteen, owing thirty
For a bisque, anon half-thirty
Owing, giving, taking, wanting,
Till the brain was almost reeling,
Colenso's Arithmetic. Handicapping calculations
All too hard for Pepperhanger !
Presently the tea-bell sounded
Through the pine-tree-shelter'd gardens
To the ne'er inebriating
Ever cheering goblet summons.

* * * *

From *Pastime*, August 24, 1883.

The late Mr. Shirley Brooks composed a number of clever parodies, many of which were contributed to *Punch* during his Editorship of that journal. Three of the longest and most amusing of these were *The Very Last Idyll*, after Tennyson ; *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*, after Coleridge ; and *The Song of Hiawatha*, after Longfellow. A quotation from *The Very Last Idyll* was given on page 44 ; and the parody on

Coleridge will be quoted when that author is reached; the parody of Longfellow, which appeared in *Punch* as far back as 1856, commenced thus:—

THE SONG OF HIAWATHA.

(*Author's Protective Edition.*)

YOU, who hold in grace and honour,
Hold as one who did you kindness
When he published former poems,
Sang Evangeline the noble,
Sang the golden Golden Legend,
Sang the songs the Voices utter,
Crying in the night and darkness,
Sang how unto the Red Planet
Mars he gave the Night's First Watches,
Henry Wadsworth, whose adnomen
(Coming awkward for the accents
Into this his latest rhythm)
Write we as Protracted Fellow,
Or in Latin, Longus Comes—
Buy the Song of Hiawatha.

Should you ask me, Is the poem
Worthy of its predecessors,
Worthy of the sweet conceptions
Of the manly, nervous diction
Of the phrase, concise or pliant,
Of the songs that sped the pulses,
Of the songs that gemmed the eyelash,
Of the other works of Henry?
I should answer, I should tell you,
You may wish that you may get it—
Don't you wish that you may get it?

* * * * *

Should you ask me, What's its nature?
Ask me, What's the kind of poem?
Ask me in respectful language,
Touching your respectful beaver,
Kicking back your manly hind-leg,
Like to one who sees his betters;
I should answer, I should tell you,
'Tis a poem in this metre,
And embalming the traditions,
Tables, rites, and superstitions
Of the various tribes of Indians.

* * * * *

I should answer, I should tell you
Shut your mouth and go to David,
David, Mr. Punch's neighbour,
Buy the Song of Hiawatha.
Read and learn, and then be thankful
Unto Punch and Henry Wadsworth,
Punch and noble Henry Wadsworth.
Truer poet, better fellow,
Than to be annoyed at jesting
From his friend, great Punch, who loves him.

The following is a list of the names of some famous advertisers of thirty years ago, taken from *Hiawater*, a parody contained in "The Shilling Book of Beauty," by Cuthbert Bede (J. Blackwood, 1853):—

"Howlawaya, the quack doctor;
Mosieson, the cheap slop seller;
Mechisteel and Warrenblacking;
Camomile, the Pillofnorton;
Marywedlake, oaten bruiser;
Doctorjong, the great cod liver;
Revalenta, the Dubarrie,
Rowlandskalidore, and Trotman's
Doubledupperambulator."

Another scarce parody on the same original was entitled *Milk-and-Watha*, and an amusing skit was also contained in Gilbert's libretto to *Princess Toto*.

There is also a parody in Edmund Yates's *Our Miscellany* (G. Routledge and Co., 1857), and "Revenge, a Rhythmic Recollection," appeared in *Tom Hood's Comic Annual*, 1877.

SHORTFELLOW SUMS UP LONGFELLOW.

MILES STANDISH, old Puritan soldier, courts gal Priscilla by proxy;
Gal likes the proxy the best, so Miles, in a rage, takes and hooks it.
Folks think he's killed, but he ain't, and comes back, as a friend, to the wedding,
If you call this ink-Standish stuff poetry, *Punch* will soon reel you off Miles.

Shirley Brooks on "The Courtship of Miles Standish."

THE WAGNER FESTIVAL.

(*By an admirer of Longfellow's "Evangeline," who sorrowfully sat through the six concerts.*)

This is the music primeval. The festival singers from Bayreuth,
Solemn and stern, with their shirt fronts studded, and swallow-tailed garments,
Stand like Druids of old, with voices sad and prophetic,
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms,
Loud from its ligneous caverns, the deep-voiced neighbouring organ
Moans, and in accents disconsolate answers the orchestra wailing.

This is the music primeval, and when it is ended, Herr Wagner
Is called to the front, and is crowned with a wreath by the Madame Materna;
Then there is hugging and kissing and weeping with Wagner Wilhelmj,
And Richter, to whom is presented a bâton—brand new, silver-mounted;
But where are the beautiful maidens who solemnly sat in the boxes?
Where are the men—tawny swells—who talked of clubs, races, or billiards,
Silenced from time unto time by thunders and earthquakes orchestral?
Empty are boxes and stalls, the occupants all have departed,
And the critic goes—glad to survive the music primeval of Wagner.

Funny Folks.

Another parody of Evangeline, entitled *Picnicaline* occurs in "Mirth and Metre," 1855.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW (*continued.*)

EXCELSIOR.

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed,
A youth, who bore 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with this strange device,
Excelsior !

His brow was sad; his eye beneath
Flashed like a faulchion from its sheath,
And like a silver clarion rung,
The accents of that unknown tongue.
Excelsior !

It is possible that Longfellow had the motto of New York, "*Excelsior*," in his mind when he composed this hackneyed poem, which has served as the model for hundreds of parodies, and particularly for advertising purposes. A few of the more amusing only can be inserted.

EXCELSIOR IN "PIDGIN ENGLISH."

The following article is from *Pro and Con*, December 14, 1872.

"Pidgin English is the name given to an absurd *patois* which is used in conversation between the Chinese celestials, and the outer barbarians. It appears to be a physical impossibility for a Chinaman to pronounce the letter *r* as in rough, cry, or curry, which he turns into lough, cly, and cully, as young English children often do. V, he turns into W, th into f, and to most words ending with a consonant, he adds a final syllable, as in *find findie, catch catchee*, &c. I, me, my, and mine, are all expressed by one word, *my*. The vocabulary consists of a few words of French origin, such as *savey*, one or two from the Portuguese, many common Chinese expressions, such as *chop-chop* for quick; *man-man*, which means stop; *maskee*, never mind, or do not mind; *chin-chin*, good-bye; *welly culio*, or *muchee culio*, very curious; *Joss-pidgin-man*, a priest; and *Topside Galah*, hurrah for the top, or Excelsior. There is also a plentiful use of the word *pidgin*, which is simply a corruption of our word *business*, but it appears to be applied with the utmost impartiality, to a variety of most incongruous phrases. As an example of every day talk, a lady telling her nurse to bring down her little girl and boy to see a visitor would say,—'Aymah, suppose you go topside catchee two piecee chiloe, bull chiloe, cow chiloe, chop-chop.' From a gentleman well acquainted with China and the Chinese, we have received the following clever imitation of Excelsior, which is pronounced a very fair specimen of Pidgin English":—

TOPSIDE GALAH!

"That nightee tim begin chop-chop,
One young man walkee, no can stop,
Maskee colo ! maskee icee !
He cally that flag wid chop so nicee
Topside Galah !

"He too muchee solly, one piecee eye
Look see sharp—so fashion—allo same my,
He talkee largee, talkee stlong,
Too muchee culio-allo same gong—
Topside Galah !

"Inside that housee he can see light,
And evely loom got fire all light.
Outside, that icee largee high,
Inside he mouf, he plenty cly,
Topside Galah !

"Olo man talkee, 'No can walkee !'
Bimeby lain come-welly darkee,
Hab got water, too muchee wide !
Maskee ! my wantchee go topside—
Topside Galah !

"'Man-man,' one galo talkee he,
What for you go topside look see ?'
And one tim more he plenty cly,
But allo tim walkee plenty high,
Topside Galah !

"'Take care that spilem-tlee young man !
Take care that icee !'" He no man-man;
That coolie chin-chin he 'Good night,'
He talkee, 'My can go all lite !'
Topside Galah !

"Joss Pidgin man chop-chop begin
That morning tim that joss chin-chin,
He no man see, he plenty fear,
Cause some man speakee, he can hear
Topside Galah !

"That young man die—one largee dog see,
Too muchee bobbely, findee he;
Hand muchee colo, allo same icee,
Have piecee flag wid chop so nicee,
Topside Galah !

MOLAL.

"You too much laughee ! what for sing ?
I tink you no savey what ting !
Supposee you no b'long cleber inside,
More better you go walkee topside,
Topside Galah !"

Another, but, on the whole, inferior version of the above parody appeared in Harper's Magazine, and is quoted at page 122 of *Poetical Ingenuities and Eccentricities*, by W. T. Dobson (Chatto and Windus, 1882.)

The shades of night were falling fast,
When through the spacious High there passed
A form in gown of strange device,
Who uttered in a tone of ice,
"Your name and college !"

His brow was black, his eye beneath
Shone like a wrathful bull-dog's teeth ;
And still amid the darkness rung
The accents of his well-known tongue.;
"Your name and college !"

"Try not the High," the porter said,
"Dark lowers the proctor, bull-dog led."
But forth in "loud" illegal dress
The youth went, crying "Let him guess
My name and college !"

(*Half-an-hour elapses.*)

"O stay," his comrade said, "and rest
Thy wearied limbs and panting chest !"
To gain their wind the fliers try,
When lo ! a figure gliding nigh,
Cries, "Name and college !"

"Beware the proctor's sacred paunch,
Beware the rushing bull-dog's launch !"
This was the porter's last good-night ;
A voice replied, "It serves me right
For cutting college !"

Next morn, as tolled the stroke of nine,
Two youths, in dread of penal fine,
Slunk silent through the awful gate,
And "hoped they were not much too late,
They'd run from college !"

There, like a mouse awaiting cat,
Awful and calm the proctor sat ;
And, like a death-knell booming far,
A voice fell stern: "This week you are
Confined to college !"

College Rhymes, 1863.

EXEXOLOR.

The shades of night had fallen (*at last !*)
When from the Eagle Tavern pass'd
A youth, who bore, in manual vice,
A pot of something monstrous nice—
XX—oh lor !

His brow was bad—his young eye scann'd
The frothing flagon in his hand,
And like a gurgling streamlet sprung
The accents to that thirsty tongue,
XX—oh lor !

In happy homes he saw them grub
On stout, and oysters from a tub,—
The dismal gas-light gleamed without,
And from his lips escaped a shout,
"XX—oh lor !"

"Young man," the Sage observ'd, "just stay,
And let me dip my beak, I say,
The pewter is deep, and I am dry !"
"Perceiv'st thou verdure in my eye ?
XX—oh lor !"

"Oh stop," the maiden cried, "and lend
Thy beery burden here, my friend—"
Th' unbidden tear regretful rose,
But still his thumb-tip sought his nose ;
XX—oh lor !

"Beware the gutter at thy feet !
Beware the Dragons of the street !
Beware lest thirsty Bob you meet !"
This was the ultimate remark ;
A voice replied far thro' the dark,
"XX—oh lor !"

That night, by watchmen on their round,
The person in a ditch was found ;
Still grasping in his manual vice,
That pot—once fill'd with something nice—
XX—oh lor ! ! !

From Mr. H. Cholmondeley-Pennell's *Puck on Pegasus* (Chatto and Windus.)

THE THEATRE.

"*Nam quae pervincere voces Evaluere sonum referunt quem nostra Theatra ?*"

I.

The theatre was filling fast,
As through the open door there passed
A stranger with a scarlet tie,
That instantly provoked the cry
Of "Turn him out !"

II.

His nose was red, his lips beneath,
In frequent smiles disclosed his teeth,
And upward when he turned his eye,
In ceaseless hubbub came the cry,
"Ugh ! Turn him out !"

III.

"Stay, stay," a master said, "and rest,
The 'Vice' cares little how you're dressed,"
But loud from undergraduate lung
The cry continually rung,
"Ugh ! Turn him out !"

IV.

The public orator began
To spout his Latin like a man ;
His lips moved fast, but not a word
Was audible ; we only heard,
"Ugh ! Turn him out !"

V.

The Gaisford and the Newdigate
And Stanhope shared no better fate ;
No single voice could drown the cry
That roared out from the gallery,
"Ugh ! Turn him out !"

VI.

The 'Vice' rose up from off his chair,
And raised his finger in the air,
And gently strove the noise to quell,
But louder came the ceaseless yell,
"Ugh ! Turn him out."

VII.

I left the place with aching brain,
And deafened ear that throbbed again,
And as I sauntered down the High,
Upon the breeze I heard the cry,
"Ugh ! Turn him out !"

Lays of Modern Oxford (Chapman and Hall, 1874.)

EXCELSIOR.

The price of meat was rising fast,
As to his daily duty passed
A toiler who, with bitter laugh,
Had read upon his *Telegraph*,
Excelsior!

His brow was sad; because it bore
A costlier hat than e'er before:
His feet were sadder; he'd to pay
For boots that quickly wore away,
Excelsior!

In oyster shops he saw the shells
Wherein the luscious bivalve dwells,
But had no chance of shelling out,
And murmured, as he dreamt of stout,
Excelsior!

"Try this rump-steak!" the butcher said;
"At Tillyfour the ox was bred;
Juicy it is, M'Combie's pride,
And only one-and-six." He sighed—
Excelsior!

"Stay!" cried a maiden of the bar,
"A shilling buys a good cigar—
Ten more some icy dry champagne."
He shook his head and cried again,
Excelsior!

"Take comfort," said a Hebrew mild;
"I love to help a Christian child.
My moderate terms are cent. per cent.
'Twas sixty once," he thought, and went—
Excelsior!

At dead of night that wayward youth,
So saddened by the eternal truth,
Was by a pious peeler found,
Who kindly raised him from the ground,
Excelsior!

He uttered words that can't be told,
Said eating game was eating gold,
Showered maledictions on the souls
Of those who raise the price of coals—
Excelsior!

When morning shone upon the town,
He had to pay five shillings down,
And blessed the rulers of the skies
The price of Justice does not rise,
Excelsior!

MORTIMER COLLINS.

The London Magazine, February, 1876.

"CLEAN YOUR DOOR-STEP, MARM?"

The shades of night were some time past,
And snow had fallen thick and fast;
A youth, who broom and shovel bore,
Was heard to call outside the door,
"Clean your doorstep, Marm?"

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright,
The singing kettle brightly shone—
Again, again, his well-known tone—
"Clean your doorstep, Marm?"

His brow was sad—his chilly nose,
Like fiery coals, glow'd in the snows,
And, as the kitchen bell he rang,
In accents clear he loudly sang,
"Clean your door-step, Marm?"

"Oh, stay," the girl said, "while I see,
As I takes up the toast and tea;
And if your charge is not too high"—
"A tanner's all," the poor boy's cry,
"To clean your door-step, Marm!"

He set to work with all his might,
But suddenly went out of sight;—
Half-buried in the coals was found
The youth who sang that piteous sound,
"Clean your door-step, Marm?"

Some rascal in the night had twigged,
The coal-iron loose, which he had prigged,
"If I'd a know'd a hole was there,
I would o' coorse ha' took more care
Cleaning your door-step, Marm!"

YE MAYDEN AND YE EGGE.

The shades of night were gone—at last,
As, all agog to break her fast,
A maiden sat, 'mid kith and kin,
While bent, impatient to begin,
Egg-shell she o'er.

Ye Paterfamilias.
His brow was staid; his eyes beneath
Were closed. Not so his lips and teeth,
Whence, like a copper clarion rung
"Grace before meat." Still, listening, hung
Egg-shell she o'er.

Hys remonstrance.
"Try not the egg!" the "old man" cried,
"Dark lowers some prodigy inside!
What if fowl play?"—no more he said,
For her protecting fingers spread
Egg-shell she o'er.

Ye Mayden—her Prayer.
"Stay, Pa!" the maiden said, "let's test
Your query, ere upon this breast
You anguish pile." Her moistening eye
Here drooped, and struggled with a sigh,
Egg-shell she o'er.

Ye Fynde.
At break of shell, as chickenward
(For aught she knew) her spoon she stirred,
A something stubborn claimed a stare.
"My brooch!" cried with a startled air,
Egg-shell she o'er.

Ye Ende.
There in the middle—so they say—
Hard, but albuminous it lay.
And, when she grew serener, far,
Fished the thing up, with "dear old star!"
Egg-shell she o'er.

This ingenious but rather mad parody appeared in *The Figaro* of May 6, 1876.

Those Horrid Schools.

I.

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through the quad a gownsman passed,
Whose seedy look and sunken cheek
Bespoke as plain as words could speak,
"Those horrid schools!"

II.

His coat was worn; his bags beneath
Were quite too short his legs to sheath,
While like a penny trumpet rung
The treble of that mournful tongue,
"Those horrid schools!"

III.

In happy homes he left the light
Of household fires both warm and bright;
Before the spectral "Great Go" shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
"Those horrid schools!"

IV.

"Try but to pass," his tutor said,
"A class is not within your head.
The yawning gulf is deep and wide!"
But still that treble voice replied,
"Those horrid schools!"

V.

"Oh stay!" the maiden said, "and rest
Thy learned head upon my breast!"
A tear stood in his sunken eye,
He blushed, and answered, looking shy,
"Those horrid schools"

VI.

"Beware tobacco's withered plant!
Beware of vinous stimulant!"
This was the gov'nor's last good-bye,
A voice replied, from out the fly,
"Those horrid schools!"

VII.

At break of day, as through the gloom
The scout when going from room to room,
Uttered the oft repeated call,
A voice came from the bedroom small,
"Those horrid schools!"

VIII.

The poor young sap asleep quite sound,
Half buried in the sheets was found,
Still grasping, nibbled by the mice,
An Ethics with the strange device,
"Those horrid schools!"

IX.

There in the twilight, cold and grey,
Dirty, unwashen, there he lay,
While from his scout the sentence flowed,
"Oh drat those books—them schools be blowed,
Them 'orrid schools!"

College Rhymes, 1861

That Thirty-four.

(The following parody was selected for a prize in a competition, by the editor of *Truth*, and appeared in that paper on November 25th, 1880. It refers to the American puzzle, called "Thirty-four," *which was then very popular).*

Chill August's storms were piping loud,
When through a gaping London crowd,
There passed a youth, who still was heard
To mutter the perplexing word,
"That Thirty-four!"

His eyes were wild; his brow above
Was crumpled like an old kid glove;
And like some hoarse crow's grating note
That word still quivered in his throat,
"That Thirty-four!"

"Oh, give it up!" his comrades said,
"It only muddles your poor head;
It is not worth your finding out."
He answered with a wailing shout,
"That Thirty-four!"

"Art not content," the maiden said,
"To solve the 'Fifteen' one instead?"
He paused—his tearful eyes he dried—
Gulped down a sob, then sadly sighed,
"That Thirty-four!"

At midnight, on their high resort,
The cats were startled at their sport,
To hear, beneath one roof, a tone
Gasp out, betwixt a snore and groan,
"That Thirty-four!"

TOBACCO SMOKE!

The clouds of smoke were rising fast,
As through a college room there passed
A youth who bore, 'spite sage advice,
A "baccy"-pouch with strange device,
"Tobacco smoke!"

His brow was sad; his eye beneath
Stared on a pipe, laid in its sheath,
And in his ears there ever rung
The accents of the donor's tongue,
"Tobacco smoke!"

* * * *

"Try not the shag!" the old man said,
It is o'er strong for thy young head,
Dire its effects to those untried;"
Heedless he was, and but replied,
"Tobacco smoke!"

"Oh, stay," the maiden said, "and test
Our Latakia—'tis the best!"
He grasped his packet of birds'-eye,
And only muttered with a sigh,
"Tobacco smoke!"

"Beware; don't set your room alight—
The college might object—good-night!"
Such were the words the scholar spoke,
And scarcely heard through closing oak,
"Tobacco smoke!"

* * *

That Freshman by his scout was found
Lying all prone upon the ground,
And still his hand grasped like a vice
The "baccy"-pouch with strange device,
"Tobacco smoke!"

* * * *

R. C., Oxford.

College Rhymes, 1864.

"OBSTRUCTIONISTS."

(By a Lover of Longfellow, after spending Twenty-six Hours in the House of Commons.)

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through St. Stephen's portals passed
An Irish band, not over nice,
Whose banners bore the strange device—
"Obstructionists!"

Each brow was sad, each eye beneath
Glared at Cavan, Dungarvan, Meath;
And soon in Erin's brogue was heard
Again their policy absurd—
"Obstructionists!"

* * * * *

"Tempt not the Commons," Northcote said,
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead;
Too long its rules have been defied;"
But still the Irish rowdies cried—
"Obstructionists!"

* * * * *

"Beware the Ministerial branch—
Beware the Tory avalanche!"
Was Biggar's caution, and he smiled,
When for a nap he left the wild
"Obstructionists!"

At noon that day O'Donnell craved
A respite, but the Commons braved
The contest, and their only prayer
Was to demolish then and there—
"Obstructionists!"

The chaplain came his usual round,
The Commons sitting still he found,
Using each possible device
To crush that band, not over nice—
"Obstructionists!"

But late on that eventful day
The "stumbling blocks" were kicked away;
South Africa rejoiced afar,
And Biggar moaned, "It's done we are!"—
"Obstructionists!"

Funny Folks.

ENDYMION.

THE shades of night were falling fast
Round Hughenden,—for some time past
A Statesman, working day and night,
A flowery fiction did indite—
Endymion.

His hair was dark, and you could trace
A *soupçon* of an ancient race;
And still, in quite his early way,
He wrote of Lords and Ladies gay—
Endymion.

"Tempt not the Press," Lord ROWTON said.
"Of critics have a timely dread:
They skinned you when you wrote *Lothair*."
He answered, with his nose in air,
"*Endymion!*"

"Oh stay," the Tory said, "and make
That wicked GLADSTONE writhe and quake."
A twinkle flash'd from out his eye:
"I'll give him rope," he said, "and try
Endymion!"

"Beware the day they may begin
To break the Treaty of Berlin!"
This was the Tory's last appeal.
He only said, "I will reveal
Endymion!"

And so, when Ireland was aflame,
The Eastern Question just the same,
Conservatives beheld with doubt
Their Leader bring his novel out—
Endymion.

And all who waded through the book,
Met Titles, Tailor, Prince and Dook:
What wonder it is all the rage?
For epigram adorns thy page,
Endymion!

There, in the twilight, cold and grey,
Serene in Curzon Street he lay.
"This cheque from LONGMANS' will go far,"
A voice said. "Now for a cigar!"
Endymion!

Punch, December 4, 1880.

A "COMMON" GRIEVANCE; OR, OUR OPEN SPACES AND OUR ÆDILES.

THE summer day was waning fast,
As o'er a London heath there pass'd
A youth who walked with steps precise,
And murmured, more than once or twice,
"The Heath is ours!"

His eyes flashed brightly in his head,
Till, as the notice-boards he read,
His cheeks for one short moment blenched,
But soon he cried, with fingers clenched,
"The Heath is ours!"

Then he recalled the large amount
The people 'd paid that they might count
That Heath their own, and then again
He shouted out, with might and main,
"The Heath is ours!"

As thus he cried, a keeper came,
And roughly said, "Young man! Your name?
I'll summons you for spouting here!"
"Bah," cried the youth, "I have no fear—
The Heath is ours!"

[illegible]e liveried myrmidon but jeered,
"Well, that's the queerest tale I've heerd;
This 'eath's been taken by our Board."
Much moved, the youth in answer roared,
"The Heath is ours!"

"Rouse not his ire," an old man said;
"You have not, p'rhaps, the by-laws read?
Alas! he's might upon his side."
"Go to!" the eager youth replied,
"The Heath is ours!"

"O stay!" a maiden said, "nor pass
In that mad way across the grass!
You will be fined. Oh, please don't go!"
"Thanks!" cried the youth, "but I must show
The Heath is ours!"

* * * *

Then, rising 'gainst crass Bumble's yoke,
He every stupid by-law broke,
And when stern keepers asked his name,
Still loud the self-same answer came:
"The Heath is ours!"

As evening fell, a tottering form,
All heedless of the gathering storm,
Defied each notice-board he passed,
And cried—determined to the last:
"The Heath is ours!"

* * *

A youth, when next the sun came round,
Buried in summonses was found;
Still gasping, as yet more were served,
In accents, feeble and unnerved:
"The Heath is ours!"

* * * *

There to the Police Court brought next day,
He'd many pounds and costs to pay;
And from his lips no more was heard
That cry he'd learned was so absurd:
"The Heath is ours!"

Truth, August 2, 1883.

The following description of an unpleasant nocturnal adventure has been written especially for this collection:—

The shades of night were falling fast,
One mile from town was Knightsbridge passed,
We found ourselves (it was not nice)
Tripped up by two men in a trice,
And felt so sore!

Our brow was muddy, as beneath
Their pressure we could scarce draw breath,
Our "withers" seemed to be unwrung,
As we were in the gutter flung,
And felt so sore!

We never shall forget that night
Rising in pitiable plight,
We found our jewellery gone,
Ourselves a sight to look upon,
We felt so sore!

"Try not to pass!" they might have said.
Alas! they tripped us up instead.
Such warning was to us denied,
And stretched upon the pavement wide,
We felt so sore!

"Oh, stay a moment, that arrest
May police vigilance attest,"
Was what we were inclined to cry,
But we could only heave a sigh—
We felt so sore!

Beware a court, where the roads branch,
Be wary, lest an avalanche
Of blows should, when out late at night,
On your poor occiput alight,
We fell so sore!

They ran away with watch and guard,
And left us on the pavement hard,
Whilst we to follow did not dare,
Because we had no breath to spare—
We felt so sore!

No passers by to make a sound,
And not a "peeler" to be found.
Still gasping from their hands of *vice*,
Glad to escape at any price,
We felt so sore!

Then all at once we cried "hooray!"
Here comes a "Bobby" on his way.
A LONG FELLOW we spied afar,
And mentally exclaimed, "Ha! ha!"
Excelsior.

T. F. DILLON CROKER.

A courteous correspondent has forwarded a little pamphlet, which was issued by Enoch Morgan, Sons, and Co., New York, about three years ago. It has some quaintly comical *silhouette* illustrations, beneath each of which is one of the following verses:—

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Eastern village passed
A youth who bore, through dust and heat,
A stencil plate, that read complete—
SAPOLIO!

His brow was sad, but underneath,
White with "Odonto" shone his teeth.
And through them hissed the words, "Well, blow
Me tight if here is 'ary show!"
SAPOLIO!

On household fences, gleaming bright,
Shone "Gargling Oil," in black and white.
Once "Bixby's Blacking" stood alone,
He straight beside it clapped his own—
SAPOLIO!

"Try not my fence," the old man said,
"With 'Mustang Liniment' 'tis spread,
Another vacant spot thar ain't,"
He answered with a dash of paint—
SAPOLIO!

"O, stay," the maiden said, "a rest
Pray give us! What with 'Bixby's Best,'
And 'Simmons' Pills,' we're like to die."
He only answered, "Will you try—
SAPOLIO?"

"Beware them Peaks! That wall so bright
Is but a snow bank, gleaming white,
Your paint won't stick!"; came the reply,
"I've done it! How is that for high?"
"SAPOLIO."

One Sabbath morn, as heavenward
White mountain tourists slowly spurred,
On ev'ry rock to their dismay,
They read that legend strange, alway
"SAPOLIO."

There on the summit, old and fat,
Shameless, but vigorous he sat,
While on their luggage as they passed,
He checked that word, from first to last,
"SAPOLIO."

Advertising parodies of *Excelsior* abound. Extracts from a few of the best are given below :—

13, CROSS CHEAPING.

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through the ancient city passed,
A youth who scorned to pause or stop,
Until he reached that noted shop,
13, CROSS CHEAPING.

In happy homes he saw the light,
Of household fires gleam warm and bright ;
He heeded not the cheerful coal,
But strode straight onward to his goal,
13, CROSS CHEAPING.

"Beware of rain," an old man said,
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead,"
The youth made quite a little speech,
"I fear no rain if once I reach
13, CROSS CHEAPING."

"Oh stay," a maiden said, "and rest ;
Put not your strength to further test,"
A smile lurked in his bright blue eye,
And merrily he made reply :
"13, CROSS CHEAPING."

"Once safely there, I shall forget
My tired feet, and dread of wet ;
Whilst buying where I've bought before ;
Whilst choosing from that well-filled store,
13, CROSS CHEAPING."

"Their BOOTS have richly earned their fame ;
Their SHOES have gained an envied name ;
What matters mud, however thick,
When once your feet are shod by DICK,
13, CROSS CHEAPING."

PILOSAGINE.

The shades of night were falling fast,
When on the word his eyes he cast—
That word which struck him with amaze—
Couched in the adverts' meant to praise.
PILOSAGINE.

Sleep from his eyelids fastly fled,
As to himself he wondering said :
"If it be true that I can buy
What will produce a beard, I'll try
PILOSAGINE."

* * * *

"Tempt not the trash," in tones full rough,
His father urged, "Like other stuff
That you have oft and often tried
'Tis sure to prove." The youth replied,
"PILOSAGINE !"

PILOSAGINE at once applied,
The wished-for three for which he sighed,
Imperial, beard, moustache, soon felt ;
And thankful is he that e'er he spelt
PILOSAGINE.

I.

The drizzling rain was falling fast,
As thro' the streets of London passed
A youth who bore a neat and nice
Umbrella with the strange device,
"THE IMPERCEPTIBLE."

II.

His step was firm, erect his form,
As heedless of the gathering storm
He homeward hied with dauntless mien
Beneath that elemental screen—
"THE IMPERCEPTIBLE."

III.

He saw umbrellas creased and torn,
By wet and angry persons borne,
And sorrowing o'er their wretched plight,
He pitied those who lacked that night
"THE IMPERCEPTIBLE."

IV.

"Best try a cab," an old friend said ;
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead.
The rain will faster fall anon ;"
But still that youth relied upon
"THE IMPERCEPTIBLE."

V.

"O stay," a maiden said, "I'd fain
Ask a brief shelter from the rain."
The astonished youth gazed at the fair,
And gently answered, "You may share,
THE IMPERCEPTIBLE."

OZOKERIT.

(*By a Long-way-after-a-Fellow-Poet.*)

The shades of night were falling fast,
When through a western suburb passed
A man who bore upon his back
A placard, with this word in black—
"OZOKERIT."

His brow was dark, his eye beneath
Gleamed like a lantern o'er his teeth,
Which gnashing ceaselessly he sung
That fragment of an unknown tongue—
"OZOKERIT."

In humble homes he saw the light
Of candles—if anything less bright
Above, the glimmering gas lamps shone,
The contrast wrung from him a groan.
"OZOKERIT."

"Trust not the gas," the old man said,
"Dingy and dull the lamps o'er head—
The illumination is ill supplied,"
But loud that sandwich bearer cried,
"OZOKERIT."

"O stay," the maiden said, "or rest
Until your mystery is guessed!"
A wink obscured his cunning eye,
As still he mentioned in reply—
"OZOKERIT."

Beware the peeler, stern and staunch,
With bull's-eye pendant at his haunch.
This was the pleasant last "Good-day,"
A voice replied, some streets away,
"OZOKERIT."

At break of day, while reeled along,
Shouting their oft repeated song.
Some "Jolly Dogs," with blinking stare,
They heard a voice ring through the air,
"OZOKERIT."

The speaking, tracing by the sound,
They, sitting on a doorstep, found
A man, who bore upon his back
A placard, with that word in black,
"OZOKERIT."

There on the doorstep, cold and flat,
Puzzled by pondering he sat;
And with the hoarseness of catarrh,
He sighed, "I wonders what it are!"
"OZOKERIT."

From *Fun*, October 22, 1870.

CURFEW.

I.

SOLEMNLY, mournfully
Dealing its dole,
The Curfew Bell
Is beginning to toll.

Cover the embers,
And put out the light,
Toil comes with the morning,
And rest with the night.

Dark grow the windows,
And quenched is the fire,
Sound fades into silence,—
All footsteps retire.

No voice in the chambers,
No sound in the hall!
Sleep and oblivion
Reign over all!

LONGFELLOW.

CLOSE OF THE SEASON.

I.

Suddenly, joyfully,
Leaving the Row,
The London Belle
Is beginning to go.

Cover the couches
And shut out the light,
Calls cease in the morning,
And parties at night.

Closed are the windows,
And out is the fire.
The knockers are silent
All footmen retire.

No groom in the chambers,
No porter in hall:
Dust and brown holland
Reign over all!

II.

The season is ended,
And closed like the play,
And the swells that adorned it
Vanish away.

Dim grow its dances,
Forgotten they'll be,
Like the ends of cigars,
Thrown into the sea.

Squares lapse into silence,
The Railways are full
The windows are papered,
The West End is dull.

Fewer and fewer
The people to call
Sweeps and the charwoman,
Reign over all.

THE END.

Tuesday, September 7, 1880.

(*A Vague Reminiscence of Longfellow.*)

TARDILY, wearily,
Reacheth its goal
The Session of '80,
Tired old soul!

Cover the benches,
And put out the light;
Divisions are over,
And sittings all night.

The bells are all dumb,
And idle the wire;
Rant sinks into silence,
Reporters retire

Fewer and fewer
The few footsteps fall;
Quiet and Constables
Reign over all!

Punch, September 18, 1880.

THE BRIDGE.

I STOOD on the bridge at midnight,
As the clocks were striking the hour,
And the moon rose o'er the city,
Behind the dark-church tower.

* * *

How often, oh, how often,
In the days that had gone by,
I had stood on the bridge at midnight
And gazed on that wave and sky!

LONGFELLOW.

The Bridge (By *Longus Socius*.)

I stood on the bridge at midday,
And the crowd was striking in power,
And the roar rose from the City,
And the docks about the Tower.

And I made a bright reflection
On the waters under me,
Like a muddy highway flowing
With steamers to the sea.

* * * *

How often, oh, how often,
In omnibus or fly,
I have crossed the bridge at midday,
When you hardly *could* get by.

How often, oh, how often
I have wished the crowd beside
Were at Jericho or elsewhere,
Or the pathways were more wide.

For my heart was hot and restless,
And my mind was full of care,
Lest the train I wished to go by
Might start 'ere I got there.

* * * *

And I think how many thousand
Of crowd-encumbered men,
Each striving to stem the current,
Have missed their trains since then.

I see the long processions
Of the cabs and the 'busses go,
And the eager people restless,
Because they must walk so slow.

And for ever, and for ever,
For all that a party knows,
As long as the cabs and the 'busses
Must pause with their frequent "whoas,"

To cross it in either direction
Will take an hour or near,
So you simply must start at eleven,
If by twelve you would cross it clear.

Fun, November 3, 1866.

The Rink.

Respectfully Dedicated to the Author of "The Bridge."

I SAT in the Rink at midday;
The clocks were striking the hour,
But you would not have known, for the April sun
Was quenched in a copious shower.

I saw the raindrops falling
In puddles in the street,
And I envied the throng that was passing along
With wet, but unrollered feet.

And far in the hazy distance
Of that dripping April day,
My snug hearth fire gleam'd redder and higher,
Because I was far away.

The rattle of wheels rang round me,
With a quaint and wooden roar,
And groups of the fair, with dishevelled hair,
Were lying about on the floor.

E'en I, in a moment of madness,
Had snatched at the fatal cup,
And my rollers were on, but I sat all alone,
For alas! I could not get up.

And like those rinkers rolling
Amongst their woodon piers,
A flood of thoughts came o'er me
That filled my eyes with tears.

How often, oh, how often,
In the days that had gone by,
I had waltzed in that room at midnight,
With a fixed and a vacant eye.

How often, oh, how often,
I had wished that a cab from afar,
Would bear me away in its bosom
To my rooms, and a mild cigar.

For my limbs were hot and restless,
And my boots a serious care,
And the burden of mild flirtation,
Seemed greater than I could bear.

But now it is changed and vanished,
It has fallen over the brink;
Before, we were sad, but now we are mad,
And the ball-room is turned to a rink.

Yet whenever I watch these rinkers
Amongst their wooden piers,
Like the sound of April raindrops,
Comes the thought of other years.

And I think how many thousands
Of skate-encumbered men,
Each bearing his burden of ladies,
Have rinked on this floor since then.

I see the long procession,
Still tottering to and fro,
The young feet clumsy and rapid,
The old feet clumsy and slow.

And for ever, and for ever,
As long as the raindrops fall,
As long as we've angling ladies,
(And angular too) at all,

The Rink and its ceaseless rollers,
And its broken limbs, shall appear
As the symbol of Bedlam's madness
And its accurate image here!

KIT NUBBLES

The Figaro, June 14, 1876.

The Whitefriargate Bridge.

I.

I stood on the bridge at midnight,
As "Travis" was striking the hour;
And the moon rose o'er the city
Aslant the Dock Co.'s tower.

II.

I stood and recalled how savage,
In the day that's just gone by,
I was stopped by that bridge at midday,
And watched it raised on high.

III.

For my heart was hot and restless,
My business full of care;
And the check thus put upon me
Seemed longer than I could bear.

IV.

And I thought how many thousands
Of work-encumbered men,
On hearing the bell a-ringing,
Have cursed this bridge since then.

V.

I see the long procession
Still pacing to and fro—
The master, the clerk, the workman;
The Dockmen, officious and slow.

VI.

And forever, and forever,
As long as the Company goes,
As long as we brook the fashion
Of transit, and bow to our woes.

VII.

So long we shall lose our appointments,
So long by our spouses be told
That we're ten minutes late as usual,
And our dinner is getting cold.

The Whitefriargate Papers, Hull, February 17, 1872.

SUNSET.

(*An Imitation.*)

I STOOD on the shore at even,
And I looked out into the west,
Out over the pathless ocean,
As the sun sank down to rest.

I saw him dip into the billows,
And the sea was one blaze of light,
As if day's expiring effort
Was to blacken the darkness of night.

From my feet to the far horizon
Was a golden sparkling road,
A type of the path that leads us
From earth to God's abode.

As darkness fell on the waters,
I heard the sea-birds' cry,
And the mighty ocean answered
With its waves in an endless sigh.

Then I thought how like the sunlight
We find our hopes depart,
And the ocean's endless sighing
Found an echo in my heart.

F. W. D., St. Alban Hall.

College Rhymes (T. Shrimpton and Sons, Oxford), 1873.

THE SLAVE'S DREAM.

BESIDE the ungathered rice he lay,
His sickle in his hand;
His breast was bare. his matted hair
Was buried in the sand,
Again, in the mist and shadow of sleep,
He saw his Native Land.

* * * *

The forests, with their myriad tongues,
Shouted of liberty:
And the Blast of the Desert cried aloud,
With a voice so wild and free,
That he started in his sleep, and smiled
At their tempestuous glee.

He did not feel the driver's whip,
Nor the burning heat of day;
For Death had illumined the Land of Sleep,
And his lifeless body lay
A worn-out fetter, that the soul
Had broken and thrown away!

LONGFELLOW.

THE SWELL'S DREAM; OR, WHAT HIS HEIR WOULD LIKE TO BRING ABOUT.

(*Dedicated by a Shortman to a Longfellow.*)

I.

BESIDE an untouched ice he lay,
An eighteenpenny cigar in his hand,
He shook his hair with an angry air
At the sound of a distant band.
Then he dreamt in the mist and shadow of sleep
He was a beggar in the Strand,

II.

Wide through his frock-coat's gaping seams
His fancy shirting showed;
He had no gloves, no crutchy cane,
No nosegay *a la mode*;
And he saw a man, with a tinkling pan,
Crying m-u-lk all down the road!

III.

He felt quite sore, and very lean,
His face was sadly tanned;
His bones stuck out on both his cheeks,
And he could hardly stand.
A tear dropped from the sleeper's lids,
His Havanna from his hand.

IV.

And then the dismal vision showed
The way in which he sank;
From golden chains, to aches and pains,
With no balance at the bank.
For this woe he could feel, and it caused him to reel,
He had but himself to thank.

V.

From a popular man, dubbed a wit and a wag,
To a pauper without a *sous*;
From morn till night, like an unhappy wight,
Cut or shunned by all he knew.
And this was his fate, by stopping up late,
And losing his money at "loo!"

VI.

How he had wasted his time and his tin
By keeping and driving a team.
The care and the cash he had spent on his weeds,
All this he saw in his dream.
And, as his thoughts sped, the blood in his head
Curdled up like so much cream.

VII.

He thought of the good he might have done
For love and charity;
And with anguish bowed, he cried out aloud
A word that began with a "d!"
He started and woke—and exceedingly riled,
Rang the bell for a Soda and B.

VIII.

How did he feel as he took out his watch,
And consulted the time of day?
Had he learnt a lesson from the Land of Sleep?
I hope for *my* sake he may!
And I think the moral *did* reach its goal,
For he's got quite stingy they say.

From *Cribblings from the Poets* (Jones and Piggott, Cambridge, 1883).

SONG OF THE SILENT LAND.

INTO the Silent Land!
Ah! who shall lead us thither?
Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,
And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand.
Who leads us with a gentle hand
Thither, O thither,
Into the Silent Land?

LONGFELLOW.

SONG OF THE IRISH LAND!

(After Longfellow and Salis.)

INTO the Irish Land!
Ah! who shall lead us thither?
Clouds in the Western sky less darkly gather,
And household wrecks less thickly dot the strand.
Who leads us with a friendly hand,
Thither, oh thither,
Into the Irish Land?

O Land! O Land!
For which poor Pat hath plotted,
GLADSTONE, mild herald by kind fate allotted,
Beckons, and with his blessed Bill doth stand,
To lead us with a friendly hand
Into the Land whence we've long been parted,
Into the Irish Land!

Punch, August 13, 1881.

In *Punch* of October 21, 1882, there was another parody of this poem, entitled "Song of the Oyster Land," by a *Longing Fellow*, commencing—

"Into the Oyster Land!
Ah! Who shall lead us thither?"

THE NORMAN BARON.

IN his chamber, weak and dying,
Was the Norman baron lying;
Loud without the tempest thundered,
And the castle-turret shook.

In this fight was Death the gainer,
Spite of vassal and retainer,
And the lands his sires had plundered,
Written in the Doomsday Book.

* * * * *

Every vassal of his banner,
Every serf born to his manor,
All those wronged and wretched creatures
By his hand were freed again.
And, as on the sacred missal
He recorded their dismissal,
Death relaxed his iron features,
And the monk replied, "Amen!"
Many centuries have been numbered
Since in death the baron slumbered
By the convent's sculptured portal.
Mingling with the common dust.
But the good deed, through the ages
Living in historic pages,
Brighter grows and gleams immortal,
Unconsumed by moth or rust.

LONGFELLOW.

THE REPENTANT BARON.

A Lay of Berlin.

(After Professor Shortfellow.)

In his chamber, mine adjoining,
Was the German Baron dining.
Loud his voice with passion thundered,
And with fear the kellner shook.
As I listened it was plainer
That he bullied this retainer,
Forasmuch as he had blundered;
Or it might have been the cook.

Just outside, upon the Linden,
On an instrument (a wind 'un)
Played a minstrel most demurely,
Dismal as the parish waits.
And so loud he kept on getting,
While his frau stood by him, knitting,
That I thought, "The Baron, surely,
Will demolish all the plates."

"Spare a groschen, princely stranger!
May you never be in danger
Of the want of means to spare 'un,
Or a couple, if so be."
Then the minstrel went on playing,
Not a single word more saying;
And exclaimed the shuddering Baron,
"*Miserere Domine!*"

Tears upon his eyelids glistened
While in agony he listened
To the instrument (a wind 'un)
Which the minstrel he did play.
Then unto the kellner ready,
"Take this double thaler," said he,
To the minstrel of the Linden,
Begging him to go away."

In that hour of deep contrition
He beheld with double vision
All the sins he had committed,
And he said in accents thick

To the kellner. "Loo' here, kellner,
You're a 'spec'ble kind o' felner;
I'm a felner to be pitied;
I'm a mis'ble felner! Hic.

"Can you feel for one in sorrow?
I shall make my will to-morrow;
I shall leave you all my money,
Every single thing that's mine.
Watch—repeater; ring—carbuncle;
Kellner you're my long-lost uncle.
Just discovered this—how funny!
Fesh another bolowine."

Many hours the clock has numbered
Since the German Baron slumbered;
And his boots are at the portal
Of his chamber, free from dust;
And an instrument (a wind 'un)
Sounds again upon the Linden,
Waking that unhappy mortal
From the snorings of the just.

GODFREY TURNER.

Tom Hood's Comic Annual, 1871.

Longfellow's ballad, *The Skeleton in Armour* commences thus:—

"SPEAK! speak! thou fearful guest!
Who, with thy hollow breast
Still in rude armour drest,
Comest to daunt me!
Wrapt not in Eastern balms,
But with thy fleshless palms
Stretched, as if asking alms,
Why dost thou haunt me?"

its metre was admirably imitated by the late C. S. Calverley, in his

ODE TO TOBACCO.

THOU who, when fears attack
Bidst them avaunt, and Black
Care, at the horseman's back,
Perching, unseatest;
Sweet when the morn is grey;
Sweet when they've cleared away
Lunch, and at close of day
Possibly sweetest.
I have a liking old
For thee, though manifold
Stories, I know are told,
Not to thy credit.

* * * *

Cats may have had their goose
Cooked by tobacco juice;
Still why deny its use
Thoughtfully taken?
We're not as tabbies are:
Smith take a fresh cigar!
Jones, the tobacco jar!
Here's to thee, Bacon!

From C. S. Calverley's *Verses and Translations* (George Bell and Sons).

THE DERBY WEEK.

(*A Long Way After a Longfellow.*)

Oh, Derby week, oh, Derby week, how precious are thy pleasures!
Not hymned alone in summer-time
With hoarse enthusiastic rhyme,
Oh, Derby week, oh, Derby week, but hailed in pewtern measures!

Oh, Derby week, oh, Derby week, how coarse the cads who "put on"
Their three half-crowns for Insulaire,
Or intimate Sir Joseph's "square,"
Oh, Derby week, oh, Derby week—as if I cared a button!

Saturnian feasts, Saturnian feasts, you ape, despite Dame Grundy,
We laugh until the dread bell rings,
But oh, the aches to-morrow brings,
And Derby week, and Derby week, that reckoning on the Monday!

The welsher's book, the welsher's book, is mirror of thy glories:
It's ready when *their* horse comes in,
But somewhat muddled when *you* win.
The welsher's book, the welsher's book, whips Black's in point of stories!

So Derby week, oh, Derby week, your usual style, we think, errs,
In ending in too cheerful nights,
Headaches and debts, green veils and fights,
And Derby week, oh, Derby week, Dutch dolls and British drinkers.

Funny Folks, June 8, 1878.

The following are parodies of the "Saga of King Olaf," contained in Longfellow's "Tales of a Wayside Inn":—

QUEEN SIGRID THE HAUGHTY.

(*A Longfellow Cut Short.*)

Queen Sigrid the Haughty sat proud and aloft,
In her chamber that looked over meadow and croft;
She held in her hand a ring of gold
That was brought to her by a henchman old.
King Olaf had sent her that wedding gift;
But knowing King Olaf was prone to thrift,
She gave the ring to her goldsmiths twain,
Who smiled as they handed it back again.
Then Sigrid the Queen in her haughty way,
Asked, "Why do you smile, my goldsmiths, pray?"
They answered, "Queen, if the truth be told,
The ring is Brummagem—'t isn't gold!"
The colour flushed over forehead and cheek,
She simply stamped—but she did not speak.
A footstep rang on the outer stair,
And in strode Olaf with royal air.
He kissed her hand, and he whispered love,
And (just for the rhyme) he murmured "Dove!"
She smiled with contempt as she said "Oh, king!
Step it—and get five bob on that ring!"
The face of King Olaf was dark with gloom,
He swore as he strode about the room.

She raised her brows and looked at the King—
"To swear before ladies is not the thing!"
"Why should I wed thee," he cried, "old maid?
A faded beauty, a heathen jade!"
He swore a swear, and he stamped a stamp,
And he fetched her a whack with his gingham Gamp.
They placed the King in a dungeon vault,
Because he was guilty of an assault,
With Tupper for supper, and hot cross buns
They slowly starved him, those savage ones,
And his only drink was Petrole*um*—
And he'd been accustomed to Red Heart Rum!

A SHORTFELLOW.

THE SAGA OF THE SKATERMAN.

DOWN by the Serpentine,
Found I the Skaterman—
Found him a-wiping his
Eyes with his ulster-sleeve,
Eyes full of scalding tears,
Red with much blubbering.
Red was his nose likewise—
Deeply I pitied him.

"Cheer up, O Skaterman!
Never say die!" says I.
"Cheer up, my hearty!"—so
Tried I to comfort him,
Slapping his back, whereby
Coughed he like anything,
Forth went my heart to him,
Lent him my wipe, I did,
Dried his poor nose and eyes,
Sitting aside of him
Holding his hand.
"Hark to the Skald!" I says,
"Tell him what's up with thee;
Thor of the Hammer will
Come to thine aid!"
Then spake the Skaterman,
Rumbling with muttered oaths
Deep in his diaphragm,
Grumbling at Thor:
"Blow Thaw and Scald!" he cried;
"Blow heverything!" he cried,
Salt tears a-rolling down
Alongside his nose.
"See these here 'Hacmes,' Sir,
New from the Store they are,
Never been used afore,
Twelve-and-six thrown away!
Friga the Frigid came,
Friga, great Odin's wife,
Bound up the river-gods,
Laid out an icy floor
Mete for the Skaterman.
Then I began to hoard.
Weekly and weekly hoard,
All of my saving to
Buy these here things—
Came Thaw, the thunder-god,
Brake up the Ice-bound stream—
Twelve-and-six thrown away,
That's what's the matter, Sir—
Thaw, he be blowed!"
Then, with a wild shriek, he
Upped with his knobby stick,
Smote on the Acme steel,
Smote with a mighty stroke,
Smote it and broke it up
Into small flinderkins,
Banged it and smashed it up
Into smithereens.
Shocked, then I left him there,
Grumbling at Thor!

Punch's Almanack, 1884.

Another long parody of the same original was contained in *Punch*, September 20, 1879. It was entitled "A Modern Saga," and consisted of nine verses, describing Professor Nordenskiöld's travels and discoveries concerning the North-East passage.

It is now a good many years since a well-known American author, Mr. Bayard Taylor, produced a clever little book, entitled "Diversions of the Echo Club." The late Mr. John Camden Hotten published it in London, and it has since gone through several editions. The scheme of the book is thus given by the author:—"In the rear of Karl Schäfer's lager-beer cellar and restaurant—which everyone knows, is but a block from the central part of Broadway—there is a small room, with a vaulted ceiling, which Karl calls his *Löwengrube*, or Lions' Den. Here, in their Bohemian days, Zoïlus and the Gannet had been accustomed to meet, discuss literary projects, and read fragments of manuscript to each other. The Chorus, the Ancient and young Galahad gradually fell into the same habit, and thus a little circle of six, seven, or eight members came to be formed. The room could comfortably contain no more: it was quiet, with a dim, smoky, confidential atmosphere, and suggested Auerbach's Cellar to the Ancient, who had been in Leipzig.

Here authors, books, magazines, and newspapers were talked about; sometimes a manuscript poem was read by its writer; while mild potations of beer and the dreamy breath of cigars delayed the nervous, fidgetty, clattering-footed American Hours. The character which the society assumed for a short time was purely accidental. As one of the Chorus, I was present at the first meeting, and, of course, I never failed afterwards. The four authors who furnished our entertainment were not aware that I had written down, from memory, the substance of the conversations, until our evenings came to an end, and I have had some difficulty in obtaining their permission to publish my reports."

These so-called "Reports" describe the proceedings at eight meetings of the Club, and the conversation is devoted to criticisms of the most famous modern poets. The members next proceed to draw lots as to whose works they shall imitate, the result being a series of parodies, or, more correctly speaking, comical imitations of style, many of which are exceedingly amusing.

The principal poets thus parodied are William Morris; Robert Browning; E. A. Poe; John Keats; Mrs. Sigourney; A. C. Swinburne; R. W. Emerson; E. C. Stedman; Dante G. Rossetti; Barry Cornwall; J. G. Whittier; Oliver Wendell Holmes; Alfred Tennyson; H. W. Longfellow; Walt Whitman; Bret Harte; J. R. Lowell; Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning; and several less known authors.

Amongst the minor poets are included several American writers, whose works are almost unknown to English readers.

On the Fifth night *Zoilus* draws *Longfellow*, and his comrades caution him to beware how he treats an author, already a classic, whose works have been complimented by many ordinary parodies. He composes the following imitation of Longfellow's hexameters :—

NAUVOO.

This is the place: be still for a while, my high-pressure steamboat!
Let me survey the spot where the Mormons builded their temple.
Much have I mused on the wreck and ruin of ancient religions,
Scandinavian, Greek, Assyrian, Zend, and the Sanskrit,
Yea, and explored the mysteries hidden in Talmudic targums,
Caught the gleam of Chrysaor's sword and occulted Orion,
Backward spelled the lines of the Hebrew graveyard at Newport,
Studied Ojibwa symbols and those of the Quarry of Pipe-stone,
Also the myths of the Zulus whose questions converted Colenso,
So, methinks, it were well I should muse a little at Nauvoo.

Fair was he not, the primitive Prophet, nor he who succeeded,
Hardly for poetry fit, though using the Urim and Thummin.
Had he but borrowed Levitical trappings, the girdle and ephod,
Fine twined linen, and ouches of gold, and bells and pomegranates,
That, indeed, might have kindled the weird necromancy of fancy.
Had he but set up mystical forms, like Astarte or Peor,
Balder, or Freya, Quetzalcoatl, Perun, Manabozho,
Verily, though to the sense theologic it might be offensive,
Great were the gain to the pictured, flashing speech of the poet.
Yet the Muse that delights in Mesopotamian numbers,
Vague and vast as the roar of the wind in a forest of pine-trees,
Now must tune her strings to the names of Joseph and Brigham.
Hebrew, the first; and a Smith before the Deluge was Tubal,
Thor of the East, who first made iron ring to the hammer;
So on the iron heads of the people about him, the latter,
Striking the sparks of belief and forging their faith in the Good Time
Coming, the Latter Day, as he called it,—the Kingdom of Zion.
Then, in the words of Philip the Eunuch unto Belshazzar,
Came to him multitudes wan, diseased and decrepit of spirit,
Came and heard and believed, and builded the temple of Nauvoo.

All is past; for Joseph was smitten with lead from a pistol,
Brigham went with the others over the prairies to Salt Lake.
Answers now to the long, disconsolate wail of the steamer,
Hoarse, inarticulate, shrill, the rolling and bounding of ten-pins,—
Answers the voice of the bar-tender, mixing the smash and the julep,
Answers, precocious, the boy, and bites a chew of tobacco.
Lone as the towers of Afrasiab now is the seat of the Prophet,
Mournful, inspiring to verse, though seeming utterly vulgar:
Also—for each thing now is expected to furnish a moral—
Teaching innumerable lessons for who so believes and is patient.
Thou, that readest, be resolute, learn to be strong and to suffer!
Let the dead Past bury its dead and act in the Present!
Bear a banner of strange devices, "Forever" and "Never!"
Build in the walls of time the fame of a permanent Nauvoo,
So that thy brethren may see it and say, "Go thou and do likewise!"

This poem does not altogether meet with his comrades' approval; Zoïlus retorts that "it is no easy thing to be funny in hexameters; the Sapphic verse is much more practicable."

The Gannet hereupon asserts that he could write an imitation of Longfellow's higher strains —not of those which are so well known and so much quoted—which would be fairer to the poet, and after a short interval produces—

THE SEWING-MACHINE.

A strange vibration from the cottage window
My vagrant steps delayed,
And half abstracted, like the ancient Hindoo,
I paused beneath the shade.

What is, I said, this unremitting humming,
Louder than bees in spring?
As unto prayer the murmurous answer coming,
Shed from Sandalphon's wing.

Is this the sound of unimpeded labour,
That now usurpeth play?
Our harsher substitute for pipe and tabor,
Ghittern and virelay?

Or, is it yearning for a higher vision,
By spiritual hearing heard?
Nearer I drew, to listen with precision,
Detecting not a word.

Then, peering through the pane, as men of sin do,
Myself the while unseen,
I marked a maiden seated by the window,
Sewing with a machine.

Her gentle foot propelled the tireless treadle,
Her gentle hand the seam :
My fancy said, it were a bliss to peddle
Those shirts, as in a dream !

Her lovely fingers lent to yoke and collar
Some imperceptible taste ;
The rural swain, who buys it for a dollar,
By beauty is embraced.

O fairer aspect of the common mission !
Only the Poet sees
The true significance, the high position
Of such small things as these.

Not now doth Toil, a brutal Boanerges,
Deform the maiden's hand ;
Her implement its soft sonata merges
In songs of sea and land.

And thus the hum of the unspooling cotton,
Blent with her rhythmic tread,
Shall still be heard, when virelays are forgotten,
And troubadours are dead.

It may be said of "Diversions of the Echo Club" (now published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus), that whilst many of the parodies are amusing, none are either vulgar or ill-natured; the criticisms on the various poets are generally just, thoughtful, and keenly perceptive.

Before leaving Longfellow there are two amusing imitations of Hiawatha to be quoted; Unfortunately, the very clever *Song of Big Ben* is too long to quote in full, but it is easily accessible :—

THE SONG OF BIG BEN.

SHOULD you ask me why these columns
Filled with words of many speakers—
Why this record of their doings,
With their frequent repetitions,
Their inane deliberations,
And their aggravating dulness ?
I should answer, I should tell you,
"That I write them as I hear them,
As I hear, and as I see them ;—
That the world may learn what happens
In the painted, gilded chamber,
In the chapel of St. Stephen's,
At the House of Talkee-Talkee,
Where, upon the woolsack, patient,
Lolls the Chancellor, hard-headed,
Where, enthroned above the table,
Sadly sits and broods the Speaker."
Should you ask me why he sits there ?
I should answer, I should tell you,
"'Tis because the people will it ;
'Tis because they send up members
Who will talk for moons together ;
Nought accomplishing, yet spouting,
Like the dolphin, Mishe-no-zha,
Weak and watery stuff for ever."
If still further you should ask me,
Saying "But what do these members,
And the many like unto them,
In the House of Talkee-Talkee ?"
I should answer your enquiry
Straightway in such words as follow :—
"Much they love to hear their voices
Talking rubbish at all seasons :
Many 'mongst them seize all chances
For the riding of their hobbies ;
Ride them late and ride them early,
Ride them through the Standing Orders ;
Ride them without bit or bridle,
Knowing not, nor caring whither."
And if once again you query,
Saying, "Is this all they do there ?"
I should answer your fresh query,
I should meet your new conundrum
Right away in some such fashion
As the following, for instance,
I should tell you, "There are many
Who will bide their time with patience,
Knowing that to them by waiting
Will come all the things they long for.
That M.P. means oft More Power ;
That 'twill bring them briefs and clients,
Make them 'guinea-pigs' and chairmen,
Knight them, maybe, in the future ;
Or ennoble them if only
They will spend their money freely
For the party they belong to."
If you really had the conscience
To make any more enquiries,
I would answer, I should tell you
Not to ask more leading questions,
But to wait and read these columns.
In these records find your answers,
In these lines replies discover ;

THE LORDS.

To the gilded, painted chamber
Of the House of Talkee-Talkee,
Comes a crowd of various people,
Comes a flock of noble ladies,
Painted most, and all *decolletees ;*
Come the Bishops and the Judges,
Gravely taking up their places ;
Clad in their state robes, the Judges,
Like to aged washerwoman ;
In their puffed lawn sleeves, the Bishops,
Fussy, like the hen that cackles
Over new-laid egg or chicken ;
Come diplomatists by dozens,
Blazing with their numerous orders,
Which they gladly take, like bagmen ;
Come with their vermilion buttons
And their petticoats of satin,

Wond'ring much, the Chinese Envoys :—
Wond'ring why it is the ladies
Care to sit squeezed up like herrings ?
How it is their faces glow so
With the ruddy hues of nature?
Wond'ring why it is the nobles
Moon about with hideous cloaks on,
Making them appear round-shouldered,
Mute-like, "Jarvie-ish," ungainly ?
Why it is Lord Coleridge carries
'Neath the folds of his the head-gear
Known in slang phrase as a "stove-pipe !"
Why in swallow-tail of evening
Mr. Pierrepoint walks at noon-day ?
Why the Primate greets profusely
Fezzed Musurus when he enters ?
Why the latter comes to gaze on
These ill-fated dogs of Christians
That his former masters cheated ?
And their wonderment continues
As they hear the *charivari*,
See the entrances and exits,
Watch staid men in green and silver,
Rushing here and running thither.
Others, clad in velvet small-clothes,
Pottering in among the benches,
Nought effecting but confusion.

* * * *

Entered are at last the household,
And the Queen comes through the doorway,
Sits she in her dress of velvet
On the throne, and all is silent.
Only for a minute's space though,
For, from down a distant lobby,
Comes the sound of pattering footsteps,
Like the rush of many waters,
By the shore of Gitche Gumee,
By the shining Big Sea Water.
Nearer, nearer, comes the pattering,
Louder, louder grow the voices,
More pronounced the hurried scuffling.
Now it seems as though the sound wave
Rolled close to the chamber's portal,
And, 'midst loud complaints and laughter,
Plainly heard by all who sat there,
Comes unto the bar the Speaker ;
At his heels are Stafford Northcote,
And Ward Hunt, the Tory giant,
After them the deluge ! Members
Fight and push, and pull and scuffle ;
Loudly wrangle for their places,
And protest with scanty measure
Of politeness or good breeding ;
Whilst their premier, safe translated,
Smiles a smile that's cold and selfish.

But at length the Commons settle
Into order as behoves them.
And the Chancellor upstanding
Mounts the throne's wide steps, and kneeling
To his sovereign he offers
Her own speech, which she declining.
He unrolls, and then distinctly
With a voice and tone majestic
(Picked up in his constant practice),
Read it in this way and this wise :—
"Listen to these words of wisdom
Sounding much but meaning little,
That with much elaborate caution,
In the Cabinet we hit on.

Oh, my faithful Lords and Commons,
As it is so far from likely
That you read the daily journals,
As it is so very certain
You've heard nothing that has happened,
I will tell you what you cannot
By remotest chance have heard of :
Know ye then, my trusted children,
There has been a war in Turkey,
And my Ministers have written
Some despatches on the subject ;
So if, later on, my Commons
Should find out the vote for foolscap
And for ink and quills is swollen,
They will know the cause and pass it ;
But let me haste on to tell you
In thrice twenty lines the items
That for weeks have been known fully
Through the papers to the people.
Know ye then, my Lords and Commons
(This is likewise news important,
I have journeyed far to tell you),
We joined Europe in a Conference,
And we sent our trusty cousin,
Robert Cecil, Salisbury's Marquis,
To take part in its discussions ?
Know ye not that Robert Cecil,
Lordly master he of Hatfield,
Went and saw, but did not conquer—
Went and talked, but did not manage
Well his coaxing or his bluster ;
Nay, came back completely vanquished,
And must do without his dukedom ?
Need I add, my knowing children,
How his failure grieved his colleagues—
How Lord Derby wept to hear it—
How Lord Beaconsfield has felt it ?
Still bewails it much in private,
And in public should his lips curl,
That is merely force of habit.
Know ye too, my legislators,
My most able statute-makers,
That my Indian subjects vastly
Liked the squibs let off at Delhi,
By my dreamy poet-Viceroy ;
And, about to die of famine,
They enjoyed the show immensely.
All the Colonies are prosp'rous !
Which, if I am not mistaken,
Will be news to many of them,
Say, for instance, to Barbadoes.

Gentlemen, who pull the purse-strings,
I presume you will, as usual,
Vote sufficient of the needful.
Go, then, and in these great labours
May the spirit of the Master,
Gitche Manito, the Mighty
Aid you, lest they should o'erwhelm you."

Then uprose the Queen, and vanished,
And a hubbub fills the Chamber :
Peers take off their robes of velvet ;
Ladies cover up their shoulders,

And the throng is quickly scattered;
Yet was very full the chamber—
Full of Lords, and full of strangers,
All come down, and feeling curious
How the Earl and eke the Marquis
Would get on when brought together;
Some there were who thought the Marquis
Would upon the Earl his back turn;
Some who thought the Earl would curl his
Upper lip, and snub the Marquis;
Others that the Marquis, smarting
With the knowledge that he'd been offered
Coolly on the Eastern altar,
That he had been made a victim;
Had been sent to wreck his prestige,
'Mongst the diplomatic breakers,
Would dig up the buried hatchet
From the *Quarterly's* shut pages,
Would dash down the friendly peace-pipe,
And his tomahawk turn wildly
On his former foe, Ben Dizzy;
But it did not come to pass so,
For on Thursday all was quiet,
And the Salisburian lion
Lay down with the Dizzian lambkin.
And the Marquis keeps his vengeance
For a more convenient season,
If, indeed, he has not hopes still
Of a dukedom for his failure.
After this they talked for four hours,
But the talk meant simply nothing!

THE COMMONS.

As the "brave" re-seeks his wigwam,
Left deserted in the autumn,
When the early spring-tide tempts him
To return and hunt the bison—
To return and trap the beaver—
To return and scalp the "pale-face"—
To return, in short, and do for
Many beasts and birds and fishes;
So unto their long-left places,
To their worn and padded places,
Where they sought for reputation—
Where they strove for loaves and fishes—
Where they hounded down the helpless—
Where they vexed those in office—
Where they howled and snored and hooted—
Where they quite wore out the Speaker,
Harried Adderley and Holker,
Tried in vain to draw Ben Dizzy,
And gave forth such endless rubbish—
Came the M.P.'s for the Session.
Came in state, too, Mr. Speaker
With the mace and with his chaplain;—
Gold the mace, and Byng his chaplain;
Whereupon did Captain Gossett,
In his normal tights and ruffles,
"Tile" the door till prayers were over.
Thus all present fell to praying,
Let us hope they prayed in earnest,
For delivery from envy,
Spite and malice and Kenealy.
Prayed for sense (God knows most want it),
Prayed for very frequent count-outs,
And for early dissolution.

Now the mace is on the table,
Then throne [illegible]

Tries to read it, but half through it,
Something ails him, and he falters.
May we not trace his emotion
To the thought of what's before him?
How can he fail to remember
That the bores have re-assembled.
Stronger both in lung and purpose,
That when they left town last August.
And he knows he can't escape them,
That his eye perforce will caught be
By the Lewises and Lawsons,
By the Biggars and the Whalleys,
By the Newdegates and Parnells,
This is why his voice completely
Fails him and prevents his reading,
This is why his accents die out,
Like the last song of Pu-kee-wis,
Of the dying swan, Pu-kee-wis;
This is why they have to bring him
Of the water from his cistern
(Let us hope it first was filtered),
Which he drinks, and so recovers;
Drinks, and so concludes his reading.

Then, since there is no amendment,
One would think that when the mover
And the seconder had spoken
That the House would straightway scatter;
Little do they know, who think so,
Of the ways of Mr. Gladstone!
Little do they understand him,
If they think he can keep silence
When the Eastern question's talked of!
Could they fancy Whalley speechless,
With the Jesuits on the *tapis?*
Could they picture Doctor "Dewdrops"
Dumb upon the Magna Charta?
Or the Common Serjeant henceforth
Dropping his deceased wife's sister?
Could they e'en think Holker clever?
Couple modesty and Jenkins?
Take from Lewis his white waistcoats,
Or from Plimsoll his last hobby?
Could they do all this? it's doubtful,
Even then, if Mr. Gladstone
Could be really kept from speaking.
When the Eastern question's mentioned,
He is always running over
With a tide of verbal fulness;
At a moment's notice ready
To break through his lips or flow out
In a pamphlet from his study,
Just as when the cat, Me-aw-nee,
Sees a mouse she pounces on it;
As the buffalo, Shu-shu-kah,
At the sight of crimson's maddened;
As the sturgeon, Minhe-nah-ma,
Meets a mackerel, but to bolt it,
As the 'possum, Pau-ku-kee-wis,
When it finds a [illegible]
So does [illegible]
Seiz[illegible]

And when he had talked a column,
Was informed by Gathorne Hardy,
That the questions he'd propounded
Would be answered in the blue-books ;
That the information asked for
Would be printed in the blue-books ;
That, in short, his speech was useless—
Verba et prætera nihil.
Whereupon the Speaker vanished,
And the House broke up its sitting.

Truth, February 15, 1877.

THE SONG OF PAHTAHQUAHONG.

"The Rev. HENRY PAHTAHQUAHONG CHASE, hereditary Chief of the Ojibway tribe, President of the Grand Council of Indians, and missionary of the Colonial and Continental Church Society at Muncey Town, Ontario, Canada, has just arrived in England, on a short visit."—*The Standard.*

STRAIGHT across the Big-Sea-Water,
From the Portals of the Sunset,
From the prairies of the Red Men,
Where Suggema, the mosquito,
Makes the aggravated hunter
Scratch himself with awful language ;
From the land of Hiawatha,
Land of wigwams, and of wampum,
Land of tomahawks and scalping,
(See the works of J. F. COOPER),
Comes the mighty PAHTAHQUAHONG,
Comes the Chief of the Obijways.
Wot ye well; we'll give him welcome,
After manner of the Pale Face,
Show him all the old world's wonders,
Griffins in the public highways,
Gormandising corporations,
And the Market of Mud-Salad.
Show him, too, the dingy Palace,
And the House of Talkee-Talkee ;
Where the Jossakeeds—the prophets—
And the Chieftains raise their voices.
Like Iagoo the great boaster,
With immeasurable gabble,
Talking much and doing little,
Till one wishes they could vanish
To the kingdom of Ponemah—
To the Land of the Hereafter !
We will show him all the glories
Of this land of shams and swindles,
Land of much adulteration,
Dusting tea and sanding sugar,
And of goods not up to sample ;
Till disgusted PAHTAHQUAHONG,
Till the Chief of the Obijways,
President of Indian Council,
Missionary swell, and so forth,
Cries. "Oh, let me leave this England,
[illegible] and Beadles,
[illegible]ies ;

burgh. It is entitled "*Rejected Tercentenary Songs*, with the comments of the Committee appended." Edited by Rolus Ray.

It will be remembered that the Edinburgh University has just been celebrating its Tercentenary, and the contents of this amusing little sixpenny pamphlet consist of the Poems supposed to have been sent in, by matriculated students of the University, in competition for a prize of Ten Guineas, offered by the Tercentenary Committee for the best song in honour of the occasion.

It contains numerous Latin and Macaronic verses, a long parody of Walt Whitman, one of Gilbert, and two of Longfellow, which I venture to quote. The first is incomplete :—

"I stood in the quad at midnight,
As the bells were tolling the hour ;
And the moon shone o'er the city,
Behind the Tron Kirk tower."

"Among the black stone gables
The ghostly shadows lay ;
And the moonbeams from the rising moon,
Falling, made them creep away."

"With weary brain and mind opprest,
I stood in the quad and pondered—"

Here it breaks off abruptly; the other is a very fair parody of the *Song of Hiawatha*, although, of course, some of the allusions are only of local interest. The poem is entitled—

PIAMATER.

By Alfred Longcove.

Should you ask of what I'm writing,
With the scented smoke of segars
Curling around my weary head,
With the odours of the class-rooms,
And its wild reverberations
Of the many interruptions
Of its bands of many students,
Rankling in my ears and nostrils ?
Why my head I scratch so often ?
Why I ask my muse to aid me
With her bright poetic fire ?
Why I burn the gas at midnight ?
Why I have so many books—
Poetry books on prosy subjects,
Books of songs by Burns and Moore,
Ponderous books for words referring,
Webster's Unabridged and Walker's
Poet's Rhyming Dictionary—
Strewed around me on the table ?
I should answer, I should tell you,
"'Tis because I am composing
A natal song to Alma Mater."

'Tis thy year, O Alma Mater,
Of thy great Tercentenary.
[illegible]hy years three hundred measures
[illegible] the mighty Hour
[illegible]essing on[illegible]

Through its glassy neck so slender,
Let us sing to her, O students,
A pæan song of natal greetings,
Let us spread our banquet-tables
In the halls of Edina's town.
Let us drain to her good welfare
Many bottles filled with good wine
From the vineyard of the Loire,
From the Spanish town of Xeres,
From the town of great Oporto,
From the country of the Deutchers,
From the flow'ry land of Champagne ;
Let us drain the pewter tankards,
Filled with Bass's bittery beer
And with Dublin's triple X stout ;
Let us drain our glassy goblets,
Filled with the wine of Gooseberry,
Filled with clarets made in London,
And with other imitations ;
Let us brew the Festive Toddy
From the whisky, great Tanglefeet,
On that morn—her natal morning !
Sons and daughters of old Scotland,
Land of Oatcakes and of Whisky,
Don your costumes made for Sunday ;
O ye students of Edina,
Put your "go-to-meetings" on you ;
O ye Dons, that festal morning,
Don ye your gowns and mortar boards ;
Let the Billirubin warble
One of his impromptu ditties,
Physiologic songs of praise—
Sing the praise of Alma Mater ;
Let the great, her mighty surgeon,
Throw his dazzling, lustrous sheen
Of his intellect most massive,
In a speech of his own making,
Stock full of jokes and anecdotes—
Speak the praise of Alma Mater ;
Let them all, her swell Professors,
Puff her up above the skies.
From the Gardens to the Meadows,
From the Loch—great Duddingston—
To the station of Haymarket,
From the Place of the Lunatics
To the town of Portobello—
Where the many donkey-riders
Ride along its dirty sands ;
Where the fellows go on Sunday
For a walk, and drink the *Ozone*
Wafted round promiscuously ;
Where they go to meet their damsels,
And walk with them along the strand—
From Merchiston to Warriston,
Let merry songs of praises ring
On that day, her happy birthday.
Now join with me, ye students all,
Wish her now, your Alma Mater,
Greatest wealth and prosperity,
O Alma Mater,
upon this earth !
Hail to thee, the great Drug Speaker !
Hail to thee, her Story-teller !
Hail to thee, the great Dissector !
Hail to thee, O Damsonjamer !
Hail to thee, her Organ Grinder !
Hail to thee, thou Fossilfeller !
Hail to thee, O Afterglower !
Hail to thee, the Celtic Chairer !
Hail to thee, O Wandering Jew !
Hail to thee, the Magna Charta !
Hail to thee, O great Kirkpaddy !
Hail to thee, Cephalic Mewer !
Hail to thee, no Small Pertater !
Hail to thee, the great Schoolboarder !
Hail to thee, her Comet-gazer !
Hail to thee, the Soda-fountain !
Hail to thee, thou Cubic Crystal !
Hail to thee, O Science Gossip !
Hail to thee, the Engine-Driver !
Hail to thee, thou great Darwiner !
Hail to thee, the Eye-restorer !
Hail to thee, O great Lunatic !
Hail to thee, her long Gatekeeper !
Hail to ye, her famous Children !
Hail to ye, O Students' Council !
Hail to ye, her many Students !
Hail to me, her Song Composer !
Hail to ye, all her Children, Friends,
And Near Relations, on that day !
All hail to our Alma Mater
On her natal morn be given ! ! ! *

The author of *The Dagonet Ballads* has produced so many pathetic poems, descriptive of the terrible miseries of our London poor, that one is rather apt to overlook the humorous poetry proceeding from the same pen. But, like all true masters of pathos, this poet of the people has the power to summon up smiles through our tears. It was well said of Tom Hood "that the blending of the grave with the gay which pervaded his writings, makes it no easy task to class his poems under the heads of 'serious' and 'comic.'" This remark applies with equal force to the poems of George R. Sims, and were it possible to anticipate the verdict of posterity we might expect to find the names of Hood and Sims classed together; indeed, so far as practical results are concerned, the [illegible] tropical efforts of the [illegible] far to exceed [illegible] author of

His brow looked mad, his eye beneath
  Was fixed and fierce—he clenched his teeth,
  While here and there a bell he rung,
But found not all the shops among
                A Plumber.

He saw his home, he saw the light
  Wall-paper sopped—a gruesome sight.
  He saw his dining-room afloat,
He cried, "I'll give a fi' pun note—
                A Plumber!"

"O stop the leak!" his wife had said;
  "The ceiling's cracking overhead,
  The roaring torrent's deep and wide"—
"I'll go and fetch," he had replied,
                "A Plumber."

"Pa ain't at home," the maiden said,
  When to the plumber's house he sped.
  He searched through London low and high,
But nowhere could he catch or spy
                A Plumber.

Next morn, a Peeler on his round,
  A mud-bespattered trav'ller found,
  Who grasped the "Guide to Camden Town"
With hand of ice—the page turned down
                At "Plumbers."

They brought a parson to his side,
  He gently murmured ere he died—
  "My house has floated out to sea,
I am not mad—it's not d. t.—
                It's Plumbers."

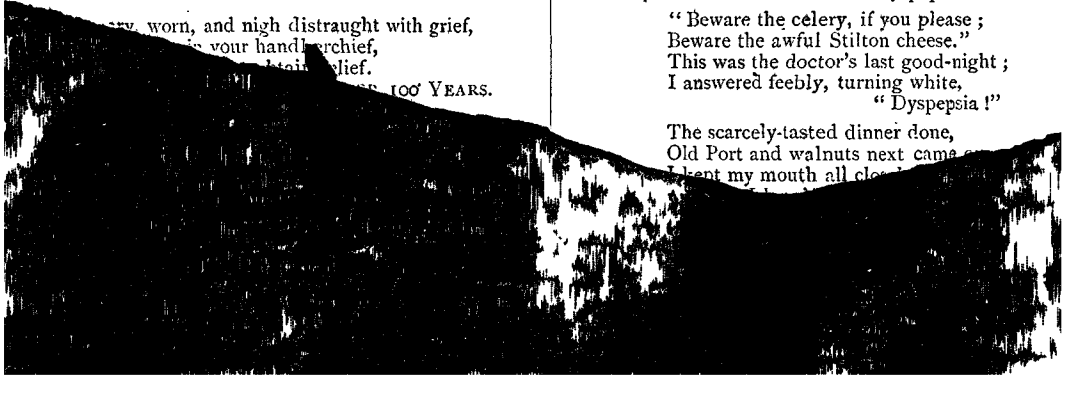
This parody is to be found in a small volume entitled *The Lifeboat and other Poems*, by George R. Sims (John P. Fuller, Wine Office Court, London, 1883).

By the author's kind permission I am also enabled to quote the very funny, although slightly incoherent, remarks of—

THE POETS ON THE MARRIAGE WITH A DECEASED WIFE'S SISTER BILL.

IT comes as a boon and a blessing to men
When your missus as was disappears from your ken.
                ANONYMOUS.

When from the wife you get a parting benison,
Her sister will console you—
                ALFRED TENNYSON.



O blood-bitten lip all aflame,
O Dolores and also Faustine,
O aunts of the world worried shame,
Lo your hair with its amorous sheen,
Meshes man in its tangles of gold;
O aunts of the tremulous thrill,
We are pining—we long to enfold
The Deceased Wife's Fair Relative Bill.
                SWINBURNE.

Although the above lines were written several years ago, they may be appropriately quoted now that the House of Commons has once again carried, and by a large majority, a resolution in favour of the repeal of the law prohibiting marriage with a deceased wife's sister.

(In a division in the House of Commons on May 6, 1884, Mr. Broadhurst's motion was carried by 238 to 127, or a majority of 111 in favour of the repeal.)

DYSPEPSIA.

THE dinner hour had come at last,
The evening sun was sinking fast;
I sat me down in sorry mood,
And darkly look'd upon the food.
                Dyspepsia!

My happy comrades' bright eyes beam'd,
And o'er the steaming *potage* gleam'd;
Alas! not mine to find relief
In whitebait's flavour bright and brief.
                Dyspepsia!

"Try not the duck," my conscience said;
'Twill lie upon your chest like lead;
Delusion all, that bird so fair;
The sage and onions are a snare.
                Dyspepsia!

"Oh, taste!" our hostess cried, and press'd
A portion of a chicken's breast;
I view'd the fowl with longing eye,
Then answer'd sadly, with a sigh,
                Dyspepsia!

I mark'd with fix'd and stony glare
A brace of pheasants and a hare;
A tear stood in my bilious eye,
When helping friends to pigeon-pie.
                Dyspepsia!

"Beware the celery, if you please;
Beware the awful Stilton cheese."
This was the doctor's last good-night;
I answered feebly, turning white,
                "Dyspepsia!"

The scarcely-tasted dinner done,
Old Port and walnuts next came [illegible]
I kept my mouth all clo[illegible]

The Fate of the Winter Rider.

(By a young lady aged fourteen).

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through a lonely village passed
A youth, who rode 'mid snow and ice
A two-wheeled thing of strange device—
A Bicycle.

His brow was sad, his eye below
Flashed like his bicycle's steel glow,
While like a silver clarion rung
A bell, which on the handle hung—
Of the Bicycle.

In cosy sheds he saw the light
Of bicycles well cleaned and bright;
Along the road deep ruts had grown,
And from his lips escaped a moan—
"My Bicycle!"

"Try not that road," the old man said,
"'Tis full of holes, you'll break your head;
The farm pond, too, is deep and wide;"
But loud the bicyclist replied,
"Rot! Bicycle!"

"Beware the oak-tree's withered arm,
Beware the holes, they'll do you harm!"
This was the peasant's last good-night;
A voice replied, "Don't fear, all right—
Vive Bicycles!"

At break of day, as in a brook
A passenger did chance to look,
He started back, what saw he there?
His voice cried through the startled air,
"A Bicycle!"

A bicyclist, upon the ground,
Half buried in the dirt, was found
Still hugging, in his arms of ice,
That two-wheeled thing of strange device,
The Bicycle.

There in the twilight cold and grey,
Helpless, but struggling, he lay,
While, now no longer bright and fair,
His bicycle lay broken there—
Poor Bicycle!

Whizz; the Christmas number of *The Bicycling Times*, 1880.

The Settler's version of Excelsior.

The shades of night were a coming down swift,
Upidee, Upida.
The snow was heapin' up, drift on drift,
Upidee, Upida.
Through a Yankee village a youth did go,
Carrying a flag with this motto—
"Upidee, Upida"

On his high forehead curled copious hair,
He'd a Roman nose, and complexion fair,
A bright blue eye, with an auburn lash,
And he ever kep' a shoutin' this 'ere moustache,
Upidee, Upida!

About half-past nine, as he kep' gettin' upper
He saw a lot of fellers a sitting down to supper;
He eyed those slippery rocks, he eyed 'em very keen
And he fled as he cried, and he cried as he was flyin'—
"Upidee, Upida!"

"Oh take care," cried an old man, "stop;
It's blowing gales up there on top;
You'll be blown right off the other side,"
But the humorous stranger still replied,
"Upidee, Upida."

"Beware the branch of the sycamore tree,
And rolling stones, if any you see;"
Just then the farmer went to bed,
And a singular voice replied overhead,
"Upidee, Upida."

"Oh, stay!" the maiden said, "and rest,
Your weary head upon this breast."
On his Roman nose a tear-drop come,
As he ever kep' a shoutin' as he upward clum,
"Upidee, Upida!"

About a quarter to six in the next forenoon
A man accidentally going up too soon
Heard repeated above him, as much as twice,
Those very same words, in a very weak voice,
"Upidee, Upida."

The very same man about a quarter to seven
(He was slow a-gettin' up, the road being uneven),
Found buried up there, among the snow and ice,
That youth with the banner with the strange device,
"Upidee, Upida."

He was dead, defunct, beyond any doubt,
The lamp of his life was quite gone out,
On the dreary hill-side the youth was a layin',
There was no more use for him to be sayin',
"Upidee, Upida!"

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through the streets of London passed
A party with a packet nice,
On which was seen the strange device—
Exitium.

"Hi, stay!" the Bobby cried, "you man."
Says he, "You'll catch me if you can."
Three rapid strides, and he was gone;
From Bobby's lips escaped a groan—
Exitium.

At break of day, as in a fright,
The Bobbies came from left and right,
Each murmured, starting in a scare;
A crash resounded through the air—
Exitium.

There in the twilight cold and grey—
In ruins stately buildings lay,
And o'er the land the news is spread:
"Another Fenian escapade!"
Exitium.

Scraps, 14 May, 1884.

Use not the coke, the old man said,
The stove must be by small coal fed.
The heap of slack is deep and wide,
But still their saucy voices cried,
Don't bother us!

Printer's Devil, Northampton, 1884.

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What is in an Aim.

(*After* "*The Bridge.*")

I went to bed at eleven,
At the sign of the Azure Boar,
And I knew that my room was seven,
For I'd seen it upon the door.

With a flickering, flaring candle,
That glimmered like sickly Hope,
I found out my way to the handle,
And I flung the portal ope,

When a gentleman—not to *my* thinking—
Was placed in the door upright;
It was evident he had been drinking,
For he hiccuped out in the night;

And he spoke in a language mighty,
That rang through the chill and gloom;
And he asked me, "Highty-tighty,"
"What the deuce do you do in my room?"

And never of warning mildly
A word had the stranger said,
Ere he took up a bootjack wildly,
And hurled it at my head;

And down with a noise and clatter
It fell o'er the winding stair,
And some one cried, "What's the matter?"
And I said, "I am not aware!"

And whenever I feel dyspeptic,
And whenever my soul's unwell,
And whenever I've got lumbago,
And whenever my eyelids swell,

I see the man with the bootjack,
He swears as he used to swear,
And I hear the implement falling
And clattering down the stair;

And I say to myself at twilight,
A vindictive person's a brute;
I'd rather have been on the skylight
Than down at the staircase foot!

For whatever evil you suffer,
The words of the sage rehearse,
"Though things may be bad, you duffer,
They might be a good deal worse."

The Story of a Railway Tavern, by Professor Long, Fellow of the Learned Societies, contained in *Vere Vereker's Vengeance*, by Thomas Hood, 1865.

Reference was made, on page 80, to Edmund H. Yates's parody on *Evangeline*, it is to be found in "Mirth and Metre," by F. E. Smedley and E. H. Yates, 1855.

It commences thus:—

Picnic-aline.

These are the green woods of Cliefden. The glorious oaks and the chestnuts
All appertain to the Duke, whose residence stands in the distance—
Stands like a toyhouse of childhood, besprinkled all over with windows—
Stands like a pudding at Christmas, a white surface, dotted with black things.
Loud from the neighbouring river, the deep voiced clamorous bargée
Roars, and in accents opprobrious holloas to have the lock opened.
These are the green woods of Cliefden. But where are the people who in them
Laughed like a man when he lists to the breath-catching accents of Buckstone?
Where are the wondrous white waistcoats, the flimsy barèges and muslins,
Worn by the swells and the ladies who came here on pleasant excursions?
Gone are those light-hearted people, flirtations, perhaps love—even marriage,
All have had woeful effect since Mrs. Merillian's picnic;
And of that great merry-making, some bottles in tinfoil enveloped,
And a glove dropped by Jane Page, are the vestiges only remaining!
Ye who take pleasure in picnics, and dote on excursions aquatic,
Flying the smoke of the city, vexations and troubles of business,
List to a joyous tradition of one which was once held at Cliefden—
List to a tale of cold chicken, champagne, bitter beer, lobster salad!

* * * * *

Edmund H. Yates.

Town and Gown.

Brightly blazed up the fires through the long dark days of November,
Glimmered the genial lamp in the wainscoted rooms of the College,
Brightest of all in the rooms of De Whyskers, "the talented drinker."
Thence came the festive song, and the clink of the bottles and glasses,
Thence came the chorus loud, abhorred of the Dean and the Fellows.
There sat De Whyskers the jolly, the drinker of curious liquors,
There sat De Jones, and De Jenkyns, stroke oar of the Boniface Torpid;
There too, De Brown, and De Smith, well known to the eyes of the Proctors,
Heedless of numberless ticks, and the schools, and a "plough" *in futuro*,
Sat by the ruddy-faced fire, and quaffed the bright vintage of Xeres.
Merrily out to the night through the fogs and the mist of November
Floated the breath of the weed through the fields of the dark Empyrean,
Rose the melodious sounds of the "dogs" which are known as "the jolly,"
"Slapping" and "banging" along through that noisy and meaningless ditty.
But silence! the welkin now rings (whatever the meaning of that is),
A rumour of battle is heard, and the wine and the weeds are deserted.

Out to the darkling High, where the cad and the commoner struggle,
Out to the noise, and the din, and the crowd of the unwashed mechanics,
Went forth De Whyskers the bold, brimfull of the valour of Holland,
Flashed both his eyes in the dark with a gleam that was quite meteoric,
As flashes the pheasant's tail when he hears the first gun in October.
Now with a yell and a spring the cads came up to the onset,
Cursing and swearing amain, and throwing their arms out like thunder.
Stopping before All Saints' the hideous work of Dean Aldrich,
Stopping De Whyskers made emphatic the sign for the battle,
Thereon he let fall a blow swift like an armourer's hammer,
Down on his face fell a cad as falls an oak on the mountains,
Forth from his nose came "the red" as oft in the vintage the dresser
Squeezes the blushing grape on the plains of Estremadura.
Now from the end of the High a rush of the cads overwhelming
Sweeps as the sea sweeps on in the long dark nights of the winter,
Howling as howl the wolves through the snow in the forests of Sweden;
Blow after blow is struck, as the flakes come down in the snowstorm.
Now from the Turl to the Broad, and St. Giles's, abode of the peaceful,
Even to Worcester the slow, or *Botany Bay*, as they call it,
Down by Trinity Gates, and Balliol beloved of the scholar,
Down by the temple of Tom, whence the Curfew rings in the gloaming
Thundered the fray till the rain came down on the scene as a damper.

College Rhymes (T. and G. Shrimpton, Oxford, 1865.)

The great "Town and Gown" rows that used to occur annually on the Fifth of November, between the undergraduates and the townspeople, have been gradually dying out, but the memory of them still lingers in many old College Rhymes and traditions. They are most vividly described in *Verdant Green, an Oxford Freshman*, a light-hearted clever little work, by the Rev. E. Bradley, Rector of Lenton, better known under his pseudonym of Cuthbert Bede. Mr. Bradley, although himself a Cambridge man, was intimately acquainted with Oxford.

A VOICE FROM THE FAR WEST,
Hailing the Centenary Birthday of Burns.

Happy thy name, O BURNS! for burns, in thy native Doric,
Meaneth the free bright streams, exhaustless, pellucid, and sparkling,
Mountain-born, wild and erratic, kissing the flow'rets in passing,
Type of thy verse and thyself—loving and musical ever;
And the streams by thy verse made immortal are known by our giant rivers,
Where the emigrants sing them to soothe the yearnings for home in their bosoms,
And the Coila and gentle Doon, by the song of the Celtic wanderer,
Are known to the whispering reeds that border the great Mississippi.
Thou wert the lad for the lasses! lasses the same are as misses;
And here we have misses had pleased you—Missouri and the Mississippi.
And "green grow the rushes" beside them—as thy evergreen chorus would have them.
Thou wert the champion of freedom!—Thou didst rejoice in our glory!
When we at Bunker's Hill no bunkum display'd, but true courage!
Jubilant thou wert in our Declaration of Independence!
More a Republican thou than a chain-hugging bow-and-scrape Royalist!
Even the Stars and the Stripes seem appointed the flag of thy destiny;—
The stars are the types of thy glory, the stripes thou didst get from Misfortune.

* * * *

Rival Rhymes, in honour of Burns. Edited by Ben Trovato (Routledge, Warnes & Routledge. London, 1859.)

There are several excellent parodies in *Lays of the Saintly*, amongst them the following, which is given here as it is also in the style of Longfellow's *Evangeline*:—

SISTER BEATRICE (A.D. uncertain).

THIS is the metre Columbian. The soft-flowing trochees and dactyls,
Blended with fragments spondaic, and here and there an iambus,
Syllables often sixteen, or more or less, as it happens,
Difficult always to scan, and depending greatly on accent,
Being a close imitation, in English, of Latin hexameters—
Fluent in sound, and avoiding the stiffness of commoner blank verse,
Having the grandeur and flow of America's mountains and rivers,
Such as no bard could achieve in a mean little island like England;
Oft, at the end of a line, the sentence dividing abruptly
Breaks, and in accents mellifluous follows the thoughts of the author

I.

In the old miracle days, in Rome the abode of the saintly,
To and fro in a room of her sacred conventual dwelling,
Clad in garments of serge, with a veil in the style of her Order,
Mass-book and rosary too, with a bunch of keys at her girdle,
Walk'd, with a pensive air, Beatrice the Carmelite sister.
Fair of aspect was she, but a trifle vivacious and worldly,
And not altogether cut out for a life of devout contemplation.
More of freedom already had she than the rest of the sisters,

For hers was the duty to ope the gates of the convent, and take in
Messages, parcels, *et cetera*, from those who came to the wicket.
Ever and often she paused to gaze on the face of Our Lady,
Limn'd in a picture above by some old pre-Raphaelite Master;
Then would she say to herself (because there was none else to talk to),
"Why should I thus be immured, when people outside are enjoying
Thousands of sights and scenes, while I'm not allowed to behold them,
Thousands of joys and of changes, while I am joyless and changeless?
No, I can bear it no longer. I'll hasten away from the Convent:
Now is the time, for all's quiet; there's no one to see or to catch me."
So resolving at length, she took off her habit monastic,
And promptly array'd herself in smuggled secular garments;
Then on the kneeling-desk she laid down the keys, in a safe place,
Where some one or other, or somebody else, would certainly find them.
"Take thou charge of these keys, blest Mother," then murmured Beatrice,
"And guard all the nuns in this holy but insupportable building."
And as she spoke these words, the eyes of the picture were fasten'd
With mournful expression upon her, and tears could be seen on the canvas;
Little she heeded, however, her thoughts had played truant before her,
Then stole she out of the portal, and never once looking behind her,
Wrapp'd in an ample cloak, and further concealed by the darkness,
Out through the streets of the city Beatrice quickly skedaddled.

II.

Out in the world went Beatrice, her cell was left dark and deserted;
Scarce had she gone, when lo! with wonderment be it related—
Down from her canvas and frame, there stepp'd the blessed Madonna,
Took up the keys and the raiment Beatrice had quitted, and wore them,
Also assuming the face and figure of her who was absent;
Became in appearance a nun, so that none could discover the difference.
Save that the sisters agreed that Beatrice the portress was growing
Better and better, as one who aspired to canonization;
Daily abounding in grace, a pattern to all in the convent;
Till it would not have surprised them to see a celestial halo
Gather around her head, and pinions spring from her shoulders,
That, when too good for this world, she might fly away to a better.
Her post was below her deserts, and so by promotion they made her
Mistress of all the novices seeking religious instruction.
Such was her great success in that tender and beautiful office,
Her pupils all bloomed into saints, and some of the very first water.

III.

Many a day had pass'd since Beatrice escaped from the convent,
Much had she seen of the world, and its wickedness greatly distress'd her;
Oft she repented her act, and long'd to return, yet she dared not;
Oft was determined to go, still she "stood on the order of going."
Thus it at last occurr'd that her convent's secular agent
Entered one day, in the house where the truant sister was staying,
But changed as she was in appearance, he did not know her from Adam;
Whilst he in his clerical garb was to her a familiar figure.
"Now I shall learn," thought she, "what they say of my flight and my absence."
And so she eagerly asked of the nuns and of sister Beatrice,
As of a friend she had known when living near to the convent.
"Truly," the factor replied, "She is still the pride of our sisters,
Favourite too of the abbess, and worthy of all our affection.
Would there were more of her kind in *some* houses monastic I know of,"
Puzzled and rather distress'd, then answer'd the truant *religieuse*,
"She whom I speak of, alas! was less of a saint than a sinner,
She fled from the veil and the cell, so surely you speak of another?"
"Not in the least, my child," the secular agent responded;
"Sister Beatrice, the saint-like, did *not* run away from the cloister,
Mistress is she of the novices. Why should she go? Stuff and nonsense!"
"What can it mean?" thought Beatrice, "and who is my double and namesake?"
So when the agent was gone, resolved she would settle the question,
Off to the convent she went, and knocked at the portal familiar,
Ask'd for the sister Beatrice, was shown to the parlour and found a
Counterpart of herself, as she was in her days of seclusion.
Down on her knees went Beatrice—the why and the wherefore she knew not.
"Welcome, my daughter, again," said her double, the blessed Madonna;
"Now I restore you your keys, your robe, and your other belongings,
Adding the excellent name and promotion I've won in your likeness;
Be you a nun as before, but more pious; farewell, take my blessing."
Speaking, she melted away in the holy pre-Raphaelite picture.
Again was Beatrice "herself," like Richard the third, *à la* Shakespeare,
Growing in grace from that day, and winning the glory of Saintship;
While each of the pupils she taught, went to heaven as surely as *she* did.

Such is the metre Columbian, but where is the bard who devised it?
Tenderest he of the poets who wrote in the tongue of (New) England,

Where the minstrel who sang of "Evangeline," also "Miles Standish?"
Alas! he will never again pour forth his effusions pathetic,
But his name and his fame endure, and this characteristic measure
In honour of him I adopt, without any thought of burlesquing.
Thus on the ear its cadence, like sounds from the labouring ocean,
Breaks, and in accents mellifluous follows the thoughts of the author.

Lays of the Saintly, by Walter Parke (Vizetelly & Co.), London, 1882.

Charles Wolfe.

The Reverend Charles Wolfe, who was born in Dublin in 1791, has earned literary immortality by one short poem, and that copied with considerable closeness from a prose account of the incident to which it refers. Reading in the *Edinburgh Annual Register* a description of the death and burial of Sir John Moore, the young poet turned it into verse with such sublime pathos, such taste and skill, that his poem has obtained imperishable fame in our literature.

Mr. Wolfe also produced a few other poems of unquestionable grace and pathos, but nothing approaching the beauty of his immortal ode. He was, for a time, curate of Ballyclog, in Tyrone, and afterwards of Donoughmore. His arduous duties in a large, wild, and very scattered parish left him little leisure to cultivate the muses, and soon told on his delicate constitution. He died of consumption on 21st February, 1823, at the early age of 32, and thus the assertion of his detractors that he produced nothing else of sufficient merit to show that he could have written the ode in question, may be easily met by the two pleas—firstly, that he had other duties to perform; and, secondly, that his career was too brief to admit of many, or great, performances.

The battle of Corunna was fought on January 16, 1809, by the British army, about 15,000 strong, under Sir John Moore, against a force of about 20,000 Frenchmen.

The British troops had just safely accomplished a retreat to the coast in the face of a superior force, and were on the point of embarking, when the French attacked; the enemy was repulsed, but the British loss was very great, and Sir John Moore, who was struck on the left shoulder by a cannon ball, died, much lamented by his troops. His body was removed at midnight to the citadel of Corunna, and a grave was dug for him on the ramparts by a party of the 9th Regiment. No coffin could be procured, and the officers of his staff wrapped the body, dressed as it was, in a military cloak and blankets. The interment was hastened, for firing was heard, and the officers feared that if a serious attack were made, they should be ordered away, and not allowed to pay him their last duty. The embarkation of the troops took place next day, under the command of Sir David Baird, who had also been wounded in the fight.

The following is what Lord Byron correctly termed, "The most perfect Ode in the language":—

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

'The following lines were written by a Student of Trinity College, on reading the affecting account of the Burial of Sir John Moore, in the *Edinburgh Annual Register*':—

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corpse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him—
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—
But we left him alone with his glory!

The ode was first published in *Currick's Morning Post* (Ireland) in 1815, with the signature "W. C.," and the Rev. J. A. Russell, in his "Remains of C. Wolfe" (London, 1829), states that a letter is preserved in the Royal Irish Academy, addressed by the Rev. C. Wolfe to John Taylor, Esq., at the Rev. Mr. Armstrong's

Clononty, Cashel, in which he says:—"I have completed the 'Burial of Sir John Moore,' and will here inflict it upon you." This letter bears the post mark "September 9, 1816."

Yet although the poem was quickly copied into all the newspapers, and at once became widely popular, its authorship long remained the subject of controversy. By some it was ascribed to Lord Byron, whilst Shelley was inclined to name Thomas Campbell as its author. In 1841, long after the death of Wolfe, it was dishonestly claimed by a Scotch teacher, Mr. Macintosh, who ungenerously sought to pluck the laurel from the grave of its owner.

The friends of Wolfe came forward, and established his right to the poem; the impostor was compelled to withdraw his claim, and apologise for his misconduct.

Of the numerous claims to the authorship of these lines the most striking was that advanced by the Rev. Francis Mahony ("Father Prout") in "Bentley's Miscellany," Vol. 1, p. 96, 1837:—

"The Rev. Mr. Wolfe is *supposed* to be the author of a single poem, unparalleled in the English language for all the qualities of a true lyric, breathing the purest spirit of the antique, and setting criticism completely at defiance. I say *supposed*, for the gentleman himself never claimed its authorship during his short and unobtrusive lifetime. He who could write the "Funeral of Sir John Moore" must have eclipsed all the lyric poets of this latter age by the fervour and brilliancy of his powers. Do the other writings of Mr. Wolfe bear any trace of inspiration? None.

"I fear we must look elsewhere for the origin of those beautiful lines; and I think I can put the public on the right scent. In 1749, Colonel de Beaumanoir, a native of Brittany, having raised a regiment in his own neighbourhood, went out with it to India, in that unfortunate expedition, commanded by Lally-Tolendal, the failure of which eventually lost to the French their possessions in Hindostan. The colonel was killed in defending against the forces of Coote, PONDICHERRY, the last stronghold of the French in that hemisphere.

"He was buried that night on the north bastion of the fortress by a few faithful followers, and the next day the fleet sailed with the remainder of the garrison for Europe. In the appendix to the "Memoirs of LALLY-TOLENDAL" by his son, the following lines occur, which bear some resemblance to those attributed to Wolfe. Perhaps Wolfe Tone may have communicated them to his relative, the clergyman, on his return from France. *Fides sit penes lectorem.*"

PADRE PROUT.

LES FUNÉRAILLES DE BEAUMANOIR.

(*The Original of "Not a drum was heard."*)

I.

Ni le son du tambour ... ni la marche funèbre ...
Ni le feu des soldats ... ne marqua son départ.
Mais du BRAVE, à la hâte, à travers les ténèbres,
Mornes ... nous portâmes le cadavre au rempart!

II.

De minuit c'était l'heure, et solitaire et sombre—
La lune à peine offrait un débile rayon;
La lanterne luisait péniblement dans l'ombre,
Quand de la bayonnette on creusa le gazon.

III.

D'inutile cercueil ni de drap funéraire
Nous ne daignâmes point entourer le HEROS;
Il gisait dans les plis du manteau militaire
Comme un guerrier qui dort son heure de repos.

IV.

La prière qu'on fit fut de courte durée:
Nul ne parla de deuil, bien que le cœur fut plein!
Mais on fixait du MORT la figure adorée ..
Mais avec amertume on songeait au demain.

V.

Au demain! quand ici ou sa fosse s'apprête,
Ou son humide lit on dresse avec sanglots,
L'ennemi orgueilleux marchera sur sa tête,
Et nous, ses vétérans, serons loin sur les flots!

VI.

Ils terniront sa gloire ... on pourra les entendre
Nommer l'illustre MORT d'un ton amer ... ou fol;
Il les laissera dire.—Eh! qu'importe A SA CENDRE,
Que la main d'un BRETON a confiée au sol?

VII.

L'œuvre durait encore, quand retentit la cloche
Au sommet du Befroi:—et le canon lointain,
Tiré par intervalle, en annonçant l'approche,
Signalait la fierté de l'ennemi hautain.

VIII.

Et dans sa fosse alors le mîmes lentement ...
Près du champ où sa gloire a été consommée:
Ne mîmes à l'endroit pierre ni monument
Le laissant seul à seul avec sa Renommée!

This "Father Prout," whom Mr. G. A. Sala terms "the wittiest pedant, the most pedantic-wit, and the oddest fish he ever met with," was well known as an inveterate jester, as well as an accomplished linguist, so that the above effusion did not deceive his associates, especially as the documents referred to in it,-as evidence, had no existence save in the fertile brain of "Father Prout."

In the recent edition of the "Maclise Portrait Gallery," by Mr. William Bates, M.A. (Chatto and Windus, 1883), is an interesting biography of this eccentric genius, in which will be found all that is known about his French imitation of Wolfe's Ode. Mr. Bates truly remarks that, notwithstanding Padre Prout's skill in French versification, there are internal evidences that the poem was not written by a Frenchman, and further that it has the unmistakable air of a translation. Unfortunately, however, the mischief was done, and what Mahony may have

intended for a harmless pleasantry, has raised a literary controversy of wide dimensions. His verses were copied into serious French journals, and many well-informed foreigners believe the lines to have originated from a French source. Thus M. Octave Delepierre, in his *Essai sur la Parodie* (Trübner and Co., London, 1870), seems to have been entirely misled by the hoax. He gives part of the French version, and whilst stating that it is not a settled point, which was first written, he does not mention Father Prout's article, and seems entirely ignorant of the fictitious and humorous origin of the French imitation.

Singularly enough, *The Athenæum*, of July 1, 1871, in reviewing M. Delepierre's work, fell into the same error, and seriously argued against the French claim, forgetting all about Father Prout.

M. Delepierre's statement is (*Essai sur la Parodie*, p. 163):—"Lorsqu'elle fut publiée en 1824, elle parut assez belle pour que le Capitaine Medwin suggérat qu'elle était due à la muse de *Byron*. Sydney Taylor réfuta cette supposition, et restitua l'ode à son véritable auteur, le *Rev. Charles Wolfe*."

"Ce n'est pas seulement en Angleterre qu'on a discuté la paternité de cette ode célèbre. On trouve à ce sujet toute une discussion littéraire dans le journal *L'Intermédiare des Chercheurs et Curieux*, 5e année, page 693, et 6e année, pages 19 et 106."

"D'après ces détails, il paraîtrait que cette pièce n'est que la traduction d'une ode Française, composée à l'occasion de la mort du Comte de Beaumanoir, tué en 1749, à la défense de Pondichery. L'une de ces deux odes est évidemment une traduction de l'autre; mais quel est l'original?"

The following is the note in the *Intermédiare*, to which M. Delepierre refers:—

"The well-known verses on the death of Sir John Moore, attributed to the Rev. Charles Wolfe, but never acknowledged by him, are so similar to the above, that it is supposed Mr. Wolfe may have received the French stanzas from his relative, Mr. Wolfe Tone, after his return from France."

The best answer to which is, that the French have never yet produced a genuine and authentic copy of the original version, of a date earlier than that of Wolfe.

The ode has been translated into German (by the Rev. E. C. Hawtrey); into Latin Elegiacs (by the Rev. J. Hildyard); and there is a Greek translation of it "By a Scottish Physician" in the *Arundines Devæ* (Edinburgh, 1853); there is also a parody of it bythe late Mr. J. H. Dixon, which is highly spoken of, but, up till now, this has eluded the editor's researches.

The Rev. R. H. Barham's well known parody in "The Ingoldsby Legends" is especially notable for its close imitation of the original; thus not only is the metre closely followed, but nearly all the lines are made to end with similar rhymes to those in the original.

Barham had a good excuse for this comical effusion, in the wish to expose and ridicule the pretensions of a certain *soi-disant* "Doctor," a Durham veterinary surgeon of the name of Marshall, on whose behalf a claim had been made, in 1824, for the authorship of the "Ode." But this was afterwards said to have been a mere hoax, as this Marshall was more remarkable for convivial, than literary tastes.

NOTE.—In the autumn of 1824, Captain Medwin having hinted that certain beautiful lines on the burial of this gallant officer might have been the production of Lord Byron's muse, the late Mr. Sydney Taylor, somewhat indignantly, claimed them for their rightful owner, the late Rev. Charles Wolfe. During the controversy a third claimant started up in the person of a *soi-disant* "Doctor Marshall," who turned out to be a Durham blacksmith, and his pretensions a hoax. It was then that a certain "Doctor Peppercorn" put forth *his* pretensions to what he averred was the only "true and original" version, viz.:—

Not a *sous* had he got, not a guinea or note,
And he looked confoundedly flurried,
As he bolted away without paying his shot,
And the Landlady after him hurried.

We saw him again at dead of night,
When home from the Club returning,
We twigg'd the Doctor beneath the light
Of the gas lamp brilliantly burning.

All bare, and exposed to the midnight dews,
Reclined in the gutter we found him,
And he look'd like a gentleman taking a snooze,
With his *Marshall* cloak around him.

"The Doctor's as drunk as the d——," we said,
And we managed a shutter to borrow;
We raised him, and sigh'd at the thought that his head
Would consumedly ache on the morrow.

We bore him home, and we put him to bed,
And we told his wife and his daughter
To give him, next morning, a couple of red
Herrings, with soda water.

Loudly they talk'd of his money that's gone,
And his Lady began to upbraid him;
But little he reck'd, so they let him snore on
'Neath the counterpane just as we laid him.

We tuck'd him in, and had hardly done,
When, beneath the window calling,
We heard the rough voice of a son-of-a-gun
Of a watchman, "One o'clock," bawling.

Slowly and sadly we all walk'd down
From his room in the uppermost story;
A rushlight we placed on the cold hearth-stone,
And we left him alone in his glory.

Hos ego versiculos feci, tulit alter honores.—*Virgil.*
I wrote the verses, * * claimed them—he told stories.
Thomas Ingoldsby.

The following parody is copied literally from an old ballad sheet in the British Museum, bearing the imprint:—"Printed and sold by J. Pitts, 6 Great St. Andrew Street, Seven Dials." No date is given, but that it was prior to 1830 is shown by the reference to the "Charleys," a nick-name for the old London watchmen, who were superseded by the new police towards the end of 1829. But the crimes of Body-snatching, and "Burking," were not finally put a stop to until, by the act of 1832, provision was made for the wants of surgeons by permitting, under certain regulations, the dissection of persons dying in workhouses, etc.:—

NOT a trap was heard, or a Charley's note
As our course to the churchyard we hurried,
Not a pigman discharg'd a pistol shot
As a corse from the grave we unburied.

We nibbled it slily at dead of night,
The sod with our pick-axes turning,
By the nosing moonbeam's chaffing light,
And our lanterns so queerly burning.

Few and short were the words we said,
And we felt not a bit of sorrow,
But we rubb'd with rouge the face of the dead
And we thought of the spoil for to-morrow.

The useless shroud we tore from his breast
And then in regimentals bound him,
And he looked like a swoddy taking his rest,
With his lobster togs around him.

We thought as we fill'd up his narrow bed,
Our snatching trick now no look sees;
But the bulk and the sexton will find him fled,
And we far away towards Brooks's.

Largely they'll cheek 'bout the body that's gone
And poor Doctor Brooks will upbraid him;
But nothing we care if they leave him alone
In a place where a snatcher has laid him.

But half of our snatching job was o'er,
When a pal tipt the sign quick for shuffling,
And we heard by the distant hoarse Charley's roar
That the beaks would be 'mongst us soon scuffling.

Slily and slowly we laid him down,
In our cart famed for staching in story;
Nicely and neatly we done 'em brown,
For we bolted away in our glory.

At the time when the first Reform Bill was under discussion its opponents constantly asserted that, if it were carried, the ancient constitution of the country would be swept away, and that ruin, revolution, and anarchy would result. The following parody appeared in a Liberal newspaper of the period:—

ODE ON THE DEATH AND BURIAL OF THE CONSTITUTION.

"Who will not be alive to the merits of the following verses on the death of the British Constitution, which has been dying for the last four years at least. The lament of the Conservative party over his death and burial abounds in feeling and sentiment worthy of its prototype."

Not a moan was heard—not a funeral note,
As his corpse to the devil they hurried,
Not a speaker discharged his farewell shot,
O'er the grave where our idol was buried.

They buried him darkly at dead of night,
With their threats our remonstrance turning,
By the struggling Stephen's misty light,
In the brazen socket burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
In a sheet of parchment they bound him,
And he lay with Old Sarum for ever at rest,
With schedule A around him.

Few and short were the speeches said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow,
But we mournfully looked on the face of the dead,
And thought of the coming morrow.

We thought as they tumbled him into his bed,
And laid him at rest on his pillow,
That the Radical soon would step over our head,
And we be turned out by the bill—oh!

Lightly they talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,
But England's destroyed if they let him sleep on,
In the grave where Lord Russell has laid him.

But half our heavy task was done,
When the time came for ending the session,
And we heard by the sound of the Tower gun,
That the King was now in procession,

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the further defence of the Tory,
We carved not a line on his funeral stone,
But we left him alone in his glory.

Figaro in London, 8th September, 1832.

There was another parody of these celebrated lines published just after Mr. John O'Connell had threatened to die on the floor of the House of Commons, a threat which, of course, gave rise to more laughter than dismay:—

LINES,
(AFTER WOLFE)

Written on the threatened Death (on the Floor of the House) of John O'Connell.

Not a groan was heard, not a pitying note,
As down on the floor he hurried;
Not a member offered to lend his coat,
Or ask'd how he'd like to be buried.

We looked at him slily at dead of night,
Our backs adroitly turning,
That he might not see us laugh outright
By the lights so brightly burning.

No useless advice we on him press'd,
Nor in argument we wound him;
But we left him to lie, and take his rest,
With his Irish *clique* around him.

Few and short were the speeches made,
And we spoke not a word in sorrow;
But we thought, as we look'd, though we leave him [for dead,
He'll be fresh as a lark to-morrow.

We thought, we'll be careful where we tread,
And avoid him where he's lying;
For if we should tumble over his head,
'Twould certainly send us flying.

Lightly they'll talk of him when they're gone,
And p'rhaps for his folly upbraid him;
But little he'll care, and again try it on,
Till the Serjeant-at-arms shall have stayed him.

But half of us asked, "What's now to be done?"
When the time arrived for retiring,
And we heard the door-keeper say, "It's no fun
Our attendance to watch him requiring."

Slowly and softly they shut the door,
After Radical, Whig, and Tory;
And muttering out, "We'll stop here no more,"
They left him alone in his glory.

Punch, December, 1847.

"GRAVE SENTIT ARATRUM."

"A GRIEVOUS THING HE FEELS IT TO BE PLOUGHED."

He looked glum when he heard, by a friendly note
Which, of course, his chum sent in a hurry,
That, alas! he had no testamur got;
And he felt in a deuce of a flurry.

He thought how he'd read at dead of night,
The page of Herodotus turning,
By the tallow-candle's flickering light,
Or the moderator burning.

No ruthless coughing arose from his chest,
Nor did indigestion wound him;
But he said—as the worry was breaking his rest—
"That Examiner—confound him!"

"What's the odds?" were the words that he said;
But he choked not down his sorrow;
For he sadly remembered the hopes that were fled,
And pictured the "Governor's horror."

Then he thought, as he hurled himself into bed,
And dashed his head down on the pillow,
That his foe, the tailor, would want to be paid,
And would quickly be sending his bill, oh!

Very likely he thought (now his credit was gone),
"Oh! I wish with cold cash I had paid him;
But nothing he'll get: I'll be off to Boulogne,"
And he went, out of Britain to shade him.

Just after his heavy sleep, each tone,
As the clock struck the hour, was mocking,
And he fancied that many a ravenous dun
At the oak was sullenly knocking.

He cautiously put out his head, and looked down
From his room in the second story:
He saw but the quad, and its paving of stone;
He was all alone,—in his glory (?)

JEREMY DIDDLER, Oxford.

College Rhymes (T. & G. Shrimpton), Oxford, 1864.

PARODY ON "THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE."

"Not a laugh was heard, not a joyous note,
As our friend to the bridal we hurried;
Not a wit discharged his farewell shot,
As the bachelor went to be married.

"We married him quietly to save his fright,
Our heads from the sad sight turning;
And we sighed as we stood by the lamp's dim light,
To think he was not more discerning.

"To think that a bachelor free and bright,
And shy of the sex as we found him,
Should there at the altar, at dead of night,
Be caught in the snares that bound him.

"Few and short were the words that we said,
Though of wine and cake partaking;
We escorted him home from the scene of dread,
While his knees were awfully shaking.

"Slowly and sadly we marched him down,
From the first to the lowermost storey;
And we never have heard or seen the poor man
Whom we left alone in his glory."

These lines appeared in *Notes and Queries* June 27, 1868, and are said to have been written by Thomas Hood.

THE FLIGHT OF O'NEILL, THE INVADER OF CANADA.

"GENERAL O'NEILL, who, at the head of the Fenian forces recently invaded Canada, seems to combine, together with his love for Ireland, a certain amount of affection for the ordinary enjoyments of life; for one complaint against him is, that the morning of the attack, when awakened at three o'clock by a captain belonging to his quarters, he merely said, "All right!" and fell asleep again. On two subsequent occasions he was awakened with no more practical result, and on being called a fourth time, got up. Even then, however, he declined to proceed at once with the glorious work of liberating Ireland, but said, "He guessed he would wait till breakfast." After breakfast this great patriot advanced at the head of his forces, but being surprised by a party of Canadian Volunteers, who fired upon the Fenians, immediately retired to his quarters, where he was found very comfortably lodged, and was arrested by General Foster, the United States Marshal, for a breach of the neutrality laws."

Not a gun was heard, not a bugle note,
As over the border he hurried;
He took to his heels without firing a shot,
Only looking tremendously flurried.

No ridiculous scruples inspired his breast,
As over the ground he jolted;
Not caring a straw what became of the rest,
He unhesitatingly bolted.

And snug in his quarters, at dead of night,
The Yankee General found him;
His bed all ready, his candle alight,
And bottles of whisky around him.

And when at his door came the clanking and noise,
His courage all sank to zero;
For, though at the head of the Fenian "bhoys,"
He wasn't exactly a hero.

When the Britishers find that he really is gone,
In impotent rage they upbraid him;
If Mr. O'NEILL they had laid hands upon
At that moment, they surely had flay'd him!

Few and short were the words they said—
They only expressed their sorrow
That they hadn't caught him, and put him to bed
Where he wouldn't wake up on the morrow.

But safe in New York, under FOSTER'S convoy,
He has gone to tell his own story;
Where "shut up" very much, this broth of a boy
Is at present alone in his glory!

Judy, 22nd June, 1870.

"RUNNING HIM IN."

By a Good Templar in the Force.

A groan was heard, like a funeral note,
From a toper in mud half-buried,
And our Serjeant "Drunk and incapable" wrote,
When his form to the station we hurried.

We hurried him swiftly at dead of night,
And oft with our truncheons spurning,
Under many a gas-lamp's flickering light,
Through alley and crooked turning.

In rags and tatters the toper was dressed,
For in poverty drink had bound him,
And he lay like a pig in a gutter at rest,
With little pigs squeaking around him.

We lifted him up, but he fell as one dead,
And we tumbled him into a barrow;
And the idle spectators shouted and said,
"He'll be fined, with a caution, to-morrow!"

Lightly they talk of the *spirit* that's gone,
And o'er empty bottles upbraid him;
But little he'll reck, as they let him sleep on
In the cell where the constables laid him.

No curtains had he to his lonely bed,
And a rough deal plank was his pillow;
He will wake with parched throat and an aching head,
And thirst that would drink up a billow.

Roughly, yet sadly, we laid him down,
That toper, worn, haggard, and hoary,
And wished that the dissolute youth of the town
A warning might take from his story.

Funny Folks.

THE MURDER OF "MACBETH."

Not a hiss was heard, not an angry yell,
Though of both 'twas surely deserving—
When, cruelly murdered, *Macbeth* fell
By the hand of the eminent Irving.

He murdered him, lengthily, that night,
With his new and original reading.
Till his efforts left him in sorry plight,
And the sweat on his brow was bleeding.

Five different garments enclosed his breast,
Five brand-new dresses were found him,
Though in never a one did he look at rest,
Though the people might sleep around him.

Many and long were the words he said,
Till we wished in fervent sorrow,
We could only get home to our welcome bed,
And we vowed not to come on the morrow.

We thought as he quivered, and gasped, and strode,
And made us long for our pillow,
That a taste of his tragic genius he owed
To our cousins far over the billow.

Even there, though his fame before has gone;
He may find it melt in a minute;
But little he'll reck, if they let him act on
In a play with a murderer in it.

But half the heavy play was o'er
When we seized the chance for retiring,
And left him grovelling about on the floor,
With his friends all madly admiring.

Sadly we thought as we went away,
From his acting so dreary and gory,
That the eminent I, if he's wise will not play,
Macbeth any more, if for glory.

The Figaro, 16th October, 1875.

This critic, who left the theatre before the tragedy was half over, was, of course, eminently qualified to point out the shortcomings of Mr. Irving in the part of *Macbeth*. But perhaps the critic had forgotten that the leading character has one, or two, rather strong situations towards the end of the play, which he should have witnessed before condemning the actor.

THE BURIAL OF THE TITLE, "QUEEN."

Not a cheer was heard, not a joyous note,
As the Bill to the tellers we hurried;
So solemn and dread is the midnight vote
When a title has to be buried.

We rolled up our sleeve and took off our coat,
To make it a question burning;
We strained every nerve to set it afloat,
The hate of all Englishmen earning.

They hurled at us gibe, and mud so foul
(There's much of it still adhering),
And we knew by the distant and random growl
That the foe was sullenly sneering.

Oh, little we reck of the name that's fled
(That Lowe's a most impudent monkey);
For "Empreth" sounds sweetly when lispingly said
By the lips of some courtly flunkey.

'Twas fondly imagined a title of might,
Renowned in an ancient story;
But we dug a deep hole and rammed it in tight,
And left it alone in its glory!

The Figaro, April 8, 1876.

One of the arguments against Mr. Disraeli's Titles Bill, was that *Empress* was likely altogether to supersede the older, and more constitutional, title of *Queen*. The lapse of but a few years has shown how groundless was this apprehension, for except in state documents or Daily Telegraph leaders, the title of Empress is never employed.

In November, 1879, *The Weekly Dispatch* (a high-class London Liberal newspaper) commenced a series of Prize Competitions, the subjects, and methods of treatment, being indicated by the Prize Editor. On April 18, 1880, the prize of Two Guineas was for the best Poem on the Downfall of the Beaconsfield Government, in the form of a parody of "The Burial of Sir John Moore." It was awarded to Mr. D. Evans, 63, Talma Road, Brixton, S.E., for the following:—

(*From a Tory point of view.*)

Not a hum was heard, not a jubilant note,
As away from the House we all scurried—
Not a Liberal's tear bedewed the spot,
The grave where our hopes were buried.

We buried them sadly and deep that night,
For we had no hope of returning,
By Reason's bright returning light,
And our hearts were sadly yearning.

Few indeed were the words we said,
But though few they were pregnant with sorrow,
As we all in search of Benjamin fled
To inspire us with hope for the morrow.

No gaudy star was upon his breast,
No ermine cloak was around him,
Yet he stood like a man who had feathered his nest;
And he smiled at us all, confound him!

We thought, as we left with a silent tread,
Of Cross and his dreadful Water,
That the Liberals would soon be seen there instead,
And we far away from that quarter.

Lightly they'll talk of us when we have gone,
And of course they've a right to abuse us;
But little we'd care if they'd let us keep on
In our places and wouldn't refuse us.

But scarce had our sad hearts aching done,
When again to the fight we were guided;
And we knew that the foe had a victory won,
That our fate was indeed decided.

Slowly and sadly we all went down
With the blood of our brethren all gory;
But our sun at Midlothian has now gone down,
So farewell to the hopes of the Tory.

Another parody on the same subject by Mr. James Robinson, of 59, Lyal Road, North Bow, was also inserted:—

Not a sigh was heard, not a tear-drop fell,
As its corpse from the hustings we hurried;
But we felt more anxious than tongue can tell
To get the thing decently buried.

With a woodcutter's help we dug it a grave—
(It was deep and contained some water)—
All willingly helped, and the sexton gave
An address on its deeds of slaughter.

With a "brilliant" lie we bedecked its breast,
In a "cloak of deceit" we wound it,
So it lay like a hypocrite taking its rest,
With its weapons all around it.

Brief and stern was the service said,
In its own peculiar lingo;
By a Hebrew scribe was a chapter read
From the gospel according to Jingo.

Lightly we'll speak of the Ministry gone.
Nor o'er its cold ashes upbraid it,
We'll forgive a good deal if it only sleeps on
In the dishonoured past where we've laid it.

The Editor added the following remarks:—

"Among the numerous parodies of 'The Burial of Sir John Moore' there are some, faulty in parts, in which there are remarkably vigorous verses. One competitor, for instance, treating Jingo as a personality, says:—

'No well-bunged beer-cask confined his breast,
Nor in cerement white we bound him;
But he lay 'neath a water-butt, taking his rest,
With a pool of that liquid around him.'

Another winds up thus:—

'Smiling and gladly we toppled him down,
That image of humbug so gory;
We wrote but one line—'Here, under this stone,
Lies bombast, false glitter, and glory.''

And a third is particularly energetic in his speculations as to the behaviour of the Premier on hearing of the defeat of his policy:—

'He thought, as he holloa'd aloud in bed,
And pommelled his lonely pillow,
He was pitching away into Gladstone's head;
And his fury was like the billow.'"

The Burial of the Masher.

"Mr. Burnand's good-natured but well-directed chaff in 'Blue Beard,' at the Gaiety, may be said to have ridiculed that curious product of modern civilisation, the Masher, out of existence. His continued life now seems to be impossible." —*Daily Paper.*

Not a laugh was heard, not a cheery sound,
As the song to an *encore* was hurried ;
Not a man in the stalls to cheer was found,
On the night that the Masher was buried.

He'd come before to a parlous pass,
Sore stricken by Truth's endeavour ;
But "Blue Beard" gave him his *coup de grâce*,
And finished him once for ever !

It killed and buried him sitting there,
By ridicule on him turning ;
'Neath the shifting lime-light's brilliant glare,
With the footlights brightly burning.

His wired gardenia graced his breast,
And sodden in scent one found him,
As he sat there sucking his stick with zest,
With his three-inch collar around him.

A deep red groove in his puffy throat,
That collar's starched edge was flaying ;
And the bow-trimmed pumps, on which youths now dote,
Were the clocks of his hose displaying.

Pearl-headed pins kept his tie in place,
And his shirt-front's wealth of whiteness
Made yet more sallow his pasty face,
More dazzling his chest-stud's brightness.

No thought worth thinking was in his breast,
Nor on his dull brain was flashing,
But he sat encased in his board-like vest,
Equipped for the evening's mashing.

But few and short were the leers he gave
At the chorus-girls singing before him ;
For cold and swift as an ocean wave,
The chaff of Burnand swept o'er him.

And vainly he turn'd, sore at heart and sick,
Some hope from the "Johnnies" to borrow ;
For they steadfastly sucked every one his stick,
And most bitterly thought of the morrow.

They thought, as the dramatist chaffed them to death,
And foreshadowed their doom so plainly,
That they next morning, with feverish breath,
Might demand devilled prawns all vainly ;

That their faith in the curried egg might go,
And a cayenne salad not serve them,
Nor champagne cheer when their "tone" was low,
Nor a *fricassee'd* oyster nerve them !

They felt that the power to attention gain
Would surely henceforth evade them,
And that public contempt would let them remain
In the grave where a "Blue Beard" had laid them.

And so, when Burnand his task had done,
And received a right warm ovation,
Of all the Mashers was left not one ;
'Twas complete annihilation.

And they buried them there, where they first were born,
With gardenias on them clustered—
In the mashing garbs that they long had worn—
Near the stalls where they'd nightly mustered.

Blithely and gaily they laid them down,
Nor heard was a sob nor a sigh there ;
And they carved not a line and they raised not a stone—
For the Mashers were worthy of neither !

Truth, March 22, 1883.

Never John Moore; or, The Rejected Suitor.

(An old story by an Old Bachelor.)

(*With sincere apologies to the Rev. Charles Wolfe—for the sheep's clothing.*)

I.

He felt highly absurd, as he put on his coat,
And, of course, exceedingly worried ;
He swore he'd never return to the spot,
As out of the front door he scurried.

II.

He tried to banish her face from his sight,
She for whom he was yearning ;
Hadn't Fred said, he knew he was right,
And that she was fond of spurning.

III.

But who'd have thought—ah, even guessed—
That after she had caught and bound him ;
It was to be but a flirting jest,
An impartial joke to sound him.

IV.

Few and short were the words he had said,
Only this—only this, "love be mine."
She gave him a rap with her fan on his head,
And laughingly left him to pine.

V.

What was he to do ? should he hate her instead ?
Or weeping wail, waly willow ;
Or wiping away the tears he had shed,
Launch in some fresh peccadillo ?

VI.

Lightly they'd talked in the days that were gone,
In arbours and in kitchen gardens ;
Only to find *his* poor heart torn
By devotion, which her hard heart hardens.

VII.

L'envoi.

The moral of this I hope you won't shun,
Don't be in your mind too enquiring,
Don't fall in love, or as sure as a gun,
You're not cared for by her you're admiring.

VIII.

Talk to them civilly and leave them alone,
And this is the end of my story,
And as I don't mean to alter my tone,
I drink to all flirts "con amore."

From *Cribblings from the Poets* (Jones & Piggott), Cambridge, 1883.

A FUNERAL AFTER SIR JOHN MOORE'S,
FURNISHED BY AN UNDERTAKER.

NOT a mute one word at the funeral spoke
Till away to the pot-house we hurried,
Not a bearer discharged his ribald joke
O'er the grave where our "party" we buried.

We buried him dearly with vain display,
Two hundred per cent. returning,
Which we made the struggling orphans pay,
All consideration spurning.

With plumes of feathers his hearse was drest,
Pall and hatbands and scarfs we found him;
And he went, as a Christian, unto his rest,
With his empty pomp around him.

None at all were the prayers we said,
And we felt not the slightest sorrow,
But we thought, as the rites were perform'd o'er the dead,
Of the bill we'd run up on the morrow.

We thought as he sunk to his lowly bed
That we wish'd they'd cut it shorter.
So that we might be off to the Saracen's Head,
For our gin, and our pipes, and our porter.

Lightly we speak of the "party" that's gone,
Now all due respect has been paid him;
Ah! little he reck'd of the lark that went on
Near the spot where we fellows had laid him

As soon as our sable task was done,
Nor a moment we lost in retiring;
And we feasted and frolick'd, and poked our fun,
Gin and water each jolly soul firing,

Blithely and quickly we quaff'd it down,
Singing song, cracking joke, telling story;
And we shouted and laughed all the way up to Town,
Riding outside the hearse in our glory.

Punch, January 5, 1850.

At the time when the above parody appeared there was an agitation on foot to reform the costliness and vain display at funerals. *Punch*, both in his cartoons and his letterpress, was exceedingly bitter against the undertakers.

The matter was so energetically taken up by the press and the public, that funerals were soon shorn of their costly mummery, and are now conducted on much more sensible and economical principles than they were in 1850.

In reference to the disputed authority of the ode "Not a drum was heard," the Rev. T. W. Carson, of Dublin, has kindly forwarded a *facsimile* of the letter, (to which reference was made on page 105), from the Rev. C. Wolfe to his friend Mr. John Taylor. It varies slightly from the version already given, and seems conclusively to establish Wolfe's title as author of the poem.

It runs thus:—

"I have completed the Burial of Sir John Moore, and will here inflict it upon you; you have no one but yourself to blame, for praising the two stanzas (?) that I told you so much:—

(*Here follows the poem.*)

"Pray write soon—you may direct as usual to College, and it will follow me to the country. Give my love to Armstrong, and believe me, my dear John, ever yours,

(Signed) CHARLES WOLFE."

This is addressed—

"JOHN TAYLOR, ESQ.,
At the Rev. Mr. Armstrong's,
Clonoulty,
Cashel."

Date of postmark, Se. 6, 1816.

The handwriting is small, neat, and clear, and there is only one slight verbal correction, which occurs in the last verse; in verses 3 and 4 a few end words have been torn off by the seal.

There is a postscript, as it has no reference, however, to the poem, it is needless to reprint it.

Thomas Hood.

1798—MAY 3, 1845.

In Hood's poems a rare blending is found of wit, fancy, humour and pathos; and as his personal character was amiable, gentle and good, his memory is cherished by Englishmen with peculiar affection and respect.

Thomas Hood was born in London, and was the son of a member of the then well-known firm of booksellers, Vernor, Hood, and Sharp.

Hood was intended for an engraver, and although he soon deserted that profession, he acquired a sufficient knowledge of it to enable him to illustrate his own works, which he did in a quaintly comical manner. His sketches, though generally crude and inartistic, admirably explain his meaning, and never certainly did puns find such a prolific, and humourous, pictorial exponent as Hood.

Hood's eldest son (Thomas Hood the younger) was also the author of several novels and some humourous poetry. He was for many years editor of *Fun*.

Of Hood's poems the four most usually selected for parody and imitation are, *The Song of the Shirt; The Bridge of Sighs; The Dream of Eugene Aram;* and a pretty little piece entitled *I remember, I remember.*

It is a somewhat curious fact that one of the most earnest and pathetic of Hood's poems should first have appeared in *Punch*. *The Song of the Shirt* will be found on page 260 of vol. 5, 1843, of that journal.

This dirge of misery awoke universal pity for the poor victims of the slop-sellers and ready-made clothiers; but like most of the spasmodic outbursts of British rage and indignation little permanent good resulted from it. The machinists, and unattached out-door employés of the London tailors, are probably worse off now than ever they were in Hood's time.

As might have been expected from the wonderful popularity of *The Song of the Shirt* and its peculiarly catching rhythm, it has been the subject of almost innumerable parodies, and has also served as the model for many imitations of a serious nature.

TRIALS AND TROUBLES OF A TOURIST.

In clothes, both muddy and wet,
  Without hat—left on the fell;
A pedestrian sought, with a tottering gait,
  Refreshment at this hotel.
He'd walked a long and weary way,
  O'er mountain-top and moor;
And thus he mused, mid'st wind and rain,
  As he approached the door.

"I walk! walk! walk!
  First climbing hills, and then down
Where the people are not to be seen,
  Many miles from village or town.
Oh! haven't I been a dupe,
  Pedestrian pleasure to seek,
When so quiet I might have stayed
  At Redcar all the week."

"I walk! walk! walk!
  With my boots fast breaking up,
And walk! walk! walk!
  Without either bite or sup.
Oh! that again I was at home,
  To feel as I used to feel,
And not as now, in hunger and thirst,
  With a doubly-blistered heel."

"I walk! walk! walk!
  Up to the knee in bog,
And loudly call, 'Lost! Lost!'
  Surrounded by clouds and fog.
I walk! walk! walk!
  Till my head begins to spin;
Oh! that I ne'er had scrambled out
  The stream I tumbled in."

"I walk! walk! walk!
  With cheeks all swollen and red;
A nasty aching within my ears,
  Rheumatics in my head.
I walk! walk! walk!
  In trousers tattered and torn!
With every thread from foot to head
  Quite soaked since early morn."

"The day is fast wearing out,
  And so are my boots and I;
The sleet blows in my face,
  As with the breeze I sigh.
Although white fog I'm in,
  Yet 'tis a dark look out
For one who hither has come for a change,
  And cannot change a clout."

"I walk! walk! walk!
  And nothing can find to see;
While water and mud from out my boots
  Is squirting up to each knee.
Talk of scenery! Bah! it's all stuff,
  But the waterfall, I admit,
Is good, for it's running down my back,
  And I've no dry place to sit."

"I walk! walk! walk!
  With my throat quite parched and dry;
No spirit to rouse my spirits up;
  With pulse quite fevered and high.
I've a dropsy got outside,
  Whilst inside there's a drought;
Oh! for a good warm draught within,
  As a check to the draught without."

"Walk! walk! walk!
  I'll never come here again:
My holiday shall be spent elsewhere,
  Free from fatigue and pain.
Or I'll stay at home with my wife,
  Where a dry shirt I can wear;"—
And worn out with misfortune's strife,
And almost weary of his life,
  He sank in the old arm chair.

JOHN REED APPLETON, F.S.A.

THE SONG OF THE SPURT.

WITH hands all blistered and worn,
  With eyes excited and red,
A boating man sat, in jersey and bags,
  Awaiting the signal with dread.
Tug! tug! tug!
  Every bone in his body is hurt;
And still, with a sigh and a dolorous shrug,
  He sang the "Song of the Spurt!"

"Work! work! work!
  Till I shiver in every limb;
Work! work! work!
  Till the eyes begin to swim
Steam, bucket, and pant,
  Pant, bucket, and steam,
Till over the oar I almost faint,
  And row along in a dream."

"O, men, with sisters dear,
  O, men, with pretty cousins,
I must mind and keep my form for the end—
  They'll be there on the barge by dozens!
Pull! pull! pull!
  What is poverty, hunger, or dirt,
Compared with the more than double dread
  Of catching a crab in the spurt!"

With eyes excited and red,
  With good hope of victory fired,
He was rowing along in his jersey and bags,
  But feeling uncommonly tired!
Pull! pull! pull!
  He began his full powers to exert;
Soon his boat would have been at the head of the river,
But when just at the barge—an unfortunate shiver
  Made him catch a crab in the spurt!

REMEX MORIBUNDUS.

College Rhymes (T. and G. Shrimpton), Oxford, 1865.

THE DRIPPING SHEET.

"This sheet, wrung out of cold or tepid water, is thrown around the body. Quick rubbing follows, succeeded by the same operation with a dry sheet. Its operation is truly *shocking*. Dress after to prevent remarks."

SONG OF THE SHEET.

(*After Hood.*)

With nerves all shattered and worn,
  With shouts terrific and loud,
A patient stood in a cold wet sheet—
  A Grindrod's patent shroud.
Wet, wet, wet,
  In douche, and spray, and sleet,
And still, with a voice I shall never forget,
  He sang the song of the sheet.

"Drip, drip, drip,
  Dashing, and splashing, and dipping;
And drip, drip, drip,
  Till your fat all melts to dripping.
It's oh, for dry deserts afar,
  Or let me rather endure
Curing with salt in a family jar,
  If this is the water cure.

"Rub, rub, rub,
  He'll rub away life and limb;
Rub, rub, rub,
  It seems to be fun for him.
Sheeted from head to foot,
  I'd rather be covered with dirt;
I'll give you the sheet and the blankets to boot,
  If you'll only give me my shirt.

"Oh men, with arms and hands;
  Oh men, with legs and shins;
It is not the sheet you're wearing out,
  But human creatures' skins.
Rub, rub, rub,
  Body, and legs, and feet,
Rubbing at once with a double rub,
  A skin as well as a sheet.

"My wife will see me no more—
  She'll see the bone of her bone
But never will see the flesh of her flesh,
  For I'll have no flesh of my own:
The little that was my own,
  They won't allow me to keep,
It's a pity that flesh should be so dear,
  And water so very cheap.

"Pack, pack, pack,
  Whenever your spirit flags,
You're doomed by hydropathic laws
  To be packed in cold wet rags:
Rolled up on bed or on floor—
  Or sweated to death in a chair;
But my chairman's rank—my shadow I'd thank
  For taking my place in there.

"Slop, slop, slop,
  Never a moment of time,
Slop, slop, slop,
  Slackened like masons' lime;
Stand and freeze or steam—
  Steam or freeze and stand;
I wish those friends had their tongues benumbed,
  That told me to leave dry land.

"Up, up, up,
  In the morn before daylight,
The bathman cries, "Get up,"
  (I wish he were up for a fight).
While underneath the eaves,
  The dry, snug swallows cling,
But give them a cold wet sheet to their backs,
  And see if they'll come next spring.

"Oh! oh! it stops my breath,
  (He calls it short and sweet),
Could they hear me underneath,
  I'll shout them from the street!
He says that in half an hour
  A different man I'll feel
That I'll jump half over the moon and want
  To walk into a meal.

* * *

"I feel more nerve and power,
  And less of terror and grief;
I'm thinking now of love and hope—
  And now of mutton and beef.
This glorious scene will rouse my heart,
  Oh, who would lie in bed?
I cannot stop, but jump and hop;
  Going like needle and thread."

With buoyant spirit upborne,
  With cheeks both healthy and red;
The same man ran up the Malvern Crags,
  Pitying those in bed.
Trip, trip, trip,
  Oh, life with health is sweet;
And still in a voice both strong and quick,
Would that its tones could reach the sick,
  He sang the Song of the Sheet.

From *Health and Pleasure, or Malvern Punch*. By J. B. Oddfish, Esq., M. P., L. L. D. (Malvern Patient, Doctor of Laughs and Liquids).
Simpkin, Marshall and Co., London, 1865.

THE SONG OF THE STREET.

(To the memory of the good, the genial, the large-hearted Thomas Hood, this humble imitation of his "Song of the Shirt" is inscribed by the writer).

I.

With lips all livid with cold,
  And purple and swollen feet,
A woman, in rags, sat crouch'd on the flags,
  Singing the Song of the Street!
"Starve! starve! starve!
  Oh, God! 'tis a fearful night!
How the wind does blow the sleet and the snow!
  Will it ever again be light?

II.

"I have rung at the 'Refuge' bell,
I have beat at the workhouse-door,
To be told again that I clamour in vain,
They are full—they can hold no more.
Starve! starve! starve!
Of the crowds that pass me by,
Some with pity, and some in pride,
But more with indifference turn aside,
And leave me here to die!

III.

"Oh! you that sleep in beds,
With coverlet, quilt, and sheet,
Oh think when it snows what it is for those
That lie in the open street:
That lie in the open street,
On the cold and frozen stones,
When the winter's blast, as it whistles past,
Bites into the very bones.

IV.

"Oh! what with the wind without,
And what with the cold within,
I own I have sought to drive away thought
With that curse of the tempted—gin.
Drink! drink! drink!
Amid ribaldry, gas, and glare.
If there's hell on earth,
'Tis the ghastly mirth
That maddens at midnight, there.

V.

"Oh you, that never have stray'd,
Because you have not been tried,
Oh look not down with a Pharisee's frown
On those that have swerv'd aside.
And you that hold the scales,
And you that glibly urge
That the only plan is the Prison van,
The Treadmill, or the Scourge.

VI.

"Oh, what are the lost to do?
To famish, and not to feel?
For days to go, and never to know
What it is to have one meal?
They cannot buy, they dare not beg,
They must either starve or steal.

"Food—food—food!
If it be but a loaf of bread,
And a place to lie—
And a place to die,
If it be but a workhouse bed!
If you will not give to those that live,
You at least *must* bury the dead!"

VIII.

With lips all livid and blue,
And purple and swoll'n feet,
A woman, in rags, sat crouch'd on the flags,
And sang the Song of the Street.
As she ceased the doleful strain,
My homeward path I trod;
And the cry and the prayer,
Of that lost one there
Went up to the Throne of God.

W. H. B.

The Standard, February 16th, 1865.

THE SONG OF THE STUMP.

Stump—stump—stump—
Through market-place, pothouse, and dirt;
Stump—stump—stump—
With a greasy mob fast to his skirt;
Having changed his coat to secure their vote,
Mr. Gladstone now changes his shirt.
And if he but ends as he does begin,
There is little doubt he will change his skin,
On the stump—stump—stump.

Stump—stump—stump—
Through Ormskirk, St. Helen's and Newton,
Whilst after him shout a rabble rout
Of electors "Ain't he a cute 'un?"
Stump—stump—stump—
With the aid of rhetorical steam,
Till over his speeches we fall asleep,
And hear him stump in a dream;
Stump—stump—stump—
For ever upon our ear.
Alas! that principle's so cheap,
And office is so dear!
Stump—stump—stump.

The Tomahawk, November, 1868.

THE SONG OF THE FLIRT.

WITH bosom weary and worn,
With eyelids painted and red,
A lady, just from a Duchess's ball,
Sat on the side of her bed.
Her sapphires were gleaming and rich,
And faultless her lace and her skirt,
And yet with a voice of dolorous pitch,
She sang the "Song of the Flirt."

"Flirt, flirt, flirt!
When the lunch is scarcely begun!
Flirt, flirt, flirt!
Till the sickening supper is done
Ball and dinner, and rout,
Rout, and dinner, and ball,
Till I long for my bed to rest my head,
And in a wakeless slumber to fall."

"Flirt, flirt, flirt!
Till the room begins to swim;
Flirt, flirt, flirt,
Till the eyes are starting and dim!
Beam, and falsehood, and frown,
Frown, and falsehood, and beam,
Till over my lyings I fall asleep,
And flirt my fan in a dream!"

"Flirt, flirt, flirt!
My labour never ends;
And what are its wages? all true men's scorn,
And a dreary dearth of friends.
That shattered life—and this broken heart—
And yon smile that shrines a sneer;
And a house so blank, my cousin I thank
For sometimes calling here!"

"Oh! but to scent the breath
Of an honest man on my brow—
To feel the throb of a worthy arm
Winding around me now;
For only one brief hour
To feel as the pure can feel,
To staunch with the power of hearty love
The wounds that refuse to heal!"

With bosom weary and worn,
With eyelids painted and red,
A woman, fresh from a great duke's ball,
Knelt by the side of her bed.
Her rubies were ruddy and rich,
And perfect her bodice and skirt—
She looked like a splendid and tigerly witch,
And yet with a voice of dolorous pitch
She sang the "Song of the Flirt."

F. C. W., Exeter College, Oxon.

College Rhymes (T. Shrimpton and Son), Oxford, 1872.

THE SONG OF THE WIRE.

With finger cunning and firm,
With one eye and a crooked back,
An old man, clad in an old pair of bags,
Was carving a profile in black.
Snip! snip! snip!
Cold, wet, or whatever the day,
And still, with a voice of a ludicrous crack,
He croaked the "Wirer's Lay."

"Wire! wire! wire!
While men to their lectures fly,
And wire! wire! wire!
Where the Turl runs into the High!
It's O, to be the Vice,
Or a Prince in his cap and gown,
It's O, to be able to pay the price
To be stuck round my hat's old crown.

"Wire! wire! wire!
Till the nose begins to be clear;
Wire! wire! wire!
Till the lips and the chin appear!
Hair and shoulder and brow,
Brow and shoulder and hair,
Till over the likeness I chuckle and wait
For a gent who's a moment to spare.

"O, men, with sisters dear!
O, men, with mothers to please!
It is not for them my portraits are bought,
But for dearer far than these!
Snip! snip! snip!
With a point as keen as a dart,
Carving at once a likeness to suit,
And a place in the loved one's heart.

"But why do I talk of her?
The fair one of unknown name,
I hardly think she could tell the face,
They all seem much the same—
They all seem much the same,
Because of the types I keep;
'Tis odd that faces should be so like,
And yet I work them so cheap!

"Wire! wire! wire!
My labour never flags;
And what are its wages? a copper or two,
Which I lose through the holes in my bags,
A nod of the head, or a passing joke,—
A laugh,—a freshman's stare,—
Or a gent so bland, when I ask him to stand
While I carve him his portrait there.

"Wire! wire! wire!
In the sound of S. Mary's chimes,
Wire! wire! wire!
As specials wire to the *Times!*
Hair, and shoulder, and brow,
Brow, and shoulder, and hair,
Till the trick is done, and I pocket the coin,
As I finish it off with care.

"Wire! wire! wire!
In the dull month of November—wire! wire! wire,
When Oxford is bright with Commem.
While under light parasols,
The pretty girls slily glance,
As if to show how nice they would look
If they'd only give me a chance.

"Oh! but to catch that face
Which health and beauty deck—
That hat posed on her head,
And the curl that falls on her neck;
For only a minute or two
To sketch as I could when I tried
To take off the Vice as he passed one day,
And the Prince in my hat by his side.

"Oh! but for a minute or two!
A moment which soon will have gone!
No blessed second for fair or brunette,
Nor even to copy a don!
A little sketching would bring some brass,
But in its musty case,
My scissors must lie, for I have but one eye
With which to look out for a face!"

With finger cunning and firm,
With one eye and a crooked back,
An old man clad in an old pair of bags,
Was carving a profile in black.
Snip! snip! snip!
Cold, wet, or whatever the day,
And, still with a voice of a ludicrous crack,
Would I could describe its cadaverous knack—
He croaked the "Wirer's Lay."

ARTHUR-A-BLAND.

This parody appeared in *The Shotover Papers* for May, 1874 (J. Vincent, High Street, Oxford), it will certainly appeal more to old Oxford men, from its allusions, than to the general reader.

THE SONG OF LOVE.

WITH bosom weary and sad,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A maiden sat, in maidenly grace,
Thinking o'er pleasures dead.
Sigh! sigh! sigh!
In misery, sorrow, and tears,
She sang, in a voice of melody,
The plaintive song of her fears.

Love! love! love!
Whilst the birds are waking from rest;
And love! love! love!
Till the sun sinks in the west;

It's oh ! to be in the grave,
  Where hope's false dream is not,
Where doubts ne'er rise to bedim the eyes,
  If this is woman's lot !

* * * *

Here follow nine more verses in an equally plaintive style, and of no particular interest.

From *The Figaro*, February 28, 1874.

THE SONG OF THE CRAM.

With fingers trembling and warm,
  With eyelids heavy and red,
A schoolboy sat, in true schoolboy style,
  His hand supporting his head.
Throb ! throb ! throb !
  With frantic excitement and dread,
And still with a look of dolor and pain,
  He sat on the side of his bed.

"Throb ! throb ! throb !
  In my chamber next the roof ;
And work ! work ! work !
  From my friends I must keep aloof ;
French and German and Greek,
  Greek and German and French,
Till my brow grows damp, and my breath comes hard,
  And my agonised hands I clench.

"Work ! work ! work !
  While my cousins are laughing beneath,
And work ! work ! work !
  Till I scarcely can draw my breath ;
It's oh ! to prepare ! prepare !
  My head with knowledge to cram,
Not a word to say ! not a moment to spare !
  I'm going in for Exam !

"Work ! work ! work !
  Till the brain begins to swim,
And work ! work ! work !
  Till my eyes are heavy and dim ;
Greek and German and French,
  French and German and Greek,
Till over the problems I have a nap,
  And work them out in my sleep.

"Throb ! throb ! throb !
  My courage is ebbing fast !
Work ! work ! work !
  I fear that my brain won't last !
Throb ! throb ! throb !
  O come and help me cram !
I'm going to be a lunatic,
  If plucked in this Exam !

"O men with cousins dear !
  O men with mothers and wives !
I'd cram you, if I had you here,
  Within an inch of your lives !
But Examiners' hearts are hard,
  And their wisdom is but a sham ;
And little they care what we have to bear,
  Or how hard we need to cram !

"Oh ! but to play a game
  With my happy friends below !
Oh ! but to make a pun,
  Or try—but 'tis all 'no go'—
So they for me may wish,
  But I must stay and cram ;
Oh, bother it ! I'm just 'done up'
  With this horrible Exam !"

With fingers trembling and warm,
  With eyelids heavy and red,
A schoolboy sat in true schoolboy style,
  His hand supporting his head.
Throb ! throb ! throb !
  And cram ! cram ! cram !
And still with a look of dolor and pain,
He studied and crammed with might and main,
  To pass the dreaded Exam !

A. P.

The Dunheved Mirror, Cornwall, December, 1876.

THE SLAVE OF THE PEN.

I.

With fingers inky and cold,
  With eyelids heavy and red,
A scribbler sat through the dreary night,
  Spinning "Copy," at morn to be read.
Scratch ! scratch ! scratch !
In a gas-lighted steamy den,
  And still, in a voice of dolorous pitch,
He sang the song of the pen.

II.

"Scratch ! scratch ! scratch !
  While engines are shaking the roof ;
Scratch ! scratch ! scratch !
  Till the "Devil" appears with a proof.
And it's oh ! to be a slave
  Of the pen, whether steel or quill,
Is as bad as being a worthless knave
  Doing his month at the 'mill.'

III.

"Scratch ! scratch ! scratch !
  Is it farce or tragedy grim,
Making up the requisite batch,
  With fact, and fancy, and whim ?
It fritters away my life,
  In the flow of this inky stream.
And over the copy I fall asleep,
  And punctuate in a dream."

* * * *

Oh ! husband with slippered feet ;
  Oh ! wife in morning gown :
Coming down to breakfast, pleased to read
  The latest news of the town—
Think of the dismal scratch
  Of these midnight slaves of the pen.
Forgive them a caustic, or feeble phrase,
  And remember they are but men.

Funny Folks, January 9th, 1875.

THE SONG OF THE SWORD.

Weary, and wounded, and worn, wounded and ready to die,
A soldier they left, all alone and forlorn, on the field of the battle to lie.
The dead and the dying alone could their presence and pity afford,
Whilst, with a sad and terrible tone, he sang . . . . the Song of the Sword.

"Fight—fight—fight! though a thousand fathers die;
Fight—fight—fight! though a thousand children cry!
Fight—fight—fight! while mothers and wives lament;
And fight—fight—fight! while millions of money are spent.

"Fight—fight—fight! should the cause be foul or fair,
Though all that's gained is an empty name, and a tax too great to bear;
An empty name, and a paltry fame, and thousands lying dead;
Whilst every glorious victory must raise the price of bread.
War—war—war! fire, and famine, and sword;
Desolate fields and desolate towns, and thousands scattered abroad,
With never a home, and never a shed, whilst kingdoms perish and fall;
And hundreds of thousands are lying dead, ... and all for nothing at all!

"War—war—war! musket, and powder, and ball—
Ah! what do we fight so for? ah! why have we battles at all?
'Tis Justice must be done, they say, the nation's honour to keep;
Alas! that Justice should be so dear, and human life so cheap!
War—war—war! misery, murder, and crime;
Are all the blessings I've seen in thee, from my youth to the present time.
Misery, murder, and crime—crime, misery, murder, and woe;
Ah! would I had known in my younger days half the horrors which now I know."

Weary, and wounded, and worn, wounded and ready to die,
A soldier they left, all alone and forlorn, on the field of the battle to lie.
The dead and the dying alone could their presence and pity afford,
And thus with a sad and a terrible tone (oh! would that these truths were more perfectly known!) he sang the Song of the Sword.

ANONYMOUS.

THE SONG OF A SOT.

Words composed by Bro. J. B. Davies, P.M. (753).

Dedicated to George Cruikshank, Esq., by his kind permission.

With a visage pale and wan,
With a vacant stare of eye;
The wreck of a man, and a friend, I saw,
In a tavern standing by.
Drink, drink, drink,
Was the demon that urged him on;
And yet still with a husky voice did he call
For drink, till "his pence were gone."

Drink, drink, drink,
From morning until night!
Drink, drink, drink,
By the glare of bright gaslight.
Oh! fearful sight to see,
And a dreadful thought to think,
That man, who should rule, a slave should be
To that fearful demon, drink.

Drink, drink, drink,
Till power of sense is gone,
Drink, drink, drink,
Till it's of health and wealth both shorn;
Beer, brandy, gin and rum,
Rum, brandy, gin and beer,
Till the glorious form of manhood's lost
In the beast that you now appear!

Oh! men with thoughtful minds,
Oh! men with a reason fair,
Tread not in the paths that drunkards go—
From demon drink, stand clear.
Drink, drink, drink,
Both in slums and great highway,
Is a curse that we too often meet
In our walks by night or day.

But why do I thus depict
That fell demon of the soul?
I do but so that my fellow men
Themselves from drink control.
Themselves from drink control,
Because of the scenes we see!
Oh, God! to think that man should seek
In drink his misery!

Drink, drink, drink,
But soon the time will come,
And what will be the end? a soul that's lost,
A drunkard's wretched home
Where sorrow is found, and mark the cost—
Neither victuals, fire, or light
With a starving wife near the close of life
To meet the drunkard's sight!

Drink, drink, drink,
From morning until night,
Drink, drink, drink,
'Tis the drunkard's sole delight.
Beer, brandy, gin, and rum,
Rum, brandy, gin, and beer,
Till his health is gone and his wealth as well,
For the demon nought will spare.

Drink, drink, drink,
In mansion as well as in cot,
'Tis drink, drink, drink,
With the highest and lowest sot;
While toiling thousands sleep
Their rest of calm content,
In gilded palaces round about,
The night's in riot spent.

Oh! that the world would shun,
That demon in form of drink;
And would reason within themselves
And from its presence shrink!
Oh! how might the soul of wayward man,
Rejoice in freedom then—
And be better far in health and wealth—
And better far as men.

Oh! but that men would see,
The sorrow that drink entails!
The orphan's cry and the madman's shout,
As well the widow's wails.
A curse to body, as well as soul,
Sends thousands to their grave;
And makes of Man, God's noblest work,
A low dejected slave.

THE SONG OF "THE CASE."

(*A Reminiscence of the late Ssssion*).

With spirits drooping and worn,
With eyelids heavy as lead,
The members sat on their seats in the House,
And wearily longed for bed;

While "Tich, Tich, Tich,"
With gruesome and long-drawn face,
"The Doctor," with voice of dolorous pitch,
Sang the Song of "the Case."

"Tich, Tich, Tich,
In spite of all reproof;
And Tich, Tich, Tich,
Though the members stand aloof,
It's I that ought to be classed
Along with Chatham and Burke,
And I'll never cease to raise my voice
Against such monstrous work!"

"Tich, Tich, Tich,
Till the brain begins to swim,
Tich, Tich, Tich,
Till their eyes are heavy and dim.
Stream, and minnow, and twitch,
Minnow, and twitch, and stream,
Till over the *tattoo* they fall asleep,
And see it done in a dream."

"O, men, so callous and blind—
O, men, so bloated and rich—
It isn't Orton you're locking up,
But the real and only 'Tich!'
Tich, Tich, Tich,
'Prison'd, dishonour'd, opprest,
Stitching at once with his sewing-machine.
A shroud as well as a vest."

(*Four verses omitted here.*)

* * * *

With spirits drooping and worn,
With eyelids as heavy as lead,
The members sat in their place in the House,
And wearily longed for bed;
While Tich, Tich, Tich,
With gruesome and long-drawn face,
"The Doctor," with voice of dolorous pitch,
(Ah me! to have to listen to sich),
Sang the Song of "the Case."

Funny Folks, October 2nd, 1875.

The Song of the Turk in 1877.

With arguments tattered and worn,
With facts long torn to a shred,
The statesman rose in eloquent rage
To ply his political trade.
Stump, stump, stump,
Is this the successor of Burke,
Who, with a voice of dolorous pitch,
Still sings his song of the Turk?

Turk, Turk, Turk!
While the Czar is biting the dust.
And Turk, Turk, Turk,
The incarnation of lust.
It's O to be a slave,
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where women have never a soul to save,
And only a body for—work!

Turk, Turk, Turk!
Till the brain begins to swim.
Turk, Turk, Turk,
Till the audience is eager and grim.

Rape, and outrage, and murder,
And outrage, murder, and rape,
Till stories, long since disproved, appear
To assume a bodily shape.

O, men, with sisters dear!
O, men, with mothers and wives!
These are things that are wearing away
Bulgarian Christian lives.
Stump, stump, stump,
It's not uncongenial work,
To be damning away, with a double tongue,
The Tory as well as the Turk.

Turk, Turk, Turk!
My labour never flags,
Yet, what are its wages? A Nottingham feast,
And a suit of political rags,
A broken party, a shattered name,
A smile from the "Daily News,"
A bloody war, and a future so blank
That my mind the thought eschews.

Turk, Turk, Turk!
On the chill October night,
And Turk, Turk, Turk,
When the weather is warm and bright.
And yet, underneath the theme
A longing for power lurks.
So the people of England show me their backs,
And twit me about my Turks.

Oh, but to breathe the air
Of the Treasury Bench so sweet,
With never a soul above my head,
And Lord Beaconsfield under my feet!
Oh, but for one short hour,
To feel as I used to feel,
When the Liberal Government was in power,
And I was the man at the wheel!

Oh, but for one short hour!
A period however brief!—
No blessed leisure for Power or Hope,
But only time for grief!
A little writing eases my mind—
A pamphlet, a postcard, a note—
Yet my pen must stop, for each hot ink-drop
May cost my party a vote.

With statements tattered and worn,
With facts distorted and cooked,
The statesman may hope that his share in the war
Will perchance be overlooked,
Turk, Turk, Turk!
'Tis vain the truth to shirk,
While thousands of bleeding corpses cry,
"Your pamphlets and speeches have made us die,
And we hope you are proud of your work."

They are Five, by W. E. G. (David Bogue), London.

The Song of the Flirt.

(*Hood's Own—for Somebody Else.*)

In the loudest things that are worn,
With her cheek a peculiar red,
A maiden sat, in a gentleman's vest,—
This one idea in her head:

To be stitched, stitched, stitched,
  Yet a little more tight in her skirt,
The while, with her voice disdainfully pitched,
  She sang the "Song of the Flirt!"

"Work, work, work.
  In the broiling drive and row,
And work, work, work,
  At the stifling crush and show.
And I'm so sick of it all,
  That to-morrow I'd marry a Turk,
If he'd ask me—I would! For, after this,
  Yes,—*that* would be Christian work!

"Work, work, work,
  On the lawn in the lazy shade;
Work, work, work,
  In the blaze of the baked parade.
Tea, and tennis, and band,—
  Band, and tennis, and tea:—
If I can but ogle an eldest son,
  They're all the same to me.

"You men, do you dare to sneer,
  And point to your sisters and wives!—
Because they simper 'Not nice, my dear;'—
  As if they had ne'er in their lives
Been stitched, stitched, stitched,
  Each prude in her own tight skirt,
And wouldn't have been, without a blush,
  Had she had the chance—a *Flirt!*

"And why do I talk of a blush?
  Have I much of Modesty known?
Why, no. Though, at times, her crimson cheek
  Grows not unlike my own.
Yet strange that, not for my life,
  Could I redden as she does, deep.
I wonder why colour called up's so dear,—
  Laid on should come so cheap.

"But, work, work, work,
  With powder, and puff, and pad:
And, work, work, work,
  For every folly and fad!
With Imogen's artless gaze?
  No?—Phryne's brazen stare!
With soul undone, but body made up,
  I've all the fun of the fair.

"So I work, work, work!
  My labour never fags.
And what are its wages? A Spinster's doom,
  And a place on the roll of hags.
Still I ogle away by the wall,—
  A playful kittenish thing;
Autumn well written all over my face,
  Though my feet have lost their spring.

"So at times, when I'm out of breath,
  And the men go off in a pack
To dangle about some chit just 'out,'—
  Who smirks like a garrison hack,—
I try for a short half hour
  To feel as I used to feel
When a girl, if my boldness was all assumed,
  My hair, at least, was real

"And at times, for a short half hour,
  It seems a sort of relief
To think of Fred, and the few bright days
  Before he came to grief.

My work? May be! Had I a heart,
  My tears might flow apace;
But tears must stop—when every drop
  Would carry away one's face!"

In the loudest things that are known,
  With her cheek a peculiar red,
A maiden sat, in a gentleman's vest,—
  This one idea in her head:
To be stitched, stitched, stitched,
  Yet a little more tight in her skirt;
The while with her voice disdainfully pitched
(Some ears at the sound, I wis, might have itched),
  She sang the "Song of the Flirt!"

Punch, September 18, 1880.

The Janitor's Song.

With features sallow and grim,
  With visage sadly forlorn,
The Janitor sat in the Janitor's room,
  Weary, and sleepy, and worn.
'Tis a fact, fact, fact!
  He sat with a visage long;
And still as he sat, with a voice half cracked,
  He sang this Janitor's song:

"Sweep, sweep, sweep,
  In dirt, in smoke, and in dust,
And sweep, sweep, sweep,
  Till I throw down my broom in disgust.
Stairs, and chapel, and halls,
  Halls, and chapel, and stairs—
Till my drowsy head on my shoulder falls,
  And sleep brings release from my cares."

"From the very first crack of the gong,
  From the earliest gleam of daylight,
Day after day and all day long,
  Far into the weary night,
It's sweep, sweep, sweep,
  Till my broom doth a pillow seem;
Till over its handle I fall asleep,
  And sweep away in my dream.

"Oh! students of high degree,
  (I scorn to address a low fellow),
"Oh! seniors most reverend, potent, and grave,
  (In the words of the great Othello),
My story's a sad one indeed,
  Notwithstanding your laughter and sport;
My life is naught but a broken reed,
  And my broom is my only support."

With features sallow and grim,
  With visage sadly forlorn,
The Janitor sat in the Janitor's room,
  Weary, and sleepy, and worn.
It's a fact, fact, fact,
  He sat with a visage forlorn,
And still as he sat with a voice half cracked,
  He sang the Janitor's song.

Carmina Collegensia.

The Song of the Shirk.

With a countenance weary and worn,
  With eyelids all heavy and red,
An Undergrad sat, in his nightgown torn,
  Reading his Paley in bed.

Read, read, read,
Till his voice is quite feeble and low,
He can read no more, so in accents poor,
He sang of the dire Littlego.

Read, read, read,
While the Rooks are cawing around;
And read, read, read,
Till of Cabs I hear the sound.
If only last time I had passed,
And had left all this Littlego work,
I'd become a Jew or a "pious Hindoo,"
Or perhaps a barbarous Turk.

Read, read, read,
It's nothing but read all day;
Read, read, read,
Till I read myself away,
Paley and Euclid so hard,
Mathematics with Latin and Greek,
I only wish I had read them before,
For the Exam begins in a week.

O, men, who Examiners are,
Recollect when the period arrives
'Tis not only the *papers* you're setting this time,
But a *limit* to Undergrad's lives.
Read, read, read,
By days, by month, by year,
Reading forsooth so uncommonly hard,
That you feel excessively queer.

But why do I sing of them?
Their hearts are like pieces of stone,
I believe I ought to shun the thought
Of Examiners when I'm alone.
It makes me almost mad
To think of that awful sight;
O, dear, that to some the papers are stiff,
While to others they're easy and light.

Read, read, read,
My reading will never stop;
And what's its reward? a name in a list,
Where the bottom's as good as the top.
This tumbled bed, with its shaky legs,
Yon room in disorder so great,
All attired with cards, tobacco, and wine,
It shows that I kept it up late.

Read, read, read,
How full my time has been.
My reading I bless (?) for I possess
No leisure to read *Light Green.*
Hard Latin and odious Greek,
Hard Greek and odious Latin,
Their very dread makes me think this bed
Is the worst I ever sat in.

Read, read, read,
Till my brain becomes infirm;
Read, read, read,
In this and the Lenten Term.
And then the men who have passed,
As I see them in the street,
Will laugh at me, and twit, and jeer,
Whenever them I meet.

O, but to get through now—
A "Second" I would not mind,
With the "General" looming in front,
And the "Littlego" left behind.
Then to think of the feelings of those,
Who cannot these subjects acquire,
Is enough to give one the direst of woes
(Not to mention the wrath of your sire).

O, but for one short look
At the Euclid or Paley paper,
For one short glance, I soon would dance,
And cut about and caper.
A little peeping would ease my heart,
But from those papers hated,
My eyes must keep, for every peep
Might make me rusticated.

With a countenance weary and worn,
With his nose, alas! awfully red,
The Undergrad blew out his candle's flame,
And settled himself in his bed.
"Read, read, read,"
In his troubled sleep he said.
Examiners think on his piteous face,
If he's plucked, you know 'tis your disgrace,
So in the "First" or "Second" place
The man who reads Paley in bed.

P. M. W.

Light Green, Cambridge (W. Metcalfe and Son), 1882.

The Brood on the Beard.

With face like a maiden's bare,
With hair on his head strewn thin,
A youth ill at ease, in an easy chair,
Sat stroking his cheeks and chin.
Stroke, stroke, stroke,
Yet never a symptom appeared,
Indulging, yet nowise enjoying the joke,
In penning THIS Brood on the Beard.

I wish, wish, wish,
Till wishing becomes a whirl,
Wish, wish, wish,
For the locks with a flowing curl.
Imperial, beard, moustache,
Moustache, imperial, beard,
I long for them each till the three become
Wove into a triad weird.

Young men with beards full grown,
Young men with moustaches neat;
Say, is it not your lot to own,
The joys of life complete?
I shave, shave, shave,
My cheeks with lather besmeared,
Scraping the skin with razor keen,
To make it utter a beard.

But why should I dream of beards,
For the pleasure of manhood pine;
Or think of the looks my soul so craves,
That never may be mine?
That never may be mine.
Tho' my heart with hope may pant,
And mourn that some with such are blest,
Whilst I of such am scant.

I watch, watch, watch
My glass each morning and night;
Watch, watch, watch,
But no sprouting gladdens my sight.
That shaving glass, that razor keen,
That strop I so often whet;
Betray the desire that ne'er may tire
Of what I ne'er may get.

I feel, feel, feel,
Each morning of each week—
Feel, feel, feel,
My lips, my chin, my cheek.
Moustache, imperial, beard,
Imperial, beard, moustache,
Could I but see signs of the three,
I would give good sterling cash.

I rub, rub, rub,
When the shades of night set in,
Rub, rub, rub,
Pomatum o'er cheeks and chin,
Whilst Tabby, with whiskers long,
Upon the hearthrug lies,
And seems to purr contentment for
What nature me denies.

Oh! could I but only see
Just the faintest dawn of down,
Or FANCY that Nature would
In the end my wishes crown!
Or hope that even I
The hours at last will enjoy,
When maids no longer will deem me
An o'ergrown hobbledehoy.

But I to have glossy hair,
On my lips a flowing curl,
A pair of whiskers to grace my cheeks,
A moustache to turn and twirl,
Is but a dream, a gloomy gleam;
A wish without a hope,
Where fancy free may gain for me
Nothing AT ALL but scope.

With face like a maiden's bare,
With hair on his head strewn thin,
A youth ill at ease in an easy chair,
Sat stroking his cheeks and chin.
Stroke, stroke, stroke,
Till he glanced at THE HOUR, and there was seen
A word that brought the news that he sought—
'Twas the famed PILOSAGINE!

Old Advertisement.

"THE SONG OF THE DIRT."

(*With Respectful Memories of Tom Hood.*)

With garments soddened and soiled,
With boot-tops covered in grime,
With trousers bespattered with foulest mud,
Picking one's way through the slime.
Slush—slush—slush!
And foul-smelling filth and dirt,
That clings like a kind of malodorous pitch—
I sing the "Song of the Dirt."

Dirt—dirt—dirt!
In the January night,
And dirt—dirt—dirt!
While the weather is muggy though bright.
Smell, and slime, and reek,
Reek, and slime and smell;
Till over the kerbstone I fall and slip,
And smother myself as well.

O! but for one short hour!
A respite: 'twould be so sweet!
I'd bless the scavenger's shovel and broom,
If he'd clear the mud 'neath my feet.

For only one short hour,
To feel as I used to feel:
The pavement free from grease and slime
In my walk that's now an ordeal.

Funny Folks, January, 1884.

THE WAIL OF A PROOF-READER.

Made During a Fearful "Spell" of Weather by One of 'Em.

With fingers weary and worn,
And nose quite puffy and red,
A Proof-reader sat in his old linen coat,
With a snorting "cold in 'is ead."
With handkerchief in his left,
And pen in his dexter paw,
The miserable man first blew his nose,
Then thus let loose his jaw:

Read, read, read,
With tears rolling down from my eyes,
Read, read, read,
Till I can't tell I's from i's.
Read, read, read,
In pain, confusion, and noise,
And bored by a voice of dolorous pitch
Belonging to "one of the boys."

Read, read, read,
In the story next to the roof:
Read, read, read,
Till my soul is lost in the proof.
It's oh to be a Hottentot
In the burning sand,
Where never an author sent a lot
Of manuscript the "devil" could not,
Nor the "reader" understand!

Read, read, read,
Till my weary spirits sink,
And mark, mark, mark,
While mind ebbs with the ink.
French, and Latin, and Greek!
Hebrew, Spanish, and Dutch!
Poring o'er all till my eyes grow weak,
And I seem to be, by Fancy's freak,
But a part of the pen I clutch.

Oh, but to "DELE" work!
To "transpose" toil for rest!
To "make up" life's remaining years
On smiling Nature's breast!
A "space" of time to join the "chase,"
Some "quoins" to see me through!
A good "fat take" of these I want,
But a few large "notes" MIGHT do.

Oh, for a brief respite
From toilsome pen and proof!
An "out," while I might calmly seek
A "double" who would share my roof;
The "sort" that could "correct" my "forme,"
And save me from life's many traps,
And round our "table" smiling "set"
Sweet "fat-faced" MINIONS in "SMALL CAPS!"

L. F. THOMAS.

The British and Colonial Stationer, May, 1884.

The Bitter Cry!

"Few persons have any conception of these pestilential human rookeries where tens of thousands are crowded together amidst horrors which call to mind the middle passage of the slave ship."—[The Bitter Cry of Outcast London.]

Wearily wandering into the winding
Maze of the filthy and festering slums,
Borne on the blast of the hurricane blinding,
Suddenly into my spirit there comes
Bitterest cry of the careworn and dying,
Weeping and wailing of old and of young—
Wailing of women aweary and sighing.
Heavenward? Hear the song that they sung:

"Strive, strive, strive,
With the wolf at the door, in vain,
Tho' the struggle to keep alive
Is worse than a hell of pain.

Gin, gin, gin,
Our cares we'll drown once more;
'Tis but folly to shrink from the spirit of drink,
So, swig till our lives be o'er."

Fiercer than fathomless cry of the weepers,
Wilder than wailing of women and men,
Echoing ever a voice, "O ye sleepers,
Where is the harpy who owneth each den?
Where are the vultures who prey on the living?"
Pitiless dealers of wrong at each breath,
Shedders of blood who each moment are giving
Children and women and strong men to Death:

"Here, here, here,"
Is the loud and bitter cry.
"Oh, heed our sob of fear,
And save us ere we die.

"Rent, rent, rent,
Our cares we'll drown once more,
For there's nothing but gin when the bailiffs are in,
And the baby's dead on the floor."

G. B. Burgin.

Ashley House, High Barnet, Herts, England.

I Remember, I Remember.

I remember, I remember,
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day,
But now, I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away!

Tom Hood.

Nursery Reminiscences.

I remember, I remember,
When I was a little Boy,
One fine morning in September,
Uncle brought me home a toy.
I remember how he patted
Both my cheeks with kindliest mood;
"Then," said he, "you little fat head,
There's a top because you're good."

Grandmamma—a shrewd observer—
I remember gazed upon
My new top, and said with fervour,
"Oh! how kind of Uncle John!"
While mamma, my form caressing,—
In her eye the tear-drop stood,
Read me this fine moral lesson,
"See what comes of being good!"

I remember, I remember,
On a wet and windy day,
One cold morning in December,
I stole out and went to play;
I remember Billy Hawkins
Came, and with his pewter squirt,
Squibb'd my pantaloons and stockings,
Till they were all over dirt!

To my mother for protection
I ran quaking every limb.
She exclaim'd, with fond affection,
"Gracious goodness! look at *him!*"
Pa cried when he saw my garment—
'Twas a newly-purchased dress—
"Oh! you nasty little *Warment*,
How came you in such a mess?"

Then he caught me by the collar—
Cruel only to be kind—
And to my exceeding dolour,
Gave me several slaps behind.
Grandmamma, while yet I smarted,
As she saw my evil plight,
Said—'twas rather stony-hearted—
"Little rascal! sarve him right!"

I remember, I remember,
From that sad and solemn day,
Never more in dark December
Did I venture out to play.
And the moral which they taught, I
Well remember; thus they said—
"Little boys, when they are naughty,
Must be whipped, and sent to bed!"

The Ingoldsby Legends.

A correspondent, writing to *Notes and Queries* as far back as June 10, 1871, mentions a parody, of which, unfortunately, only the two verses following are given:—

"I remember, I remember,
The day that I was born,
When first I saw this breathing world,
All naked and forlorn.
They wrapped me in a linen cloth,
And then in one of frieze;
And tho' I could not speak just then,
Yet I contrived to sneeze.

"I remember, I remember,
Old ladies came from far;
Some said I was like mother dear,
But others thought like *par;*
Yet all agreed I had a head,
And most expressive eyes;
The latter were about as large
As plums in Christmas pies."

Uneda.

Philadelphia.

A Reminiscence.

I remember, I remember,
The cell, which now I scorn,
The little window where no sun
Could cheer the dreary morn.
Policeman X. no wink too soon,
Brought in my musty fare,
And, growling as he went away,
Locked me in safely there!

I remember, I remember,
We'd been out late at night,
Twain heroes who, o'er sundry cups,
Wound up by "getting tight;"
And then, although no blood was spilt,
That fiend in blue we met;
"Run in" upon my natal day—
Oh, would I could forget.

I remember, I remember,
No soda would he bring,
He said the air seem'd rather fresh
For night birds on the wing!
The *spirits* needed *feathers* then,
And rest my fevered brow;
He only said, "The place is cool,"
And, "Mind! don't make a row!"

* * * *

The Figaro, March 7, 1874.

Another parody of the same original appeared in *The Figaro* for August 26, 1874. It was entitled, "I Remember, I Remember, a reminiscence of Child-Hood and Thomas Hood," and consisted of four verses, but they are not now of sufficient interest to be quoted.

I Remember; I Remember.

I remember, I remember,
When first I saw a rink,
How fine to be a skater,
I always used to think,
To roll about, both in and out,
Through all the livelong day,
But now I wish the rink and skates
Had been far, far away.

I remember, I remember,
The skates that first I wore,
The joy I had in buying them,
That I shall have no more;
On being a great skater
My youthful heart was set—
Now the rink has gone the way of rinks;
The skates I have them yet.

I remember, I remember,
When first I had a fall,
How hard I found the asphalte,
How loudly I did bawl;
There was anguish in my bosom,
There was fever on my brow,
There were bruises on my body—
I bear the traces now.

I remember, I remember,
How oft from school I'd beg;
But my rinking days were over,
When at last I broke my leg.

It was a foolish fancy,
And now 'tis little joy,
To know I broke my fibula,
When I was a little boy.

Idyls of the Rink (Judd and Co., London, 1876).

The Bridge of Sighs.

One more Unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death!
Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashion'd so slenderly,
Young and so fair!
Loop up her tresses,
Escaped from the comb,
Her fair auburn tresses;
Whilst wonderment guesses
Where was her home?
Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
Oh! it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full—
Home she had none.

* * *

Tom Hood.

One More Unfortunate.

"Atqui sciebat quæ sibi Barbarus Tortor Pararet."

I.

One more unfortunate
Ploughed for degree,
By those importunate
Questioners three.

II.

Tell it him gingerly,
Break it with care,
Think you he'll angry be?
Or will he swear?

III.

Look at his college cap,
Bent with its broken flap,
Whilst his hand constantly
Clutches his gown,
And he walks vacantly
Back through the town.

IV.

Didn't he study?
Wasn't he cute? or
Had he a coach? and
Who was his tutor?
Or was he a queerer one
Still, and had ne'er a one,
And all this the fruit? Or

V.

Was his brain muddled,
Addled and puddled,
From over-working?
Or did he all the day
Racquets and cricket play,
Books and dons shirking?

VI.

His Greek was a mystery,
So was his history,
  His throbbing brain whirled,
And through his shaggy hair,
  Both his hands twirled.

VII.

He goes at it boldly,
No matter how coldly
  Examiners scan
Him over the table,
And say, "If you're able,
Construe it, man;
  Look at it, think of it,
Do what you can."

VIII.

Now they stare frigidly,
Calmly and rigidly,
Courteously, slily;
  How well he knows them,
  Who could suppose them
Witty and wily?

IX.

Helplessly staring,
  He looks at it long,
Then with the daring
Last look of despairing,
  Construes it wrong.

X.

Failing most signally,
Construing miserably;
Frequent false quantity,
But as they want it, he
  Must do his best,
Until they tell him he
Need not decidedly
  Construe the rest.

XI.

Full of urbanity
And inhumanity,
  See what they've done;
    Out of each couple,
    They with tongues supple
  Ploughed at least one.

Lays of Modern Oxford, by Adon (Chapman and Hall, 1874).

THE HAIR OF THE DEAD.

PILE it up,
  Pile it up,
Till it towers above;
  Pile it up,
  Pile it up,
'Tis a labour of love:
Pin it so carefully,
Cannot be known
Of that temple of hair fully
Half's not your own.
That dark plaited mass,
So dear and so rare:
That highly-prized mass,
Is a dead woman's hair.

Maybe she was poor,
With no money or purse;
Homeless and fasting,
A vagrant, or worse—
A sport for the wind,
  As it listlessly blew,
  And who from her kind,
  No sympathy knew.
Who knows how she died?
Perchance of her life,
O'er burdened with strife,
She grew weary and cried—
"To death's awful mystery swift to be hurled
Anywhere, anywhere out of the world."

  Then when the dark waters
  Had closed o'er her head,
  And this type of Eve's daughters
  Was told with the dead;
  Then when her poor body
  Was borne by the wave
  To the shore; they allowed her
  A wanderer's grave.
  Nor perfect, indeed,
  Could she enter it there;
  In their terrible greed
  They must clip off her hair;
In their venomous greed
They must steal off her hair.

* * *

  What do we care
  That this long flowing curl,
  Such a charm to a girl,
  Is a dead woman's hair?
  Our changeable sex,
  Do as fashion directs;
  And so long as the hair
  Is a grace to the head,
  So long will we wear
  The locks of the dead.

The Figaro, May 5, 1875.

(At that date ladies were wearing very large chignons).

On the occasion of an inebriated "swell" being expelled from the Prince of Wales's Theatre, by P. C. 22 Z.:—

Take him up tendahly,
  Lift him with caah;
Clothes are made slendahly
  Now, and will taah!

Punch not that nob of his,
  Thus I imploah;
Pick up that bob of his,
  Dropped on the floah!

Pwaps he's a sister,
Pwaps he's a bwother,
  Come to the play with him—
  Let 'em away with him—
One or the other.

Ram his hat lightly,
Yet firmly and tightly,
  Ovah his head.
Turn his coat-collah back,
Get his half-dollah back.

22 Z.

The Rink of Sighs.

One more unfortunate
Knocked out of breath—
"Rashly importunate,"
Jealousy saith.

Lift her up tenderly—
Mind her back hair;
Fashioned so slenderly—
Fetch her a chair.
Burst are her garments,
Hanging in cerements,
While buttons constantly
Fall from her clothing.
Take her up instantly
Loving, not loathing;
Scornfully touch her not—
Think of the bump she got,
All through those wheels of hers
Which she used killingly;
And those high heels of hers—
Sat she unwillingly.
She in a mess is
All things betoken,
And spoilt her gay dress is,
While wonderment guesses:
"Are the bones broken?"
"Who is her milliner?"
"Has she a glover?—
P'raps a two-shilliner;"
"Or has she a dearer one
Still?" P'raps a nearer one—
Gifts from her lover!

Alas, for the rarity
Of Christian charity,
There isn't one
Who's a bit pitiful,
While that sad, witty fool,
Woffles, makes fun.
She, as she shivers
And mournfully quivers,
Sits bolt upright.
From window to casement,
From roof unto basement
She stares with amazement,
Mournful of plight.

Never this history
Tell—'tis a mystery.
How her wheels twirled.
Anywhere, anywhere,
Facing the world;
Whirled her skates boldly,
No matter how coldly
Regarded by man.
Oh, but the Rink of it—
Picture it—think of it,
When it began;
Rave at it, wink at it,
Now if you can.

Take her up tenderly—
Mind her back hair;
Fashioned so slenderly—
Fetch her a chair.
Can't she sit down on it?
Is she in pain?
True. She doth frown on it—
"Shan't rink again!"

Funny Folks, February 26, 1876.

The Last Appeal, 1878.

One more importunate
Struggle for place!
One more unfortunate
Slap in the face!

Dizzy's a devil—he,
What should I spare?
Trip him up cleverly,
Fair or unfair.

Never mind arguments,
Tear up his Pargaments
(While the ink's scarcely dry,
Easy is blotting),
Honour and decency
Wholly forgotten.

Talk of him scornfully,
Talk of him mournfully,
Treat him inhumanly.
Arguments failing.
Throw dirt, and try railing,
Spiteful and womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into past mutiny,
Rash and undutiful,
England's dishonour,
While I heap on her—
Won't it be beautiful?

Point out all slips of his,
Sneer at his family;
Closed are those lips of his,
He must bear silently.
Fear not excesses,
Only hit home.
The "Daily News" blesses,
While wonderment guesses
What next may come.

Sneer at his father,
Jeer at his mother,
Is he a Christian?
Nay, I'll go further.
He's not an Englishman,
Only a Charlatan,
Worse than a murderer.

Oh! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
Oh! it was pitiful
To see a whole City full
Greet such an one.

Countryfolk, citizens,
Foreigners, denizens,
Greetings combined!
Yet may such eminence,
Spite of such evidence,
By my malevolence,
Be undermined.

When the lamps quiver
Over the river,
With many a light
From many a casement,

I'll seek his abasement;
And for his displacement,
I'll fight, yes, I'll fight.

John Bull's cold glance
May make other men shiver,
But still I advance,
Implacable ever,
Mad from life's history.
This creature of mystery
Forth shall be hurled
Anywhere, anywhere,
Out of the world.

In I plunged boldly,
No matter how coldly
Popular feeling ran,
Over the brink of it.
Picture it, think of it,
Dissolute man!
How can Heav'n wink at it?
It's more than I can.

Dizzy's a devil--he,
Why should I spare?
Trip him up cleverly,
Fair or unfair.
Treats he me frigidly,
Formally, rigidly.
Decently kindly,
Can this compose me?
While his eyes pose me,
Staring so blindly!

Dreadfully staring
Through that eye-glass of his,
Malice and daring
Point me—despairing—
To Honour and Peace.

Perish I gloomily
Spurned by contumely.
Soured humanity,
Yields to insanity.
As for the rest--
When my name's perished,
Will his be cherished
By Englishmen blest?

When History has measured
My evil behaviour,
His name shall be treasured
As his country's saviour!

They are Five, by W. E. G. (David Bogue, London).

One more unfortunate
Author in debt,
Scorn'd and importunate,
Badger'd, beset.

Lethe, I'd drink of it,
Die without fuss,
Picture it, think of it—
Manager "Gus."

HARRIETT JAY.

Old Drury Lane, Christmas Annual, 1883.

BOOTS OF SIZE.

Take them up tenderly,
Lift them with care,
Fashioned so slenderly
"Twelves" never were.

Touch them not scornfully,
Think of her mournfully
Who has to bear them.
Think of the pains of her—
All that remains of her
Save what will wear them.

How were her father's feet?
How were her mother's?
How were her sister's feet?
How were her brother's?
What had the maiden done
That she should merit it?
Was it a judgment?
Or did she inherit it?

Alas for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
Oh, it is pitiful,
From a whole city full
Praise she has none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly
Feelings are changed;
Love goes with "pettitoes,"
"Tootsie" and "pootsie" nose
Ever from feet like those
Turning estranged.

Never the ballroom
(Save she had all room)
Could she be daring;
And if at croquet seen,
"Gracious! that huge *bottine*,"
People would cry or mean,
Dreadfully staring!

The bleak winds of March
Made her tremble and shiver;
Clothes raised in arch
Her huge "trotters" dis-*kiver*.
Oh, then, from scrutiny,
Comment or rootin' eye,
Swift to be hurl'd,
Anywhere, anywhere,
Out of the world.
Take them up tenderly,
Lift them with care,
Fashioned more slenderly
Buckets ne'er were.

Scraps, 1884

THOMAS HOOD (*continued*).

THE SONG OF THE LINES.

WITH Gradus dirty and worn,
With heavy and weary eyes,
A Freshman sat who had written an ode
For the last Vice-Chancellor's prize.
Wait, wait, wait,
'Mid Grinders, Lectures, and fines,
And thus on a lyre of dolorous chord
He sang the Song of the Lines.

Wait, wait, wait,
When the bell is ringing aloof,
And wait, wait, wait,
When we leave our Grinder's roof,
And it's oh to be a Jib
In the Godless College of Cork,
Where never Vice-Chancellor gives a prize,
If this be Christian's work.

Oh, Fellows with pupils dear,
Oh, Fellows with nephews and sons,
It is not paper you're tearing up,
But Senior Freshman's Duns,
For the Duns are growing rude,
Because of the Bills I owe,
Madden and Roe, Kinsley and Jude,
Jude and Kinsley and Roe.

Wait, wait, wait,
Till term after term fulfils,
And wait, wait, wait,
As minors wait for wills,
Week after week in vain
We've looked at the College gate,
For how many days? I would hardly fear
To speak of ninety-eight.

With Gradus dirty and worn,
With heavy and weary eyes,
A Freshman sat who had written an ode
For the last Vice-Chancellor's prize.
Wait, wait, wait,
'Mid Grinders, Lectures, and fines,
And thus on a lyre of dolorous chord,
(Would that its tones could reach the Board),
He sang the Song of the Lines.

C. P. MULVANY.

Kottabos, Dublin (William McGee), 1873.

The following imitation was written by Father McCarthy, and appeared in *The Catholic Herald* (Jersey), about forty years ago :—

THE SONG OF THE DRUNKARD.

With body shrivelled and worn,
With eyeballs bloodshot and red,
A man in plight forlorn,
Lay moaning sore in bed.
Drink, drink, drink,
In poverty, fever, and pain,
And still he sang of his favourite drink
'Mid the whirlings of his brain.

Drink, drink, drink,
Oh! there's nothing like drink for man,
Drink, drink, drink,
Till the head reel round again.

It's oh! to be a beast,
Without a soul to save,
With no fear to stay the drunken feast,
And no Hell beyond the grave.

Brandy, and gin, and rum,
Rum, and brandy, and gin,
'Till wild delirium come,
And we rave in the pit of sin.
Oh! men with children dear,
Oh! men with starving wives,
It is not gin you are drinking there,
But your wives and children's lives.

Drink, drink, drink,
Let them all be ragged and bare,
Drink, drink, drink,
Is the drunkard's only care.
Drink, drink, drink,
Our guzzling never flags,
And our wages go, and our homes are woe,
And our children skulk in rags.

Forced by day to starve or steal,
By night a floor their bed,
And all their life is a life of vice,
And where are they when dead?
Drink, drink, drink,
Let us fight and curse and swear,
Drink, drink, drink,
'Till our breath pollute the air.

Brandy, and gin, and rum,
Rum, and brandy, and gin,
'Till wasted frame and fever come,
And the sorrows of Hell begin.
Drink, drink, drink,
'Till staggering home we go,
Drink, drink, drink,
'Till we blast that home with woe.

Drink, curses, murder, and shame,
Make up the drunkard's life,
With the rags and vice of a starving child,
And the groans of a sickly wife.
With body shrivelled and worn,
With eyeballs glaring and red,
A savage man in plight forlorn,
Lay, raving loud on his bed.

Drink, drink, drink,
In racking fever and pain,
And still he raved of his murderous drink,
'Mid the frenzies of his brain.

A distinguished officer writes that the recent spell of warm weather has reminded him of a parody he read in India twenty-five years ago. It describes, in no exaggerated manner, a very disagreeable complaint to which Anglo-Indians are liable in the hot season :—

THE SONG OF "THE PRICKLY HEAT."

I.

With fingers never at rest,
With cuticle measly red,
A heat-oppress'd victim capered about,
Itching from ankles to head—

Scratch, scratch, scratch—
At a rate few North-Britons could beat,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
Thus sang he of "Prickly Heat."

II.

"Itch, itch, itch,
Till my brain begins to swim,
And scratch, scratch, scratch,
Till I bleed in every limb.
Thighs, and body, and arms,
Back, and body, and thighs,
Till weary with scratching I fall asleep,
And scratch with sleep-sealed eyes.

III.

"Oh! white men banished here!
Oh! men all greedy of wealth!
It is not money your sweating out,
But your precious, precious health!
Itch, itch, itch,
Through years of monotonous rack,
Sowing at once with a double seed,
Disease as well as a Lakh!

IV.

"They say it is not disease,
This villanous pimply glow,
If not disease's tangible shape,
'Tis deuced like it though—
'Tis deuced like it though,
If healthy skins are pale.
Oh, God! that suns should be so strong
And flesh and blood so frail.

V.

"Scratch, scratch, scratch,
My labour never flags;
And what are its wages?—a carcass raw—
Lint, plaisters, and swathing rags,
This tortured head, and this body flayed,
Dyspepsia and gloom alway,
And a brain so blank, each ninny I thank
Who drones me through the day.

VI.

"Itch, itch, itch,
When good dinners glad the sight,
And scratch, scratch, scratch,
When I'm longing to bite, bite, bite,
When under silver roofs
Rich viands my servants bring,
As if to show me their dainty shapes,
And twit me for lingering.

VII.

"Oh! but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet,
Where the sky above one's head
Is not of this melting heat;
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel
Before I knew Calcutta's suns
Flay men as men the eel.

VIII.

"Oh! but for one short hour
A respite just to snatch!
No blessèd leisure for love or lark—
But only time to scratch,
Though goulard water might ease my pain
The antidote I dread,
An idle day might affect my pay,
And physic claims a bed."

IX.

With fingers never at rest,
With cuticle measly red,
A heat-oppress'd victim capered about,
Itching from ankles to head.
Scratch, scratch, scratch,
At a rate few North-Britons could beat,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
(Would that its tone could *cure* the itch!)
Thus sang he of "The Prickly Heat."

The Calcutta Englishman, 1859.

There was another parody of Hood's *Song of the Shirt*, written by Mr. Clement Scott, entitled *The Song of the Clerk*. The Editor of this collection would be glad to know when, and in what work it appeared.

ABOUT THE WEATHER.

(*A Fragment*).

I remember, I remember,
Ere my childhood flitted by,
It was cold then in December,
And was warmer in July.
In the winter there were freezings—
In the summer there were thaws;
But the weather isn't now at all
Like what it used to was!

The Man in the Moon, Vol. 5.

THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM.

'TWAS in the prime of summer time,
An evening calm and cool,
And four-and-twenty happy boys
Came bounding out of school:
There were some that ran and some that leapt,
Like troutlets in a pool.

* * * *

That very night, while gentle sleep
The urchin eyelids kiss'd,
Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn,
Through the cold and heavy mist;
And Eugene Aram walk'd between,
With gyves upon his wrist.

THOMAS HOOD.

THE FALL OF THE EMINENT I.

'Twas in the prime of autumn time,
An evening calm and cool,
And full two thousand cockneys went
To see him play the fool;—
And the critics filled the stalls as thick
As the balls in a billiard pool.

Away they sped when the play was done,
Scarce knowing what to say;
So they passed the butter boat around
In the simple, usual way.
Smoothly ran their glowing prose
In the daily press next day.

The Eminent I. they raved about
Till their gush to columns ran;
Condoning a *fiasco* great,
As friendly critics can;
And *he* still strutted on the stage,
An over-rated man.

He wore pink tights—his vest apart,
To clutch his manly chest;
And he went at the knees in his old, old way,
Whilst his brow he madly prest.
So he whisper'd and roared, and gasp'd and groan'd,
As with dyspepsia possest.

Act after act he ranted through,
And he strode for many a mile,
Till some were fain to leave the house,
Too weary even to smile;
For acting the murderer's part so oft
Had somewhat marred his style.

But he took six more hasty strides
Across the stage again—
Six hasty strides, then doubled up,
As smit with searching pain;
As though to say, "See me create
The conscience-stricken Thane!"

Then leaping on his feet upright,
Some moody turns took he
Now up the stage, now down the stage,
And now beside Miss B.;
And, looking off, he saw her ma,
As she read in the R. U. E.

"Now, Mrs. B., what is't you read?"
Ask'd he, with top-lip curving.
"Queen Mary? A play by Mr. Wills,
Or something more deserving?"
Said Mrs. B., with an upturned glance,
"It is 'The Fall of Irving!'"

"His fall!" gasped he, "in sooth you jest!
O, prithee say what mean ye?
Know ye not, they call him Kemble-ish,
And speak of his style as Kean-y?
On the modern stage he stands alone."
She murmur'd one word—"Salvini!"

"Avaunt!" he cried; "that name again!
Its mention ne'er will cease;
Does he still dare my throne to share,
And threaten my fame's short lease?"
But here the call-boy came to say,
That his absence stopped the piece.

* * * *

One night, months thence, whilst gentle sleep
Had still'd the City's heart,
Two bill-stickers set out with paste
And play-bills in a cart,
And the Eminent I. had his name on them,
In a melodramatic part.

The Figaro, October 9, 1875.

When Mr. Henry Irving produced *The Iron Chest*, at the Lyceum Theatre, the Editor of *The World* offered two prizes for the best two parodies on the subject, the model chosen being Hood's *Dream of Eugene Aram*. The successful parodies were printed in *The World*, October 22, 1879:—

FIRST PRIZE.

'TWAS in the Strand, a great demand
For seats was quite the rule;
The pit and gallery were crammed,
The stalls and boxes full.
One man remained who could not find
A solitary stool.

From gods to stall, he paced them all,
Unable to find rest;
A burning thought was in his heart,
Beneath his spotless breast.
He'd eaten pork, and knew full well
Pork he could not digest.

With hollow sound the curtain rose,
And then he found a place,
Where, cramped and crushed, he just could see
The great tragedian's face—
He was so prest, for the *Iron Chest*
He hadn't any space.

He saw how Irving walked the stage
With ill-dissembled care,
To keep the limelight on his brows
And on his flowing hair,
While all the rest were in the dark—
You only heard them there.

His voice was hollow as the grave,
Or like an eagle's scream—
Murderers, you know, talk always so—
His eyes like theirs did gleam—
He'd done this sort of thing before.
But then 'twas in a dream.

He showed how murderers start and gasp
When conscience pricks them sore;
He dragged his shirt-front out by yards,
And strewed it on the floor;
He rolled his eyes, and clutched his breast—
He'd done it all before.

If anybody mentioned death
Or foul assassination,
He started up and groaned or shrieked
With obvious perturbation.
'Twas very strange this sudden change
Provoked no observation.

And when at last four acts were past
Of stares and glares and guggles,
And in the chest they found the knife
Which he so neatly smuggles—
'Twas ecstacy to see him die
Of aggravated struggles.

Q.

SECOND PRIZE.

THE sky was clear; no ripple marked
The course of silver Tyne;
And all was still, save for the bells
On the necks of the grazing kine.
On his fair demesne Sir Edward looked,
Last of an ancient line.

His face was fair, but it did not wear
  The sign of a soul at rest ;
Anon a shudder shook his frame,
  A sigh broke from his breast ;
He seemed as seems a man by some
  O'ermastering woe oppressed.

"And yet among thy peers is known
  Than thine no prouder name,
And wealth is thine and friendship's joy,
  A scutcheon void of blame ;
All this is thine, Sir Edward ; why
  Thus bow thy head in shame?

"Men call thee good, they know thee kind—
  Yet more, if aught beside
There lacks thy happiness to crown,
  Thou hast a peerless bride ;
Why, then, Sir Edward, bow thy head?"
  A mocking demon cried.

"Hell-hound ! and art thou here to taunt
  My last—Yet 'tis thy meed :
'Twas thou that in this fevered breast
  Wrath and revenge didst feed,
Till—woe unutterable !—I
  Wrought the accursèd deed.

"'Twas at thy feet, a pupil apt,
  I learnt this lying art ;—
O God, that I—that I could stoop
  To play this loathly part !
O God, that with a face so calm
  I cloak so black a heart !

Yet the end is gained and the secret sure :
  They shall lay the tortured clod
Of this vile clay in the open day
  With honour beneath the sod."
That night 'twas known that a felon's soul
  Had gone to meet its God.

PORTIONISTA.

The following was also published :—

'Twas in the dim Lyceum pit
  (And, O, that pit was hot)
That several hundred folks did sit,
  And I amongst the lot ;
And some drank ale and some drank stout,
  From mug or pewter-pot.

We watched the jovial robber-crew,
  The merry poaching clan,
Chasing the sportive deer about
  As only robbers can ;
While the keeper kept himself at home,
  A conscience-stricken man.

His hair was long and his dress was dark,
  And he strode with Irving's stride ;
A crime unconfessed he hid in the chest
  Kept ever by his side ;
Much painting had made him very pale
  And wan and hollow-eyed.

And he saw his secretarial clerk,
  One Wilford (Norman Forbes),
Go prying about in the ancient room
  Hung round with family daubs ;
And he "went" forthwith for that timid clerk,
  Whose name was Norman Forbes.

"By hell !" he shrieked, and held him fast ;
  "Untrusty youth, unstable—"
He raved in his face and clenched his fists,
  And chased him round the table.
"Wouldst read the secret? wouldst hear thy doom ?"
  "I would, an I were able !"

"If thou wert Abel, then I were Cain !
  But, 'fore I tell thee, swear—"
And he swore and he swore and he swore again,
  Till on end arose our hair ;
And I couldn't help thinking what fines he'd have paid
  If there'd been a magistrate there.

And that very night, when a somnolent snooze
  Was exciting the murderer's nose,
Poor Wilford rose up, and he hied him away
  In a scanty assortment of clothes ;
And the baronet rummaged and routed his trunk,
  As we do when our "general" goes.

And there he hid a fork and spoon
  In a most ingenious way,
And a ring or so and a deed or two,
  And Wilford was tried next day ;
But the KNIFE had slipped in, and—ha, ha !—'twas found !

* * * * *

And that's the plot of the play !

C. S.

The peculiar rhythm, and quaint conceits of fancy, in Hood's *Miss Kilmansegg and her Precious Leg* have been admirably imitated by Mr. H. Cholmondeley Pennell in *The Thread of Life*. This poem (the last in *Puck on Pegasus*) resembles its original also in the exquisite blending of the pathetic and the humorous, of which, unfortunately, disjointed extracts can give but a faint idea :—

LIFE ! What depths of mystery wide
In the oceans of Hate and the rivers of Pride,
That mingle in Tribulations tide,
  To quench the spark—VITALITY !
What chords of Love and "bands" of Hope
Were "made strong" (without the use of rope)
  In the thread—INDIVIDUALITY.

LIFE ! What marvellous throbs and throes
The Alchemy of EXISTENCE knows ;
What "weals within wheels" (and woes without woahs !)
  Give sophistry a handle ;
Though Hare himself could be dipped in the well
Where Truth's proverbial waters dwell,
It would throw no more light on the vital spell
Than a dip in the Polytechnic bell,
  Or the dip—a ha'penny candle.

* * * *

Into being we come, in ones and twos,
To be kissed, to be cuff'd, to obey, to abuse,
Each destined to stand in another's shoes
  To whose heels we may come the nighest ;
This turns at once into Luxury's bed,
Whilst that in a gutter lays his head,
And this—in a house with a wooden lid
  And a roof that's none of the highest.

We fall like the drops of April show'rs;
Cradled in mud, or cradled in flow'rs,
Now idly to wile the rosy hours,
And now for bread to importune ;
Petted, and fêted, and fed upon pap,
One prattler comes in for a fortune, slap—
And one, a "more kicks than ha'pence" chap,
For a slap—without the fortune !

* * * * *

Yet, laugh if we will at those baby days,
There was more of bliss in its careless plays,
Than in after time from the careful ways
Or the hollow world, with its empty praise,
Its honeyed speeches, and hackney phrase,
And its pleasures, for ever fleeting.

Puck on Pegasus (Chatto and Windus), London.

A NICE YOUNG MAN FOR A SMALL PARTY.

YOUNG BEN he was a nice young man,
An author by his trade ;
He fell in love with Polly-Tics,
And was an M.P. made.

He was a Radical one day,
But met a Tory crew ;
His Polly-Tics he cast away,
And then turned Tory too.

Now Ben had tried for many a place
When Tories e'en were out ;
But in two years the turning Whigs
Were turn'd to the right-about.

But when he called on ROBERT PEEL,
His talents to employ,
His answer was, "Young Englander,
For me you're not the boy."

Oh, ROBERT PEEL ! Oh, ROBERT PEEL !
How could you serve me so ?
I've met with Whig rebuffs before,
But not a Tory blow.

Then rising up in Parliament,
He made a fierce to do
With PEEL, who merely winked his eye ;
BEN wink'd like winking too.

And then he tried the game again,
But couldn't, though he tried ;
His party turn'd away from him,
Nor with him would divide.

Young England died when in its birth :
In forty-five it fell ;
The papers told the public, but
None for it toll'd the bell.

Punch, June 1845. (This parody was accompanied by a portrait of Mr. Benjamin Disraeli).

A FEW WORDS ON POETS IN GENERAL,
AND ONE IN PARTICULAR.

BY THE GHOST OF T— H—D.

"What's in a name ?"—*Shakespeare.*

I.

By different names were Poets call'd
In different climes and times ;
The Welsh and Irish call'd him *Bard*,
Who was confined to rhymes.

II

In France they called them *Troubadours*,
Or *Menestrels*, by turns ;
The Scandinavians called them *Scalds*,
The Scotchmen call theirs *Burns*.

III.

A strange coincidence is this,
Both names implying heat ;
But had the Scotchmen call'd theirs *Scald*.
'Twere title more complete.

IV.

For why call'd BURNS 'tis hard to say
(Except all sense to slaughter) ;
Scald was the name he should have had,
Being always in *hot water*.

V.

For he was poor,—his natal hut
Was built of *mud*, they say ;
But though the hut was built of mud,
He was no *common clay*.

VI.

But though of clay he was (a fate
Each child of earth must share),
As well as being a child of earth,
He was a child of *Ayr*.

VII.

And though he could not vaunt his *house*,
Nor boast his birth's gentility,
Nature upon the boy bestow'd
Her patent of nobility.

VIII.

It needed not for him his race
In heralds' books should shine ;
What pride of ancestry compares
With his illustrious *line*.

IX.

So he, with heaven-ennobled soul,
All heralds held in scorn,
Save one, the oldest of them all,—
"The herald of the morn."

X.

Call'd by *his* clarion, up rose he,
True liege of Nature's throne,
Fields to invest, and mountain *crest*
With *blazon* of his own.

XI.

His *Vert*, the morning's dewy green,
His *Purpure*, evening's close,
His *Azure*, the unclouded sky,
His *Gules*, "the red, red rose."

XII.

His *Argent* sparkled in the streams
That flash'd through birken bowers ;
His *Or* was in the autumn leaves
That fell in golden showers.

XIII.

Silver and gold of other sort
The poet had but little ;
But he had more of rarer store,—
His heart's undaunted mettle.

XIV.

And yet his heart was gentle, too,—
Sweet woman could enslave him;
And from the shafts of Cupid's bow
Even Armour* could not save him.

XV.

And if that Armour could not save
From shafts that chance might wield,
What wonder that the poet wise
Cared little for a *shield*.

XVI.

And *Sable*, too, and *Argent* (which
For colours heralds write)
In BURNS' uncompromising hands
Were honest *black and white*.

XVII.

And in that honest black and white
He wrote his verses bold;
And though he sent them far *abroad*,
Home truths they always told.

XVIII.

And so for "honest poverty"
He sent a brilliant page down;
And, to do battle for the poor,
The gauger threw his *gauge* down.

XIX.

For him the garb of "hodden gray"
Than tabards had more charms;
He took the part of *sleeveless coats*
Against the *Coats of Arms*.

XX.

And although they of Oxford may
Sneer at his want of knowledge,
He had enough of wit at least,
To beat the Heralds' College.

XXI.

The growing brotherhood of his kind
He clearly, proudly saw that,
When launching from his lustrous mind,
"A man's a man for a' that!"

Rival Rhymes, in honour of Burns; by Ben Trovato (Routledge), London, 1859.

THE HAUNTED LIMBO.

A May-Night Vision, after a Visit to the Grosvenor Gallery.

(*With acknowledgment of a hint from* HOOD.)

I.

A WORLD of whim I wandered in of late,
A limbo all unknown to common mortals;
But in the drear night-watches 'twas my fate
To pass within its portals.

Dusk warders, dim and drowsy, drew aside
What seemed a shadowy unsubstantial curtain,
And pointed onwards as with pain or pride,
But *which* appeared uncertain.

I entered, and an opiate influence stole,
Like semi-palsy, over thought and feeling,
And with inebriate haziness my soul
Seemed rapt almost to reeling.

For over all there hung a glamour queer,
A sense of something odd the spirit daunted,
And said, like a witch-whisper in the ear,
"The place is haunted!"

II.

Those women, ah, those women! They were white,
Blue, green, and grey,—all hues, save those of nature,
Bony of frame, and dim and dull of sight,
And parlous tall of stature.

Ars longa est,—aye, very long indeed,
And long as Art were all these High-Art ladies,
And wan, and weird; one might suppose the breed
A cross 'twixt earth and Hades.

If poor Persephone to the Dark King
Had children borne, after that rape from Enna,
Much so might they have looked, when suffering
From too much salts and senna.

Many their guises, but no various grace
Or changeful charm relieved their sombre sameness;
Of form contorted, and cadaverous face,
And limp lopsided lameness.

Venus was there; at least, they called her so:
A pallid person with a jaw protrusive,
Who palpably had found all passion slow,
And all delight delusive.

No marvel she looked *passé*, peevish, pale,
Unlovely, languid, and with doldrums laden.
To cheer her praise of knights might not avail,
Nor chaunt of moon-eyed maiden.

Laus Veneris! they sang; the music rose
More like a requiem than a gladsome pæan.
With sullen lip and earth-averted nose
Listened the Cytherean.

This Aphrodite? Then methought I heard
Loud laughter of the Queen of Love, full scornful
Of this dull simulacrum, strained, absurd,
Green-sick, and mutely mournful.

A solid Psyche and a Podgy Pan,
A pulpy Cupid crying on a column,
A skew-limbed Luna, a Peona wan,
A Man and Mischief solemn;

A moonlight-coloured maiden—she was hight
Ophelia, but poor *Hamlet* would have frightened—
A wondrous creature called the Shulamite,
With vesture quaintly tightened;

These and such other phantasms seemed to fill
Those silk-hung vistas, which, though fair and roomy,
Nathless seemed straitened, close, oppressive, still,
And gogglesome and gloomy.

For over all there hung a glamour queer,
A sense of something odd the spirit daunted;
And said, like a witch-whisper in the ear,
"The place is haunted!"

III.

* * * * *

I could no more; I veiled my wearied eyes.
I said, "Is this indeed the High Ideal?
If so, give me plain faces, common skies,
The homely and the real."

---

* "Bonnie Jean's" maiden name.

But no, this limbo is *not* that fair land,
Beloved of soaring fancies, hearts ecstatic;
'Tis the Fools' Paradise of a small band,
Queer, crude, absurd, erratic.

I turned, and murmured, as I passed away,
"Such limbos of mimetic immaturity
Have no abiding hold e'en on to-day,
Of fame no calm security."

For over all there hung a glamour queer,
A sense of something odd the spirit daunted,
And said, like a witch-whisper in the ear,
"This place is haunted!"

Punch, May 18, 1878.

Bret Harte.

The humorous writings of this author are as widely read, and as keenly appreciated, in England as in the United States, and when the prose portion of this collection is reached his *Sensation Novels Condensed* will be fully considered. In these he has admirably hit off the peculiarities of style of such varied writers as Miss Braddon, Victor Hugo, Charles Lever, Lord Lytton, Alexander Dumas, F. Cooper. Captain Marryat, Charles Dickens, Charlotte Brontë, and Wilkie Collins; whilst in *Lothaw* he produced a clever little parody of Lord Beaconsfield's *Lothair*.

Bret Harte has ably described both the comic and the pathetic sides of the wild life of the Californian miners, with which he is thoroughly familiar; and his best known poems deal with phases of life in that part of the world, where the Chinese element enters largely into the population. For convenience of comparison, the original "Heathen Chinee" is given below, followed by the parodies:—

PLAIN LANGUAGE FROM TRUTHFUL JAMES.

Table Mountain, 1870.

WHICH I wish to remark—
And my language is plain—
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar,
Which the same I would rise to explain.

Ah Sin was his name;
And I will not deny
In regard to the same
What that name might imply;
But his smile it was pensive and childlike,
As I frequent remarked to Bill Nye.

It was August the third,
And quite soft was the skies;
Which it might be inferred
That Ah Sin was likewise;
Yet he played it that day upon William
And me in a way I despise.

Which we had a small game
And Ah Sin took a hand.
It was Euchre. The same
He did not understand;
But he smiled as he sat by the table,
With a smile that was childlike and bland.

Yet the cards they were stocked
In a way that I grieve,
And my feelings were shocked
At the state of Nye's sleeve:
Which was stuffed full of aces and bowers,
And the same with intent to deceive.

But the hands that were played
By that heathen Chinee,
And the points that he made,
Were quite frightful to see—
Till at last he put down a right bower,
Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

Then I looked up at Nye,
And he gazed upon me;
And he rose with a sigh,
And said, "Can this be?
We are ruined by Chinese cheap labour"—
And he went for that heathen Chinee.

In the scene that ensued
I did not take a hand;
But the floor it was strewed
Like the leaves on the strand
With the cards that Ah Sin had been hiding,
In the game "he did not understand."

In his sleeves, which were long,
He had twenty-four packs—
Which was coming it strong,
Yet I state but the facts;
And we found on his nails, which were taper,
What is frequent in tapers—that's wax.

Which is why I remark,
And my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar—
Which the same I am free to maintain.

BRET HARTE.

THE HEATHEN PASS.

Being the Story of a Pass Examination.

BY BRED HARTE.

WHICH I wish to remark,
And my language is plain,
That for plots that are dark
And not always in vain,
The Heathen Pass-ee is peculiar,
And the same I would rise to explain.

I would also premise
That the term of Pass-ee
Most fitly applies,
As you probably see,
To one whose vocation is passing
The "ordinary B.A. degree."

Tom Crib was his name,
And I shall not deny
In regard to the same
What that name might imply,
But his face it was trustful and childlike,
And he had the most innocent eye.

Upon April the First
The Little-Go fell,
And that was the worst
Of the gentleman's sell,
For he fooled the Examining Body
In a way I'm reluctant to tell.

The candidates came
And Tom Crib soon appeared;
It was Euclid, the same
Was "the subject he feared;"
But he smiled as he sat by the table
With a smile that was wary and weird.

Yet he did what he could,
And the papers he showed
Were remarkably good,
And his countenance glowed
With pride when I met him soon after
As he walked down the Trumpington Road.

We did not find him out,
Which I bitterly grieve,
For I've not the least doubt
That he'd placed up his sleeve
Mr. Todhunter's excellent Euclid,
The same with intent to deceive.

But I shall not forget
How the next day at two
A stiff Paper was set
By Examiner *U*—
On Euripides' tragedy, Bacchæ,
A Subject Tom "partially knew."

But the knowledge displayed
By that heathen Pass-ee,
And the answers he made
Were quite frightful to see,
For he rapidly floored the whole paper
By about twenty minutes to three.

Then I looked up at U—
And he gazed upon me,
I observed, "This won't do."
He replied, "Goodness me!
We are fooled by this artful young person."
And he sent for that heathen Pass-ee.

The scene that ensued
Was disgraceful to view,
For the floor it was strewed
With a tolerable few
Of the "tips" that Tom Crib had been hiding
For the "subject he partially knew."

On the cuff of his shirt
He had managed to get
What we hoped had been dirt,
But which proved, I regret,
To be notes on the rise of the Drama,
A question invariably set.

In his various coats
We proceeded to seek,
Where we found sundry notes
And—with sorrow I speak—
One of Bohn's publications, so useful
To the student of Latin or Greek.

In the crown of his cap
Were the Furies and Fates,
And a delicate map
Of the Dorian States,
And we found in his palms, which were hollow,
What are frequent in palms—that is, dates;

Which is why I remark,
And my language is plain,
That for plots that are dark
And not always in vain,
The Heathen Pass-ee is peculiar,
Which the same I am free to maintain.

Light Green (W. Metcalfe and Son) Cambridge.

A Kiss in the Dark.

Which I wish to remark,
That a pleasure in vain
Is a kiss in the dark
When it leaveth a stain:
And a maid who strikes quickly her colours
When pressed, I shall never maintain.

It was at a "surprise,"
Where fair ladies are found
To kill time, while it flies,
With their beaux, who were bound
On having a social re-union,
At the cost of—well, more than a pound.

Just here let me say
To the ladies below,
Who in polka display
Their fantastic light *toe*,
That their husbands, upstairs, also "poker"
Yes, ladies, you well may cry "Owe!"

If the husbands but knew
How their wives flirt below,
They would sing to them—"Glou!"
For they'd stick to them so
That the popinjays all would look elsewhere,
Nor want for a trip of the toe.

In the waltz I embraced
A fair maid with soft eyes;
To the size of her waist
Made me waste many sighs:
And I likened her cheeks to red roses,
And whispered, "Sweet love never dyes."

Then together we strayed
In the light of the moon,
Where I kissed that sweet maid;
She pretended to swoon,
But her faint was a feint, so I kissed her
Again, for I relished the boon,

Back again on the floor,
With my sweetheart I danced,
While the people there wore
Merry smiles, as they glanced
At my partner, so stayed—in her manner,
And at me, so completely entranced.

When my love turned around
I was shocked at the sight;
Where the roses were found,
One had met with a blight;
While a cheek was still blooming and rosy,
The other was fearfully white.

From my good-looking lass,
  Filled with fright, I straight flew
To a bad looking-glass,
  Where I gazed : then I knew
That my nose, which was formerly turn-up,
  Was radish—bright crimson in hue.

Which is why I remark,
  That a pleasure in vain
Is a kiss in the dark,
  When it leaveth a stain ;
And a maiden who runs when you kiss her,
  Is fast—which I'll ever maintain.

Merry Folks.

THAT GERMANY JEW.

London, 1874.

WHICH I wish to remark—
  And my language is plain—
That for ways that are dark,
  And tricks far from vain,
The Germany Jew is peculiar,
  Which the same I'm about to explain.

Eim Gott was his name ;
  And I shall not deny
In regard to the same,
  He was wonderful "fly,"
But his watch-chain was vulgar and massive,
  And his manner was dapper and spry.

It's two years come the time,
  Since the mine first came out ;
Which in language sublime
  It was puffed all about :—
But if there's a mine called Miss Emma
  I'm beginning to werry much doubt.

Which there was a small game
  And Eim Gott had a hand
In promoting ! The same
  He did well understand ;
But he sat at Miss Emma's board-table,
  With a smile that was child-like and bland.

Yet the shares they were "bulled,"
  In a way that I grieve,
And the public was fooled,
  Which Eim Gott, I believe,
Sold 22,000 Miss Emmas,
  And the same with intent to deceive.

And the tricks that were played
  By that Germany Jew,
And the pounds that he made
  Are quite well known to you.
But the way that he flooded Miss Emma
  Is a "watering" of shares that is new.

Which it woke up MacD——,
  And his words were but few,
For he said, "Can this be?"
  And he whistled a "Whew!"
"We are ruined by German-Jew Swindlers!"—
  And he went for that Germany Jew.

In the trial that ensued
  I did not take a hand ;
But the Court was quite filled
  With the fi-nancing band,
And Eim Gott was "had" with hard labour,
  For the games he did well understand.

Which is why I remark—
  And my language is plain—
That for ways that are dark,
  And for tricks far from vain.
The Germany Jew was peculiar,—
  But he won't soon be at it again.

Jon Duan.

ST. DENYS OF FRANCE (A.D. 272).

N.B.—The following lay was composed in humble imitation of the popular bard of Transatlantica.

WHICH I mean to observe—
  And my statement is true—
That for ways that unnerve,
  And for deeds that out-do,
St. Denys of France was peculiar,
  And the same I'll explain unto you.

Dionysius his name,
  And none will deny
That Denys the same
  Does mean and imply ;
And he fell in the hands of the pagans,
  Who doom'd *him* a martyr to die.

'Twas century third,
  As the history states,
That Denys incurr'd
  This saddest of fates ;
With one Eleutherius, deacon.
  And Rusticus, priest, for his mates.

Yet the woes that were laid
  On those Christians three,
And the pluck they display'd
  Were quite frightful to see,
And at first you would scarcely believe it,
  But the same is asserted by ME.

'Twas one of their foes'
  Diabolical whims,
To the flames to expose
  The martyr's bare limbs.
But Denys, for one, didn't mind it,
  He lay and sang psalms—likewise hymns.

And then he was placed
  In a den of wild beasts
With a preference of taste
  For martyrs and priests ;
But Denys, by *crossing*, so tamed them,
  They turned from such cannibal feasts.

Next Denys was cast
  In a furnace of fire ;
All thinking at last
  He'd have to expire ;
But the flame sank so low in a minute,
  No bellows could make it rise higher.

And when he'd been hung
  On the cross for a spell,
St. Denys was flung
  With his friends in a cell,
As narrow and close as a coffin,
  And dark as H E double L.

Said the judge, stern and curt,
  "Bring the captives to me."
When he found them unhurt
  He cried, "Can this be?
We are ruin'd by Christian endeavour;"
  And he meant to destroy the whole three.

On the Saints, who had long
  Withstood such attacks,
The foe came out strong
  With their tortures and racks.
At last, by the Governor's order,
  Their heads were cut off with an axe.

"Do we sleep? do we dream?"
  All the witnesses shout;
"Are men what they seem?
  Or is witchcraft about?"
For quickly the corpse of St. Denys
  Rose up, and began to walk out!

He took up his head,
  Tuck'd it under his arm,
And the same, it is said,
  Caused surprise and alarm;
Each eye on the marvel was fasten'd
  As if by some magical charm.

Cut down to his neck,
  Like a flower to its stalk,
The Saint met a check
  When he first tried to walk:
But soon he felt stronger than Weston
  Or Webb—by a very long chalk.

And angels, we're told,
  Led his footsteps along;
While heavenwards rolled
  Their chorus of song;
They led him two leagues from the city,
  To see that he didn't go wrong.

I hope you'll believe
  That this story is fact,
For I scorn to deceive,
  And refuse to retract;
For truth I've a great reputation,
  And wish to preserve it intact.

Which is why I observe—
  And my statement is true—
That for ways that unnerve,
  And for deeds that out-do,
St. Denys of France was peculiar,
  And the same I have proved unto you.

Lays of the Saintly, by Walter Parke (Vizetelly and Co.) London, 1882.

That Infidel Earl!

(*Plain Language from Artless Ahmed, Istamboul.*)

Air—"That Heathen Chinee."

Sultan *sings*—

I—aside—may remark,—
  And I mean to speak plain,—
That for games that are dark,
  Masked by manners urbane,
That Infidel Earl licks me hollow—
And *I* am no novice inane.

Duffer-in is his name,
  But I'm bound to deny,
In regard to the same,
  What that name might imply.
Though his smile is so pleasant and placid,
A Sheitan there lurks in each eye.

Istamboul was the spot
  Where we played, and you'd guess
That the Giaour got it hot—
  Found himself in a mess.
Yet he played it on me, did that Giaour,
In a way that was loathsome—no less.

We sat down to the game,
  Duffer-in took a hand;
I felt sure that the same
  He could not understand;
But he smiled as he sat at the table
With the smile that was placid and bland.

My cards were well stocked,—
  As no doubt you'll believe,—
And I felt—*don't* be shocked!—
  I'd "a bit up my sleeve."
For when playing with sons of burnt fathers
Our *duty's* to dupe and deceive.

But the hands which were played
  By that dog Duffer-in,
And the tricks that he made,
  Were a shame, and a sin,
Till at last I was "bested" completely,
And the Giaour scored a palpable win.

Then I felt that *my* guile
  Was but simple and slight,
And he rose, with a smile,
  And he said, "*That's* all right!
Think I'll take the next turn with dear Tewfik!"
And he started for Cairo that night.

In the little game there
  I may not take a hand;
But, my Tewfik, beware!
  He is gentle and bland,
Yet he'll probably give you a hiding,--
Few games that he'll *not* understand.

Be the game short or long,
  He's ne'er flurried nor stuck.
His lead is *so* strong,
  He has Sheitan's own luck;
And you'll find in this goose—as I thought him—
What occurs to geese—*sometimes*—that's "pluck."

Which is why I remark,
  Though I own it with pain,
That for games that are dark,
  Masked by manners urbane,
That Infidel Earl licks me hollow,
And I don't want to play *him* again!

Punch, November 11, 1882.

Further Language from Truthful James.

Do I sleep? do I dream?
  Do I wander and doubt?
Are things what they seem?
  Or is visions about?
Is our civilisation a failure?
  Or is the Caucasian played out?

* * * *

Bret Harte.

REMARKS ABOUT OTHELLO.

Do I sleep? Do I dream?
  Do I wonder and doubt?
Are things what they seem,
  Or is libels about?
Has the Eminent I. scored a failure?
  Or is the tragedian played out?

Which questions is strong;
  Yet I would but imply
That to them I much long
  To get a reply—
Seeing things is kinder mixed up so,
  Or, leastways, they seem so to I.

How he got up his name
  I needn't relate;
Though, regarding that same,
  He owed Colonel Bate-
Man some thanks for the way that he publish'd
  The fact that his genius was great.

Then 'twas said with one breath
  Perfection was he,
From the "Belis" to "Macbeth"
  He was as good as could be—
He came, and he play'd, and he conquer'd—
  Like a melodramatic J. C.

And all London went wild
  O'er this Eminent I.,
Save a party that smiled,
  And thought it good fun;
But as for the late William Shakespeare,
  He never had had such a run.

And the public fell down
  As though in a trance;
And the West-End of town
  Booked their stalls in advance;
Whilst the critics wrote furlongs of praises,
  His triumph to further enhance.

And the management, gaily,
  Its hand on its heart,
Did advertise, daily,
  Its love of high art;
Whilst FIGARO smiled somewhat drily,
  And murmured, "O here's a droll start!"

But at last came a night—
  'Twas "Othello" you'll guess;
And thought I (well I might),
  "Ah! another success!"
But the papers next morning—O pizen!
  They upset this view, I confess.

For I dare not repeat
  The things that were said:—
Of a mop-stem on feet—
  In one weekly I read—
With its arms like a pair of pump-handles,
  And the mop dipped in ink for the head.

And another remarked
  That his voice wasn't clear,
And the more the Moor barked,
  The less he could hear;
Whilst a third liken'd him in the death scene,
  To a curate whose dreams had been queer.

Scarce a paper I scann'd
  Had the old-fashioned praise;
But on every hand
  I read with amaze,
That the Eminent I. got a "slating"
  Not frequently giv'n in these days.

And, thought I, this is odd!
  To turn round in this way:
One day he's a god—
  Or, so they all say—
And the next night they call him eccentric,
  Which isn't to my mind, fair play.

He ain't a-gone wrong
  Like this in a day;
He's been wrong all along
  In the same kind of way;
And the faults they have damned in "Othello"
  They praised in—well, "Hamlet," I'll say.

So that's why I remark,
  And would wish to maintain,
That for hair long and dark,
  And a voice that was pain-
Ful, the Eminent I. was peculiar—
  But I don't think he'*ll* try it again.

The Figaro, March 4, 1876.

GALAHAD. "A superficial imitation is easy enough, but I shall certainly fail to reproduce his subtle wit and pathos." (*Reads.*)

TRUTHFUL JAMES'S SONG OF THE SHIRT.

Which his name it was Sam;
  He had sluiced for a while
Up at Murderer's Dam,
  Till he got a good pile,
And the heft of each dollar,
  Two thousand or more,
He'd put in the Chollar,
  For he seed it was ore
That runs thick up and down, without ceilin' or floor.

And, says he, it's a game
  That's got but one stake;
If I put up that same,
  It'll bust me or make.
At fifty the foot
  I've entered my pile,
And the whole derned cahoot
  I'll let soak for a while,
And jest loaf around here,—say, Jim, will you smile?

Tom Fakes was the chum,
  Down in Frisco, of Sam;
And one mornin' there come
  These here telegram:
"You can sell for five hundred,
  Come down by the train!"
Sam By-Joed and By-Thundered,—
  'Twas whistlin' quite plain,
And down to Dutch Flat rushed with might and with main.

He had no time to sarch,
  But he grabbed up a shirt
That showed bilin' and starch,
  And a coat with less dirt.
He jumped on the step
  As the train shoved away,
And likewise was swep,'
  All galliant and gay,
Round the edge of the mounting and down to'rds the Bay.

Seven minutes, to pass
Through the hole by the Flat!
Says he, I'm an ass
If I can't shift in that!
But the train behind time,
Only *three* was enough,—
It came pat as a rhyme—
He was stripped to the buff
When they jumped from the tunnel to daylight! 'Twas rough.

What else? Here's to you!
Which he sold of his feet
At five hundred, 'tis true,
And the same I repeat:
But acquaintances, friends,
They likes to divert,
And the tale never ends
Of Sam and his shirt,
And to stop it from goin' he'd give all his dirt!

Diversions of the Echo Club.

The following admirable parody of Bret Harte's pathetic poems on miner's life in California was written by Mr. Charles H. Ross, the Editor of *Judy*. It is a favourite recitation with Mr. Odell, the popular actor:—

THE BLOOMIN' FLOWER OF RORTY GULCH.

IT war Bob war the Bloomin' Flower,
They know'd him on Poker Flat;
He'd gouged a few down Gilgal way,
But no one complained o' that.
He scored his stiffs* on the heft of his knife—
Forty I've heern 'em say;
It might have been more—Bob kept his accounts
In a loosish sorter way.

Bob warn't a angel ter look at,
And the Bible it warn't *his* book;
He swore the most oaths that war swor'd in the camp,
Or blarmedly I am mistook;
But he warn't a outen-out bad 'un,
And he'd got a heart you could touch;
And he never draw'd iron** on boy or man
As didn't pervoke him much.

And you can't say fair as drinking
War counted among his sins;
For at nary a sittin' would he put down
More nor fifteen whisky skins.
But one day we was drinkin' and jawin',
Round Haggarty's bar, and I fear
That Haggarty riled him, bein' so slow,
So he jist sliced off Haggarty's ear.

Then Haggarty went for him savage,
Instead of a-holding his jor;
And Bob went for his 'leven-inch knife,
And scatter'd Hag's scraps on the floor.
One of Hag's friends then drew upon Bob,
And shot Joe Harris instead;
And I take it the bar floor got at last
'Bout knee-deep in red.

* Corpses. ** To shoot.

But when the fun was over in there,
Bob ran a-muck in the street;
And he speared and potted each derned cuss
As he chanced to meet.
And quiet folks shut up their doors—
They thought it safer, you see—
All but a man with his wife and child,
That was settin' down to tea.

Into their parlour rushed Bloomin' Bob,
To that father and mother's surprise;
Jobb'd his bowie through one, and took
The tother between the eyes.
Then he clutched the innocent slumb'rin' babe,
Jist meanin' to knock out its brains;
But at that moment there reach'd his ear
Some long-forgotten strains.

* * * *

Some soft and touching music this,
Music solemn and sweet,
Played by a common organ-man
Down at the end of the street.
And it went straight home to the digger's heart,
And he did not squelch the child,
But lay it down in its little cot,
And rocked the same—and smiled!

Talk soft! They say the angels
That night smole down on Bob;
And a sorter radiant halo
Gleamed brightly round his nob.
I can't swear to all this for certain,
And it do seem a queerish start;
But I won't set by and hear none o' you say
Bob hadn't a tender heart!

C. Wolfe's Ode.

Since Part VII. appeared, containing the parodies on the above, a correspondent has kindly sent the following, which recently appeared in a Durham newspaper:—

A MOONLIGHT FLIT.

SCARCE a sound was heard, not a word was spoke,
As a van down the back way they hurried;
For some tenants were bolting, not paying their rent,
And looking confoundedly flurried.

They'd packed up in silence at dead of night,
And, having no thought of returning,
Had nailed up the shutters to keep in the light
Of the paraffin-lamp left a-burning.

But just as they'd got the loading done,
And with the last chair were retiring,
They heard the butcher (that son of a gun)
At the door for his money inquiring.

Sharp and short was the answer he got—
They told him "It gave them much sorrow;
It wasn't convenient to settle just then,
But they'd certainly do so to-morrow."

Slowly and sadly they hurried away
From that snug little house of one storey,
Chucked the key in the water-butt, out of harm's way,
And left it alone in its glory.

Loudly they'll talk of the tenants now gone,
And the landlords will say they were rum 'uns ;
But little they'll care if he lets them alone,
And don't find them out with a summons.

ANONYMOUS.

Two old parodies of the same original, on theatrical matters, may also, for the sake of completeness, be inserted here. They are both taken from *The Man in the Moon*, which was a small comic magazine, edited by the late Angus B. Reach, with many funny illustrations by Hine, Sala, and other humorous artists. *The Man in the Moon* was started in 1847, and five volumes in all were issued; its contents are now, of course, somewhat out of date, but there are some clever parodies which will be inserted in this collection—many of these parodies were, no doubt, from the facile pen of Albert Smith, who was one of the principal contributors to the magazine.

THE BURIAL OF PANTOMIME.

Stanzas of 1846-7.

NOT a laugh was heard, not a topical joke,
As its corpse to oblivion we hurried,
Not a paper a word in its favour spoke
On the pantomime going to be buried.

We buried it after the Boxing night,
The folks from our galleries turning,
For we knew that it scarcely would pay for the light
Of the star in the last act burning.

No useless play-bill put forth a puff,
How splendid the public had found it.
But it lay like a piece that had been call'd "Stuff,"
With a very wet blanket round it.

Stoutly and long all the audience hiss'd,
When they found neither sense nor reason ;
But we steadfastly dwelt on the points we had miss'd
And we bitterly thought of next season.

We thought, when we felt it was really dead,
As we pass'd old Covent Garden,
That Opera and Ballet would take up its place,
And we not be worth half a farden.

Loudly old gentlemen still will prate,
As they always do, of past actors ;
But we know that poor Mathews' and Howell's fate
Was as bad as a malefactors.

Slowly and sadly we laid it down,
For we knew that we couldn't make bad well,
And we felt that the *prestige* was vanish'd at last,
But we drank to the health of poor Bradwell.

The Man in the Moon, Volume 1.

THE BURIAL OF PHILIP VAN ARTEVELDE.

(*Princess's Theatre*).

NOT a house was drawn—not a five-pound-note—
So his run to its closing we hurried ;
Not a listener could follow his hazy plot,
So the dreary abortion we buried.

We buried him, sadly, one Friday night,
For our hopes were gone past returning ;
And the manager's pangs were a moving sight,
By the foot-lights dimly burning.

All bare and exposed to the critics lash,
On that luckless stage we found him—
On that stage where he deemed he should cut such a dash,
With armour and mobs around him.

Few were the words which the manager said,
To soothe the tragedian's sorrow ;
But they glared at each other with looks which made
Us hope they would fight on the morrow.

They doubtless thought, though their tongues they held,
That of all the dreadful messes,
A sadder than Philip Van Artevelde,
Had never disgraced the Princess's.

Loudly the manager told what he spent—
And he said that Macready had made him—
Ah ! little attention the "Eminent" paid,
But coolly let Maddox upbraid him.

But now was our dreary duty done—
Our sleep-moving drama retiring,
From the distant jeer and the cutting pun,
Which the foe were constantly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid it down
That a poem, which is famed in story,
Be it writ in a book, be it carved on a stone,
Should be left there alone in its glory.

The Man in the Moon, Volume 3.

THE BURIAL OF THE BILLS.

(*A Parody apropos to present circumstances, August*, 1884.)

NOT a joke was heard, not a troublesome vote,
As the bills into limbo they hurried ;
Not e'en INGLIS discharged a farewell shot,
O'er the grave where the Jew-Bill was buried.

They buried them darkly at dead of night,
For bed all the members yearning ;
With the aid of the Speaker to keep them right,
And GREEN'S parliamentary learning.

No vain discussion their life suppress,
Nor did truth nor talk confound them ;
They passed a few, and as for the rest,
They burked them just as they found them.

For most of the Session's task was done,
The supplies marked the hour for retiring ;
And as August drew near, each son of a gun,
At the grouse, in his dreams, was a-firing.

* * * *

So they settled the Bills—other folks' and their own—
Never destined to figure in story ;
They shed not a tear, and they heaved not a groan,
But they burked them alike, Whig and Tory !

Punch, 1850.

A TALE OF A TUB.

NOT a cackle was heard, or matitudinal crow,
As the cask to the orchard they barrowed ;
And gently and tenderly laid him below,
Where some ground had been recently harrowed.

The tears trickled slowly down Emma's fair cheek,
  While Ned sobbed aloud in his fustian,
And Marian's feelings forbade her to speak
  For fear of spontaneous combustion.

They gazed on his coat of cerulean blue,
  And silently gauged his dimensions,
Then covered him up with a hurdle or two
  To balk the sly foxes' intentions.

Then slowly and sadly they turned them away,
  With their hearts overladen with sorrow:
Said Emma, "Bedad! he is safe for to-day."
  Said Ned, "We must tap him to-morrow."

Alas! Ere the dawn of another to-day,
  There only was weeping and wailing;
That beautiful tub had been carried away,
  Or had leaked through a gap in the pailing.

And the Beaks, when applied to, just wagged their old heads,
  And said, "Since for advice you must ask us,"
Don't bury your casks in your strawberry beds,
  Lest men take them by *Habeas Caskus!*"

JOHN E. ALLEN.

(The touching incident described in these affecting lines occurred to some friends who, for fear of an explosion, buried a cask of paraffine oil in their garden; a midnight robber despoiled them of their spirit, and they could not make light of it.)

Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

POET LAUREATE.

THE first four parts of this collection were devoted to parodies of the works of the Poet Laureate, a few examples being given of the imitations of each of his more important poems. Numerous subscribers have requested that the collection should be continued, so that the first volume might contain as nearly a complete set of parodies on Tennyson's works as it is possible to form. With this view many additional contributions have been sent in; whilst some that have quite recently appeared, and a few that were previously omitted as being too lengthy, will now be included. Independently of the amusing nature of many of the parodies still to be given, collectors of *Tennysoniana* will appreciate the completeness thus to be obtained, and it will be seen that very few of Tennyson's poems have escaped parody.

Although it may appear that the imitations now to be given will come somewhat out of order, no inconvenience will eventually result, as the index will show, in a tabulated form, under the head of each *original* poem every parody of it. The order adopted in the recent editions of the Laureate's poems will be followed in this further collection, and the parodies will illustrate Mariana; Circumstance; The Palace of Art; Riflemen Form; Lady Clara Vere de Vere; The May Queen; The Dream of Fair Women; "You Ask Me Why;" "Of Old sat Freedom;" Tithonus; Locksley Hall; Lady Godiva; The Lord of Burleigh; The Voyage; Enoch Arden; The Brook; The Princess; Alexandra; In Memoriam; Maud; Hands All Round; and the Idyls of the King.

THE HAYMARKET THEATRE ON THE OCCASION OF THE REVIVAL OF A DULL OLD FIVE-ACT PLAY.

With kindest friends, each private box
  Was thickly peopled one and all;
The busy tongues fell at the knocks
  The prompter gave against the wall.
The grand tiers' heads look'd old and strange,
  Unresting was box-keeper's key,
  For those who something came to see,
Within the dismal five-acts' range.
    She only said, "It readeth dreary;
      No pathos and no fun."
    She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
      Before it hath begun."

Her yawns came with the first act even;
  Her yawns came ere the third was tried.
She had been listening from seven,
  With nought to praise, nor to deride.
After the friends forgot to clap,
  Which very soon they ceased to do,
  She drew the box's curtains too,
And thought, "I'll take a little nap."
    She only said, "The play is dreary;
      No pathos, and no fun,"
    She only said, "I am aweary, aweary,
      I would that it were done."

* * * *

The hazy nature of the plot;
  The box locks clicking; and the sound
Which to the actors on the stage
  The prompter made, did all confound
Her sense; but most she loathed the power
  Which could get acted such a play,
  When they would nothing have to say
To pieces of the present hour.
    Then said she, "This is very dreary!
      This must not be," she said;
    "Sooner than feel again so weary,
      I'd go right home to bed."

The Man in the Moon, Volume 2, 1848.

THE EXILED LONDONER.

"Since I have been at this place I have lost as many as three copies of *The Times* in a week, while *Punch* was as regularly stolen as it was posted."—*Times*, January 10.

WITH black *ennui* the Exile sits,
  Watching the rain-drops as they fall;
The bluebottle about him flits,
  That ate the peach on the garden wall.
No *Times* nor *Punch*, 'tis very strange;
  Unlifted is the iron latch;
Of papers he's without the batch
  That gives his days their only change.

At first he only said, "Oh deary!
The post is late," he said;
"Of waiting I am rather weary,
I would my *Punch* I'd read."

About the middle of the day
The postman's form its shadow cast,
The door he sought with footsteps gay,
The *Times* and *Punch* are here at last.
Out with them; but 'tis very strange,
The envelope is open torn—
'Tis but the *Herald* of the morn;
His paper they have dared to change.
He only said, "The *Herald*'s dreary,
Dreary, indeed," he said;
"It's very look has made me weary;
It never can be read."

Upon some stones—a hillock small,
The Londoner in exile leapt,
And over objects large and small
A telescopic watch he kept;
He saw the postman walk away,
He gazed till it was nearly dark,
Then only made this sad remark,
"Nor *Times* nor *Punch* will come to-day."
He only said, "'Tis very dreary
They do not come," he said;
"While I for want of them am weary,
They're elsewhere being read."

And even when the moon was low,
And the shrill winds a game did play,
Blowing the sign-boards to and fro,
As if 'twould blow them right away;
He'd with the spider, as it climbs,
Hold converse—asking if 'twould tell
Whether the postman dared to sell
The weekly *Punch* and daily *Times*.
He only said, "'Tis very dreary,
Dreary, indeed," he said;
"Of life I'm almost getting weary,
My *Times* and *Punch* unread."

All day within the dreamy house
His shoes had in the passage creak'd;
The maid-of-all-work, like a mouse,
Out of her master's presence sneak'd,
Or from the kitchen peer'd about,
Or listen'd at the open doors,
To hear his footsteps tread the floors
With the short hurried pace of doubt.
She only said, "My master's weary,
And angry, too," she said;
She said, "Oh deary me! oh deary!
I wish he'd go to bed."

The crickets chirrup on the hearth,
The slow clock ticking—and the sound
Of rain upon the gravel path
That hems the Exile's cottage round;
All these, but most of all the power
Of sleep after an anxious day,
Up-stairs had hurried him away.
He paced his chamber for an hour,
Then said he, "This, indeed, is dreary,
My *Times*, my *Punch*," he said,
"Without you I am always weary;
I'll tumble into bed."

Punch, January 22, 1848.

Lord Tomnoddy in the Final Schools.

With blackest ink the books around
Were thickly blotted one and all;
The very nails looked half unsound
That held the pictures to the wall.
The dismal scene was wrapped in gloom,
Sported was the unsocial oak:
Seedy and torn and thick with smoke
The curtains hung athwart the room.
He only said, "The schools are dreary:
This Euclid racks my head.
Of Ethics I am very weary;
I shall be ploughed," he said.

His sighs came with the lightening heaven,
And ever through the day he sighed.
He could not play in the Eleven,
Or coach the Eight at eventide.
After the shutting of the gates,
He drew his casement curtain by,
And watched along the gleaming High
The lovers strolling with their mates.
He only said, "The schools are dreary:
This Euclid racks my head.
Ethics are the reverse of cheery;
I shall be ploughed," he said.

And half asleep he heard forlorn
The caterwauling on the roof;
The chapel bell rung out at morn
Came to him—but he held aloof.
In dreams he seemed to see the Halls,
And fatal precincts of the Schools:
To watch the crowd of ghastly fools,
Who tried in vain to pass their Smalls.
He only said, "The schools are dreary:
This Euclid racks my brain.
Of Ethics I am very weary;
I shall be ploughed again."

He sat and darkened all the air,
With smoke up-wreathing from his weed:
All day, half-dreaming in his chair,
He sat and read—or seemed to read—
Or from the window peered about.
His friends still hammered at his door;
He heard them on the upper floor;
Their voices called him from without.
He only said, "The schools are nearing;
I cannot come," said he.
"Although of Ethics I am wearying,
I shall be ploughed, you'll see."

For hours he sat, without a pause,
And snored o'er Plato's sage debate
Of the Republic and the Laws:
Both these his brain did obfuscate.
But most of all he loathed the power
Of $x+y$, whose depths profound
Long-winded dons would oft expound,
And moralise on by the hour.
Then said he, "I am very weary,
This Euclid racks my brain.
Mansell and Mill are very dreary;
I shall be ploughed again!"

H. C. I., Queen's College, Oxford.

College Rhymes (T. and G. Shrimpton), Oxford, 1868.

A Fragment.

They lifted him with kindly care ;
They took him by the heels and head ;
Across the floor, and up the stair,
They bore him safely to his bed.
They wrapped the blankets warm and tight,
And round about his nose and chin
They drew the sheets, and tucked them in,
And whispered : "Poor old boy, good-night !"
He murmured, "Boys, oh, deary, deary,
That punch *was* strong," he said ;
He said : "I am aweary, weary—
Thank heaven, I've got to bed !

Australian Paper.

AUGUST THE TWELFTH.

Over-Night.

I.

You must wake, and call me early—call me early—Willie Weir,
To-morrow is the glorious Twelfth, that comes but once a year ;
The cockneys and the keepers will all be out of doors,
And I'm to shoot over the moors, Willie—I'm to shoot over the moors.

II

There's many a pack of pointers, but none that point like mine ;
There's Paragon and Pincher—there's Kit and Keelavine,
And my little Dandie Dinmont, that stands firm as any house,
So I'm to bag all the grouse, Willie—I'm to bag all the grouse.

III.

I sleep so soundly all the night that I shall never wake,
Unless you call me loudly when the dawn begins to break,
For I've to put on my philabeg and sporran's foxy tail,
To *look* like a genuine Gael, Willie, to *look* like a genuine Gael.

IV.

As I came up the valley, whom think you I should see ?
Ben Moses of the Minories, he has rented Bonachree !
He wished to rent *my* moor, Willie, but boggled at the price,
So I went in by telegram, and nailed it in a trice.

V.

Shelty Pony shall go to-morrow, to carry two fowls at least,
For a cockney on the hillside is a *very* ravenous beast ;
And you shall bring the saddlebags to hold the birds I spot,
For I'll get my worth of the moors, Willie, at least in the powder and shot.

VI.

So you must wake me early—call me early, Willie Weir,
To-morrow is the glorious Twelfth, that comes but once a year.
From Cheapside unto Chelsea, they're envying me at home,
For I'm to shoot over the moors, Willie, as far as I can roam.

On the Twelfth.

I.

I bade you wake me early, with my shaving-jug and brogues,
But Scotch and English servants are all a pack of rogues.
It's the only Twelfth of August in the Highlands I shall see,
Yet you snored on your truckle-bed, Willie, and never thought of me.

II.

Last night I saw the sunset, he looked both wroth and red,
As if he knew when dawning came I'd still be lay-a-bed.
From crag and scaur and heather I hear the popping shot,
And not a single bird, Willie, has fallen to my lot.

III.

What say you? "'Tis a soft day, the roads are runnin' burns,
"The heather's a' wet blankets, ye might droon ye in the ferns ;
Ye canna see a hand forenent, the mist's sae white and chill,
Ye'd sune be bogged amang the muirs, and lost upon the hill."

IV.

There's not a sportsman on the hills, the rain is on the pane,
I only wish to sleep until the sunshine comes again.
I wish the mist would lift, and the light break out once more,
I long to kill a grouse, Willie, ere the Twelfth of August's o'er.

V.

I have been stiff and lazy, but I'll up and dress me now,
You'll fetch my breakfast, Willie, and my plaid before I go.
Nay, nay, you must not brush so hard, my very teeth you jolt,
You should not rub me down, Willie, as if I were a colt.

VI.

I'll bring back dinner, if I can, in a brace of cock and hen,
But if you do not see me, you will know I've dined with Ben.
If I cannot speak a sober word when I come back from the toddy,
Just tuck me into bed, Willie, like a canny Hieland body.

VII.

Good-bye, you rascal, Willie ; call me earlier in the morn,
Or I'll thrash you into next week, as sure as you were born ;
For I must get my money back from grouse and hare and deer,
So wake, and call me early—call me early, Willie Weir.

Will-o'-the-Wisp, August, 1869.

Mala-Fide Travellers.

(*Unlicensed by the Laureate.*)

Late, late, past ten, so dark the night and chill.
Late, late, eleven, but we can enter still.
Too late, too late, ye cannot enter now !

No thought had we the night was so far spent,
And, hearing this, the Bobby will relent.
Too late, too late, ye cannot enter now !

No beer, though late, and dark, and chill the night.
O let us in, and we will not get tight !
Too late, too late, ye cannot enter now !

A glass of gin to-night would be so sweet.
O let us in, that we may have it neat !
Too late, too late, ye cannot enter now !

Punch, November 16, 1872.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON (*continued.*)

The following imitation of Tennyson is of interest as having appeared forty years ago, when the poet was comparatively unknown:—

A FRAGMENT—COMPOSED IN A DREAM.

BY A. TENNYSON.

In Hungerford, did some wise man
A stately bridge of wire decree,
Where Thames, the muddy river, ran,
Down to a muddier sea.

Above the people rose its piers,
Their shadows on the waters fell;
Year after year, for many years,
All unapproachable!

And filmy wires through æther spread,
From such proud piers' unfinished head,
Kept up a mild communication,
Worthy of their exalted station;

And many gazers far below,
Wafted by the waveless tide,
Which 'neath those slender wires did flow,
Upturned their eyes, and sighed—

"If that *air* bridge," they whispered low,
"Vos broad enough to let us pass,
Ve'd not av so much round to go,
As now ve av—alas!"

* * * *

Punch, 1844.

THE M.P. ON THE RAILWAY COMMITTEE.

(*Dedicated to Alfred Tennyson*).

With shareholders in anxious lots,
The rooms were crowded, one and all,
The Barristers stood round in knots,—
And quite forsook Westminster Hall.
Sections and plans looked odd and strange;
And the M.P. at each new batch,
Weary and worn, looked at his watch,
In hopes the Counsel to derange.
He only said, "It's very dreary:
He'll never stop!" he said;
He said, "I'm a-weary—a-weary,
I would I were in bed!"

The speech began before eleven,
And might go on till eventide;
He must be in the House at seven,
Upon a motion to divide.
The Barristers in white cravats
Unto each other gave the lie;
The M.P. sadly shut his eye
And thought of the Kilkenny cats.
He only said, "It's very dreary,
They'll never stop!" he said;
He said, "I'm a-weary—a-weary,
And must not go to bed."

Until the middle of the night,
He'd heard the Irish Members crow;
The House broke up in broad daylight,
Heavily he to bed did go,
In hopes to sleep; but without change,
In dreams, he seemed to hear, forlorn,
The Barrister he'd heard that morn;
And saw, in slumber, sections strange.
He sighed, and said, "'Tis very dreary;
I cannot sleep!" he said;
He said, "I am a-weary—a-weary,
Both in and out of bed."

* * * *

The hot sun beating on the roof,
The slow clock ticking, and the sound
Which in opposing lines' behoof
The counsel made,—did all confound
His sense: then longed he for the hour
When their report they came to lay
Before the Commons; and the day
On which he'd 'scape SIR ROBERT'S power,
Then said he, "This is far too dreary:
I will retire," he said;
He sighed, "I am so weary—a-weary,
I'll go to Jail instead."

Punch, 1845.

CIRCUMSTANCE.

Two children in two neighbour villages,
Playing mad pranks along the healthy leas;
Two strangers meeting at a festival;
Two lovers whispering by an orchard wall;
Two lives bound fast in one with golden ease;
Two graves, grass green, beside a gray church-tower,
Wash'd with still rains and daisy-blossomed;
Two children in one hamlet born and bred;
So runs the round of life from hour to hour.

A. TENNYSON.

CIRCUMSTANCE.

(*After Tennyson*).

Two children on Twelfth Night, all mirth and laughter,
Obliged to take two powders the day after.
Two strangers meeting at a morning call.
Two lovers waltzing at a country ball.
Two mouths to feed upon an income small.
Two "lists to be retained" of various things
Wash'd out of town to save home's direst curse.
Two babies quite too much for one young nurse;
So flies the time of life on rapid wings.

The Man in the Moon, Volume 4, 1848.

THE PALACE OF ART.

(*A Parody, which it is requested may not occur to anybody during the Inauguration of the Exhibition*, 1862).

I BUILT my Cole a lordly pleasure house,
Wherein to walk like any Swell:
I said, "O Cole, make merry and carouse,
Dear Cole, for all is well."

(*Here follows an exquisite description of the said pleasure-house, also known as the International Exhibition. After four hundred and ninety-seven verses comes the last*).

But Cole, C.B., replied, "'Tis long, your story,
And here's a Rummy Start;
Dilke walks in glory with a Hand that's Gory,
While I am *not* a Bart."

SHIRLEY BROOKS.

The following parody graphically describes that singular phase of modern English art, known as the Æsthetic School, originated by the Pre-Raphaelite brotherhood, namely, Dante G. Rossetti, Holman Hunt, J. E. Millais, and Thomas Woolner. The works of the disciples of this school have recently found a home in the Grosvenor Gallery, founded by Sir Coutts Lindsay:—

The Palace of Art.

(New Version).

Part I.

I BUILT myself a lordly picture-place
  Wherein to play a Leo's part.
I said, "Let others cricket, row, or race,
  I will go in for Art!"

Full of great rooms and small my Palace stood,
  With porphyry columns faced,
Hung round with pictures such as I thought good,
  Being a man of taste.

The pictures—for the most part they were such
  As more behold than buy—
The quaint, the queer, the mystic over-much,
  The dismal, and the dry.

One seemed all black and grey—a tract of mud,
  One gas-jet glimmering there alone;
Above, all fog; below, all inky flood;
  For subject—it had none.

One showed blue chaos flecked with falling gold.
  Like Danaë's tower in dark;
A painter's splash-board might more meaning hold
  Than this æsthetic lark.

And one, a phantom form with limbs most lank,
  Adumbrated in ink and soot;
The Genius of Smudge, with spectral shank
  And unsubstantial boot.

Nor these alone, but many a canvas bare,
  Fit for each vacuous mood of mind,
The gray and gravelike, vague and void, were there
  Most dismally designed.

* * * * *

Or two wan lovers in a curious fix,
  Wreathed in one scarf by some queer charm,
Upon the margin of a caverned Styx
  Stood shivering arm-in-arm.

Or by a garden-prop, posed all askew
  'Neath apples bronze, with brazen hair,
A chalk-limb'd Eve and snake of porcelain blue
  Exchanged a stony stare.

* * * * *

Nor these alone, but all such legends fair
  As the vagarious Wagner mind
Would pick from Mythus' shadowy realm, were there,
  With ample space assigned.

To women weird and wondrous, long of jaw,
  And lank of limb, and greenish as with mould,
And full-red lips and shocks of fulvous hair,
  And raiments strange of fold.

No raven so delighteth in its song,
  Of sad and sullen monotone,
As I to watch those ladies lean and long,
  And angular of bone.

And to myself I said, "All these are mine.
  Let the dull world take Nature's part,
'Tis one to me; I hold no thing divine
  Save this Brown-Jonesian Art,

"Wherein no ROBINSON shall dare to plant
  His Philistinish hoof,
Who feels no mystic mediæval want,
  But paints in truth's behoof!

"O Mediæval Mystery, be it mine
  To clasp thee, faint and fain;
Sniffing serene at low souls that decline,
  On sense and meanings plain."

Then my eyes filled, my talk waxed large and dim
  Of BOTTICELLI'S deathless fame:
"Quaint immaturity to reach with him,"
  I cried, "is Art's true aim.

"To plunge, self-blinded, in the mystic past,
  That makes the present small:
If eyes artistic be not backward cast,
  Why have we eyes at all?"

Punch, July 7, 1877.

Part II.

YET oft the riddle of Art's real drift
  Flashed through me as I sat and gazed.
But not the less some season I made shift
  To keep my wits undazed.

And so I mused and mooned; for three long weeks
  I stood it: on the fourth I fell.
All trace of natural colour fled my cheeks,
  And I felt—far from well.

* * * * *

Hollow-cheeked, hectic, rufus-headed dames,
  With opiate eyes, and foreheads all
As wan as corpses', but with wings like flames,
  Glared on me from each wall.

Those fixed orbs haunted me; I grew to hate
  Those square and skinny jaws, those high-cheek bones.
Nocturnes in soot and symphonies in slate
  Moved me to sighs and groans.

Queer convolutions of dim drapery
  Inwrapt me like a Nessus-snare.
I seemed enmeshed in tangles hot and dry
  Of copper-coloured hair.

I loathed the pallid Venuses and Eves,
  Nymph-nudity, and Sorceress and Thrall;
The Wings prismatic, the metallic Leaves—
  I loathed them one and all.

I howled aloud, "I would no more behold
  A witch, an angel, or a saint.
Aught mediæval-mystic, classic-cold,
  Or *cinque-cento* quaint.

"It may be that my taste has come to grief,
  But if the spectral, dismal, dry,
Do constitute 'High Art,' 'tis my belief
  High Art is all my eye."

So when four weeks were wholly finished,
  I from my gallery turned away.
"Give me green leaves and flesh and blood" I said,
  "Fresh air and light of day.
"I pine for Nature, sickened to my heart
  Of the affected, strained, and queer.
What was to me Ambrosia of Art
  Hath grown as drugged small-beer.

"Yet pull not down my galleries rich and rare:
When Art abjures the crude and dim,
I yet may house the High Ideal there,
Purged from preposterous Whim!"

Punch, July 14, 1877.

The following poem appeared in *The Times* for May 9, 1859, and although not included in the collected works of the Poet Laureate, it has been generally ascribed to his pen. In its warlike promptings, and cheap national bunkum, it resembles the other so-called patriotic songs of this author, of whom nobody ever heard that he took up a rifle for his country, or assisted the Volunteer movement in any way whatever:—

THE WAR.

THERE is a sound of thunder afar,
Storm in the South that darkens the day,
Storm of battle and thunder of war,
Well, if it do not roll our way.
Form! form! Riflemen, form!
Ready, be ready to meet the storm!
Riflemen, riflemen, riflemen, form!

Be not deaf to the sound that warns!
Be not gull'd by a despot's plea!
Are figs of thistles, or grapes of thorns?
How should a despot set men free?
Form! form! Riflemen, form!
Ready, be ready to meet the storm!
Riflemen, riflemen, riflemen, form!

Let your Reforms for a moment go,
Look to your butts, and take good aims.
Better a rotten borough or so,
Than a rotten fleet or a city in flames!
Form! form! Riflemen form!
Ready, be ready to meet the storm!
Riflemen, riflemen, riflemen, form!

Form, be ready to do or die!
Form in Freedom's name and the Queen's!
True, that we have a faithful ally,*
But only the devil knows what he means.
Form! form! Riflemen, form!
Ready, be ready to meet the storm!
Riflemen, riflemen, riflemen, form!

T.

INTO THEM GOWN.**

A Wicked Parody on

RIFLEMEN FORM.

THERE was a sound of "Town" from afar,
Town in the High that threaten'd a mill,
Storm of town, and thunder of gown,
And town have got with them "Brummagem Bill."
Gown! Gown! into the Town,
Ready, be ready to meet the clown,
Into them; into them; into them, Gown.

Be not afraid of the peelers' staves,
Be not gulled by a proctor's plea,
Velvetty arms are for flunkies, my braves,
Why should a proctor stop our spree?
Gown! Gown! into the Town,
Ready, be ready to meet the clown,
Into them; into them; into them, Gown.

Leave your wines for a moment or so.
Double your fists for the State and the Church,
Better the purple claret should flow,
Than "*La Belle Science*" be left in the lurch.
Gown! Gown! into the Town,
Ready, be ready to meet the clown,
Into them; into them; into them Gown.

Sweep! march ahead, look about, take care,
Deal black eyes and the bloody nose;
True that we have an excellent mayor,
Butt him again, and down he goes.
Gown! Gown! into the Town,
Ready, be ready to meet the clown,
Into them; into them; into them, Gown.

College Rhymes, 1861.

The Poet Laureate has been subjected to much ridicule for the change which has of late years been apparent in the tone of his writings, and his poem, "Lady Clara Vere de Vere," has especially been seized on as the vehicle for many malicious parodies directed against the fulsome adulation of Royalty, contained in his later poems.

It must be remembered that "Lady Clara Vere de Vere" was written more than fifty years ago, when Alfred Tennyson was young, unknown, and unpensioned. Like many of his early poems, it contains uncomplimentary allusions to our hereditary aristocracy, into whose ranks he has only recently procured admission.

The heartless coquette, Lady Clara, is "the daughter of a hundred Earls," and in her name the poet actually selected one of the oldest in the English nobility on which to vent his indignation. The Vere (or De Vere) family is of great antiquity, once holding the ancient Earldom of Oxford, and as far back as 1387 one of these Earls of Oxford was created Duke of Ireland, and Marquis of Dublin. It is certain the De Veres were noble in the time of William I., and their pedigree has even been traced to a much earlier period. "De Vere" still survives as one of the family names of the Duke of St. Albans. The first Duke of St. Albans (illegitimate son of Charles II. and Nell Gwynn, the orange girl), married Diana de Vere, eldest daughter and heiress of Aubrey de Vere, the 20th and last Earl of Oxford.

* Alluding to Napoleon III.

** Suggested by a paragraph in *The Times*, November, 1859.

Captain Falcon of the Guards.

I.

Captain Falcon of the Guards,
How nice you thought to do me brown;
You thought that I'd accept a bill
For discount, when you went to town.
At me you smiled, but unbeguiled
I saw the snare, and I retired:
The black-leg of a hundred "hells,"
Your friendship's not to be desired.

II.

Captain Falcon of the Guards,
I know you thought to get my name;
Your cunning was no match for mine,
Too wide-awake to play your game.
Nor would I write for your delight
A name the Jews ne'er saw before—
My simple name across a bill
Is worth a hundred pounds or more.

III.

Captain Falcon of the Guards,
Some softer pupil you must find,
For were you Colonel of your troop,
I'd shun you still, and all your kind.
You thought to've seen me jolly green;
A plump refusal's my reply:
The army agents in Craig Court
Are not more up to you than I.

IV.

Captain Falcon of the Guards,
You put strange memories in my head;
Not thrice the bill had been renewed
When I beheld young Pigeon fled.
Your crack turn-outs, your drinking bouts,
A fine acquaintance you may be;
But there was that across the bill,
That he had hardly cared to see.

V.

Captain Falcon of the Guards,
When first he met the gov'nor's view,
He had the passions of his kind—
He spake some certain truths of you.
Indeed, I heard one bitter word
About a certain game at cards,
Which, should it e'er get noised abroad,
Would cook your goose at the Horse Guards.

VI.

Captain Falcon of the Guards,
There stands a bailiff in your hall;
Tradesmen are knocking at your door:
Pigeon no longer pays for all.
You held your course without remorse,
To make him trust his run of luck,
And, last, you fairly stripped him clean,
And sought some other bird to pluck.

VII.

Trust me, Falcon of the Guards,
That bill to pay he never meant;
The grand old Judge who tried the cause
Smiled at your claim for money lent.
Howe'er it be, it seems to me
These promised pounds are not bank-notes;
Gold sovereigns are more than words,
And copper pence than paper groats.

VIII.

I know you, Falcon of the Guards;
You're linked with many a scoundrel crew,
Whose nights are spent in playing deep—
Would that your play was honest too!
Be rogue, you must; spurned with mistrust,
Cash is no longer raised with ease;
Your credit, has it sunk so low,
You needs must play such pranks as these?

IX.

Captain Falcon of the Guards,
If tin be needful at your hand,
Are there no money lenders left,
Nor any Jews within the land?
Oh! take the bill-discounters in,
Or try the legal shark to do;
Pray write a promissory-note—
And let the foolish Pigeons go.

The Puppet Show, July 8, 1848.

The Russian Czar.

Oh, Russian Czar! oh, Russian Czar!
On me you shall not play the fool;
You thought to make a tool of me
Before you occupied Stamboul.
You drew your plan *en gentleman*,
But I was not to be deceived;
A Russian Czar's a Russian Czar—
You are not one to be believed.

* * * *

Oh, Russian Czar! oh, Russian Czar!
Some softer envoy you must gloze,
For were you Emperor of the world,
I would not stoop to tricks like those.
You set a cunning trap for me,
But I was cunning in reply;
The monjeike at your palace gate
Was not more *down* to you than I.

* * *

But trust me, ruthless Russian Czar!
Though heaven above be brightly blue,
'Tis writ upon your palace walls—
Dark is the doom prepared for you!
Howe'er it be, it seems to me
The truly great are truly good;
God watches o'er those minarets
When *Christian faith* sheds Turkish blood.

I know you, haughty Russian Czar!
You sigh to leave your frozen towers;
Short-sighted are your bloated eyes,
Which strain to feast on Moslem bowers.
You move by stealth through boundless wealth;
Your very nobles are o'erawed;
You do so little good at home,
You needs must play such pranks abroad.

Oh, Russian Czar! oh, Russian Czar!
If power be heavy on your hands,
Are there no wretches in your realm,
Nor any slaves upon your lands?
Oh teach your monjeiks how to read,
Emancipate your serfs; but no—
First pray to have a human heart,
And let the turban'd Moslem go.

Diogenes, April, 1854.

(This parody contained nine verses in all.)

Lady Clara Vere de Vere;
or, rustic admiration.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
The country sun has made you brown,
And now they tell me that you start
To-morrow afternoon for town;
Ah! how I sighed when I descried
Your lovely form beside the stream
The other day when on my way
I passed with Farmer Jackson's team!

Lady Clara Vere de Vere
I wish that you would change your name
For such a humble one as mine:
But no—you'd think it quite a shame;
So I must be content to take
My choice of humbler maiden's charms—
Must marry someone who can bake,
And has a sturdy pair of arms.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
Some "Lord Dundreary" *you* must find;
Our rustic bread and cheese and beer
Would hardly suit your taste refined.
If I should write you of *my* love,
And wait outside for a reply,
The lion on your old stone gates,
Would talk of verdure in his eye.

* * * *

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
They say—and really p'rhaps they're right—
That I had better give you up,
And marry pretty Sally White;
You are a swell—*she* loves me well,
And then her cooking is so good—
Jam tarts are more than coronets,
And elder wine than Norman blood!

Sphinx, Christ's Coll., Cambridge.

College Rhymes, 1868.

Lady Clara in the South.

"Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
You whom the Laureate makes attacks on,
If your papa were not a peer,
If you were not an Anglo-Saxon,
In short, if 'twere not too absurd,
To think of *you* where aught of trade is,
I'd almost say, upon my word,
I'm looking at you now in Cadiz."

Here follow five other verses descriptive of a Spanish coquette, concluding:—

"Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
I don't believe *femme souvent varie*,
Your sex are all the same, I fear,
From Timbuctoo to Tipperary."

Maxwell Reilly.

Kottabos, Dublin 1870.

Another parody of "Lady Clara Vere de Vere" appeared in *Funny Folks*, April 10, 1875, entitled "The Vicar's Surplice." It was addressed to a Rev. Mr. Mucklestone, who had declined to pay the charges of his laundress, a lady rejoicing in the euphonious name of Gubbins, who resided at Haseley, in Warwickshire. The subject is somewhat wanting in dignity for poetical treatment. The following is the first of six verses:—

"Reverend Mr. Mucklestone,
Of me you shall not win renown;
You thought to have your surplice washed
For nothing, but it won't go down.
At me you smiled, but unbeguiled,
Each time your surplice had a 'rense,'
I charged, and felt quite justified,
The modest sum of eighteenpence."

A May Dream of the Female Examination.

If you're waking, call me early, call me early, mother dear,
For to-morrow in the senate-house at nine I must appear:
To-morrow for all womankind will be a glorious day,
And I'm to be top o' the list, mother, top o' the list, they say.

There's many a blue, blue stocking, but none so blue as I;
There's not a girl amongst them all with me can hope to vie:
There's none so sharp as little Alice, not by a long, long way,
And I'm to be top o' the list, mother, top o' the list, they say,

I lie awake all night, mother, but in the morn I sleep,
And dream of Virgil, Euclid, Dons, all jumbled in a heap,
And the letters in the Euclid dance about like lambs at play:
O, I'm to be top o' the list, mother, top o' the list, they say.

As I came by King's Chapel, whom do you think I saw,
But Andrew Jones de Mandeville Fitzherbert Aspenshaw!
He thought of that hard problem I gave him yesterday;
For I'm to be top o' the list, mother, top o' the list, they say.

He thought me such a bore, mother, for he couldn't get it right,
To see him puzzle o'er it was such a funny sight;
But not on such a dolt as that I'd throw myself away!
For I'm to be top o' the list, mother, top o' the list, they say.

They say he is fond-hearted, but that can never be:
He can't get through his "Littlego," then what is he to me?
There's many a Senior wrangler who'll woo me in the May,
For I'm to be top o' the list, mother, top o' the list, they say.

Little Effie shall go with me to-morrow to the gate,
And, till they give the questions out, at the window she must wait;
And when she's got them, back to you, mother, she'll haste away,
And I'm to be top o' the list, mother, top o' the list, they say.

In the papers country parsons have been writing lots of trash:
They say this scheme for us, mother, is sure to come to smash;
And aged Dons all shake their heads, and say it will not pay;
But I'm to be top o' the list, mother, top o' the list, they say.

If you're waking, call me early, call me early, mother dear,
I'd something more to say, mother, but my head is not quite clear;
For I always have a headache when I put my books away;
But I'm to be top o' the list, mother, top o' the list they say.

* * * * *

"I thought to have gone down before, but still up here I am,
And still there's hanging o'er me that horrible Exam.
They said I should be top, mother; but then I'd such bad luck,
Though I went in for honours—*I only got a pluck!*"

X. Y. B., CHRIST'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

College Rhymes, 1865.

MRS. HENRY FAWCETT ON THE UNIVERSITY EDUCATION OF WOMEN, APRIL, 1884.

"That large numbers of women—numbers that every year are rapidly increasing—demand a University training is not a matter of controversy; it is a simple fact. This training is already offered to them by University College, London, and by Cambridge University. The hall-mark of the degree is offered to them by the University of London, and a certificate of having passed the Tripos Examinations (almost as valuable as a degree) is offered to them by the University of Cambridge. The last Census shows that there were in Great Britain and Ireland more than 120,000 women teachers. To many of these a University degree or certificate is of the highest professional importance. This is a question to many women, not of sentiment, but of bread. Those whose generosity has provided scholarships, exhibitions, and a loan fund for women at Cambridge could prove how invaluable to many a woman a University training is. Equipped with her University certificate she can at once obtain a situation, and command a much more adequate remuneration for her services. Cambridge has had twelve years' experience of the presence of women students resident in Newnham and Girton Colleges. They number now in the two Colleges about 150. Nearly all the professors' lectures are open to them; they attend some of the lectures given in College rooms. When the experiment was first started at Cambridge there is little doubt that the bulk of the residents thought the presence of women students objectionable and alarming. But the fears at first entertained were at Cambridge so entirely removed by experience that when, in 1881, the question had to be decided by the Senate of opening the Tripos examinations to the students of Girton and Newnham, only thirty members of the Senate were found to oppose it, while those who supported it were so numerous that it was impossible to record all the votes within the time and under the conditions prescribed. It was estimated that about 500 members of the Senate came up to Cambridge to vote in favour of the proposal. More than 300 actually voted.

The two Parodies, from which the following extracts are taken, appeared in *The Porcupine*, a Liverpool comic paper.

They refer to the Cart Horse procession held in Liverpool on May-day, and describe, with tolerable accuracy, the scenes of rough revelry and noisy merriment which this carnival gives rise to. These compositions are merely quoted as curiosities, possessing, as they do, every attribute which should be studiously avoided in a parody. They are slangy and vulgar, more especially in the omitted verses, without being either humorous or grotesque; they debase the memory of a really beautiful poem by the mere trick of repetition of a catch-phrase and some slight imitation of its metre. The subject chosen is low and commonplace, which might, perhaps, have been excused, had the description of its unpleasant details been enlivened by one spark of wit, or genuine originality. To the lovers of an original poem such Parodies must be offensive; whilst to those who delight in a really clever burlesque, such things as these can afford no gratification, and only tend to bring *true Parody* into disrepute.

THE DRAY QUEEN.

A Car-men on the May-day Carnival, after the Poet Lorry-ate.

YOU must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear!
To-morrow 'll be the liveliest time of all the glad New Year;
Of all the glad New Year, mother, the maddest, merriest day,
For I'm to be Queen o' the Dray, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the Dray.

There'll be many a black, black eye, they say, and many a lively shine
With Margaret and Mary, and Kate and Caroline;
But none can lick this little Alice, in all the court, they say;
So I'm to be Queen o' the Dray, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the Dray.

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall never wake
If you do not call loud and give me, too, a jolly good shake;
As I must buy some bonnet-flowers and sky-blue ribbons gay,
For I'm to be Queen o' the Dray, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the Dray,

As I came up our alley, whom think ye I should see?
But Robin leaning on Chisenhale Bridge, as screwed as he could be;
He had been cleaning his harness, mother, and drinking all the day;
But I'm to be Queen o' the Dray, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the Dray.

You know my Robin drives a dray, a heavy brewer's cart;
To-morrow with his handsome team of horses he will start
A-roaming up and down the streets, loafing about all day,
And I'm to be Queen o' the Dray, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the Dray.

To-morrow I'll get out of pawn my bran-new winsey frock,
For Robin he is sure to wear a reg'lar snow-white smock;
His dray is cleaned and painted up, and now looks very gay,
And I must be clean on the Dray, mother, I must be clean on the Dray.

The horses' tails all nicely combed, with ribbons will be decked,
Upon the shining harness not a smirch you can detect,
The very brutes they seem to feel it is the first of May,
And I'm to be Queen o' the Dray, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the Dray.

Upon the barrels I'll sit perched, the barrels all so full
Of smashing stuff they sell for beer, and give you the long pull.
My Robin rarely touches beer—for 'Rum's my drink,' he'll say—
But I'm to be Queen o' the Dray, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the Dray.

Through Lime-street, Lord-street, we'll parade each leading thoroughfare,
While the spectators rival teams and turn-outs will compare,
On brewers' and on millers' carts the brazen bands will play,
And I'll be Queen o' the Dray, mother, I'll be Queen o' the Dray.

* * * * *

For hours and hours we'll roam about, until the team it tires,
And Robin will imbibe more rum than he actually requires;
At many a 'public' he will stop a-moistening of his clay,
And I'll be the Queen o' the Dray, mother, I'll be the Queen o' the Dray.

* * * * *

So you must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear.
If I don't seem to hear you, give me a smack upon the ear;
To-morrow'll be of all the year, the maddest, merriest day,
For I'm to be the Queen o' the Dray, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the Dray.

The Dray Queen.

(A Sequel to last May-day's Carol, by Our Own Poet Lorry-ate, Author of "I'm A-float," &c.)

If you're waking, call me early, call me early, mother dear,
For I would see the sun rise upon the carters' cheer;
It is the last of the turn-outs that I may ever see,
For Robin he lays me low with a kick—and thinks no more of me.

Last May we had a reg'lar spree, we had such a jolly day,
And Robin, who drove a brewer's cart, he made me Queen o' the Dray;
And we danced and sung and got mad drunk on Walker's sixpenny hops,
Till the Charleys come at the row we made, and every one of us cops.

And lugs us off to chokee, mother, and keeps us there all night,
As drunken and disorderlies—both women and men were tight—
And Raffles, the beak, next morning, was in a terrible way—
Ten shillin' we had to pay, mother, ten shillin' and costs to pay.

And in default of payment,—our cash we had spent in ale,—
That Raffles he gave us all a week within sweet Walton gaol,
Where soon we learnt to pick oakum (the skin's off my fingers still),
And Robin did "Sich a gettin' upstairs" upon the revolving mill.

* * * * *

The end of it was, he axed me, as I'd been Queen of his Dray,
If I would marry a scavenger as never did work by day,
And though his wages was but low—a matter o' twenty-five bob—
Before the month o' May was out we settled the blessed job.

At first my Robin was very kind and gentle, so to speak,
He never got drunk and kicked me—not more than twice a week,
And of his weekly wages, no matter what else he did,
He never would spend on pay-nights more than eighteen bob or a quid.

* * * *

And after that—it's a month ago—my Robin got much worse,
'Twould make your hair just stand on end to hear him swear and curse,
He never gets drunk as he used to do—that's once or twice in a week—
He's never properly sober, on me all his rage he'll wreak.

When he comes home of a morning, it's rarely he goes to bed,
He takes to drinking about all day, and hammerin' me instead,
And well I know my husband's hand, it's weight I often feel,
I wouldn't be lyin' so low, mother, if not for my husband's heel.

The brewers' carts and the scavengers' to-morrow will be gay,
The horses all with ribands decked will walk in grand array,
The Corporation carters and their wives will have a spread,
And get their annual dinner 'neath the great Haymarket shed.

* * * * *

Good-night, dear mother, call me before the day is born;
I'd like to see the carters a-marching in the morn;
The pubs. are closing early, very early, mother dear,
So, if you've got any coppers left, just go for a quart of beer!

The May Queen.

(New Version, adapted to existing Climatic Conditions).

[Considering apology superfluous, Mr. Punch offers none, as the Poet Laureate will doubtless approve the modification of his beautiful lines, rendered needful by recent meteorological conditions.]

You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear;
To-morrow 'll be the tryingest time of all the Spring, this year—
Of all the Spring, this year, mother, the dreariest, dreadfullest day;
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

There'll be many a red, red nose, no doubt, but none so red as mine;
For the wind is still in the East, mother, and makes one peak and pine:
And we're going to have six weeks of it, or so the prophets say—
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

I sleep so sound all night, mother, I am sure I shall never wake,
So you'd better call me loud, mother, and perhaps you'll have to shake:
I shall want some coffee hot and strong, before I'm called away,
To shiver as Queen o' the May, mother, to shiver as Queen o' the May.

As I was coming home to-night, whom think you I should see
But Doctor Squills! And he saw that my nose was as red as red could be;
And he said the weather was cruel sharp, that I'd better stay away,—
But I'm chosen Queen o' the May, mother, so I must be Queen o' the May.

The honeysuckle round the porch is white with sleety showers,
And, though they call it the month of May, the hawthorn has no flowers;
And the ice in patches may yet be found in swamps and hollows gray,—
Ain't it nice for the Queen o' the May, mother, so nice for the Queen o' the May?

The East wind blows and blows, mother, on my nose I follow suit,
For my influenza's so very bad, and I've got a cough to boot;
Perhaps it will rain and sleet, mother, the whole of the livelong day,
Yet, I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother; I must be Queen o' the May.

I've not the slightest doubt, mother, I shall come home very ill,
And then there'll be bed for a week or more, and a long, long, doctor's bill;
And with prices up and wages down however will father pay?
But I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother—oh bother the Queen o' the May!

So please wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear,
That I may look out some winter wraps, fit for the spring this year.
To-morrow of this bitter "snap," I'm sure 'twill be the bitterest day,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May."

Punch, May 12, 1877.

Truth had a long parody describing the visit in 1877 of Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, whose early rising, and insatiable appetite for sight-seeing were the topics of conversation. Two verses are sufficient to indicate the style:—

THE SIGHT-SEEING EMPEROR.

IF you're waking, call me early, "Boots," not later, please, than four,
And if you're passing earlier, pray rat-tat at my door;
But stay I have so much to do, that p'rhaps 'twill better be,
Not to depend on you at all, but call myself at three.

* * * *

I cannot, though an Emperor, stay quietly at home,
Some impulse irresistibly makes me for ever roam;
Each week it holds me tighter still beneath its mystic thrall,
Till soon I am afraid I shall not eat or sleep at all.

Truth, June 21, 1877.

Another parody of the same original, called *The Business of Pleasure*, appeared in *Truth*, May 9, 1878.

THE PENGE MYSTERY TRIAL.

YOU must come and dress me early, very early, Simmons, mind!
For to-morrow'll be the summing-up, and I must not be behind;
Of all this jolly trial, I'm told, to-morrow 'll be *the* day,
So be sure you call me early, Simmons; now attend to what I say!

* * * *

The judge means hanging, so they say, and when the sentence's pass'd,
There's sure to be an awful scene, more curious than the last;
P'raps the men will have hysterics—*that* would be fun to see!
And Alice Rhodes may have a fit. Oh! how jolly it will be!

So you must wake and call me early, Simmons, call me early, Simmons, mind!
Or I'll give you a month's warning if you are at all behind!
For to-morrow'll be, of all the trial, the awfullest jolliest day,
For I think all four will be hanged, Simmons; all four will be hanged, they say!

Truth, October 4, 1877.

THE WELSHER'S LAMENT.

(*On the Suppression of Suburban Race Meetings*).

May, 1879.

IF yer passin', knock me up, Bill; knock me up, old cock, d'yer yere;
For to-morrer's Kingsbury meetin', is the last there'll be, I fear;
Of all suburbin races, the werry last they say,
For that Anderson in Parlyment, 'as contrived to get 'is way.

It's ter'ble rough on us, Bill; on us, an' all our pals,
As 'asn't got no tickets for that bloomin' Tattersall's;
For 'ow without these meetin's our livin's were to get,
Is a rayther ticklish problim, as I 'avent worked out yet.

* * * * *

Truth, February 21, 1878.

THE MODERN MAY QUEEN.

(*The Result of the First Fortnight*).

DON'T wake and call me early, pray don't call me, mother dear,
To-morrow may be the coldest day of all this cold New Year;
Of all this wintry year, mother, the wildest stormiest day,
And we have had fires in May, mother, we have had fires in May.

I sleep so sound at night, mother, that I don't want to wake,
With the horrid thermometer standing at what seems a sad mistake;
But none so wise as those who read the weather forecasts, they say;
Shall we have more fires in May, mother? must we have more fires in May?

A storm is coming across, mother, the *New York Herald* has said,
And, if you please, I'd rather lie as long as I like in bed;
So bother the knots and garlands, mother, and all the foolish play,
If we're to have fires in May, mother, why—we must have fires in May.

Punch, May 28, 1881.

The following parody appeared originally in a clever little Cambridge University Magazine, entitled *Light Green*, which has long been out of print. *Light Green* contained many excellent parodies, notable amongst them being:—*The May Exam.*, after Tennyson; *The Song of the Shirk*, after Hood; *The Heathen Pass-ee*, after Bret Harte; and *The Vulture and the Husbandman*, after Lewis Carroll. These, with several other amusing pieces of poetry, have been reprinted in a small pamphlet, which can be obtained from W. Metcalfe and Son, Trinity-street, Cambridge.

The May Exam.

(*By Alfred Pennysong*).

"Semper floreat
Poeta Laureat."—Horace.

You must wake and call me early, call me early, Filcher dear,
To-morrow 'ill be a happy time for all the Freshman's year;
For all the Freshman's year, Filcher, the most delightful day,
For I shall be in for my May, Filcher, I shall be in for my May!

There's many a hot, hot man, they say, but none so hot as me;
There's Middlethwaite and Muggins, there's Kane and Kersetjee;
But none so good as little Jones in all the lot, they say,
So I'm to be first in the May, Filcher, I'm to be first in the May!

I read so hard at night, Filcher, that I shall never rise,
If you do not take a wettish sponge and dab it in my eyes:
For I must prove the G.C.M., and substitute for *a*,
For I'm to be first in the May, Filcher, I'm to be first in the May.

As I came through the College Backs, whom think ye should I see
But the Junior Dean upon the Bridge proceeding out to tea?
He thought of that Ægrotat, Filcher, I pleaded yesterday,—
But I'm to be first in the May, Filcher, I'm to be first in the May.

There are men that come and go, Filcher, who care not for a class,
And their faces seem to brighten if they get a common pass;
They never do a stitch of work the whole of the live-long day,—
But I'm to be first in the May, Filcher, I'm to be first in the May!

All the College Hall, my Filcher, will be fresh and clean and still,
And the tables will be dotted o'er with paper, ink, and quill;
And some will do their papers quick, and run away to play,—
But I'm to be first in the May, Filcher, I'm to be first in the May!

So you must wake and call me early, call me early, Filcher dear,
To-morrow 'ill be a happy time for all the Freshman's year;
For all the Freshman's year, Filcher, the most delightful day,
For I shall be in for my May, Filcher, I shall be in for my May!

New-Year's Eve.

If you're waking call me early, call me early, Filcher dear,
For I'll keep a morning Chapel upon my last New-year.
My last New-year before I take my Bachelor's Degree,
Then you may sell my crockery-ware, and think no more of me.

To-night I bade good-bye to Smith: he went and left behind
His good old rooms, those dear old rooms, where oft I sweetly dined;
There's a new year coming up, Filcher, but I shall never see
The Freshman's solid breakfast, or the Freshman's heavy tea.

Last May we went to Newmarket: we had a festive day,
With a decentish cold luncheon in a tidy one-horse-shay.
With our lardy-dardy garments we were really "on the spot,"
And Charley Vain came out so grand in a tall white chimney-pot.

There's not a man about the place but doleful Questionists;
I only wish to live until the reading of the Lists.
I wish the hard Examiners would melt and place me high;
I long to be a Wrangler, but I'm sure I don't know why.

Upon this battered table, and within these rooms of mine,
In the early, early morning there'll be many a festive shine;
And the Dean will come and comment on "this most unseemly noise,"
Saying, "Gentlemen, remember, pray, you're now no longer boys."

When the men come up again Filcher, and the Term is at its height,
You'll never see me more in these long gay rooms at night;
When the old dry wines are circling and the claret-cup flows cool,
And the loo is fast and furious with a fiver in the pool.

You'll pack my things up, Filcher, with Mrs. Tester's aid,
You may keep the wine I leave behind, the tea, and marmalade.
I shall not forget you, Filcher, I shall tip you when I pass,
And I'll give you something handsome if I get a second-class.

Good-night, good-night, when I have passed my tripos with success,
And you see me driving off to catch the one o'clock "express;"
Don't let Mrs. Tester hang about beside the porter's lodge,
I ain't a fool, you know, and I can penetrate that dodge.

She'll find my books and papers lying all about the floor,
Let her take 'em, they are hers, I shall never use 'em more;
But tell her, to console her, if she's mourning for my loss,
That she's quite the dirtiest bedmaker, I ever came across.

Good-night: you need not call me till the bell for service rings,
Through practice I am pretty quick at putting on my things;
But I would keep a Chapel upon my last New Year,
So, if you're waking, call me, call me early, Filcher dear.

Conclusion.

I thought to pass some time ago, but hang it, here I am,
Having "muckered" in a certain Mathematical Exam.
I have been "excused the General," and my reverent Tutor thinks
I must take up Natural Science, which is commonly called "Stinks."

O sweet is academic life within these ancient walls,
And sweet are Cambridge pleasures—boating, billiards, breakfasts, balls;
But sweeter far about this time than all these things to me
Would be the acquisition of my Bachelor's Degree.

The Premier's Lament.

I'll be in the House quite early, you come later, Herbie dear,
This night will be the hardest in the Cabinet's career;
Of all our mad career, Herbie, the hardest, horridest night,
For the Vote of Censure's on us, and the Opposition fight.

* * * * *

O, sweet's the docile Liberal who never wants to rise.
And sweeter still the Radical who shuns the Speaker's eyes,
And sweet are dumb majorities, and men who silent stay,
For the hardest things to listen to are what our friends all say.

* * * * *

There's Parnell's lot, my Herbie, that wretched Irish crew;
Don't go and say I said so, this is confidence for you:
I've done my best to catch them, and gain their solid vote;
But Trevelyan's such a blunderer, he's always at their throat.

* * * * *

So I will go down early, you come down after, Herbie dear;
To-morrow may be the saddest day of this our sad fifth year.
I've felt some twinges sometimes of conscience and of gout;
But the painfullest of all would be to know that we're turned out.

The Evening News, February 18, 1884.

The New Lord Mayor.

(A long way after Tennyson).

You must mind and call me early, call me early, John, d'ye hear.
To-morrow'll be the nobbiest day of all this blessed year:
Of all this wonderful year, John, the scrumptiousest I declare,
For I'm to be made Lord Mayor, John! I'm to be made Lord Mayor!

There's many an Aldermanic Swell, but none so great as me;
I scorn your Common Councillors, such men I will not see;
But none so grand as Alderman Ellis the Liverymen all swear,
For I'm to be made Lord Mayor, John! I'm to be made Lord Mayor!

I sleep well after a heavy meal, and I shall never wake,
If you don't knock at my door, John, when day begins to break;
And I must dress in my Sunday clothes, and titivate up my hair,
For I'm to be made Lord Mayor, John, I'm to be made Lord Mayor!

As I came up to the Mansion House, whom think ye I should see,
But Figgins and other Aldermen as glum as they well could be,
They thought of the coming pageantry, and how I should swagger there,
For I'm to be made Lord Mayor, John, I'm to be made Lord Mayor!

Then mind and call me early, call me early, John, don't fear
To dig me in my illustrious ribs, and shout in my lordly ear;
And to-morrow will see me roll along, while all the people stare,
For I'm to be made Lord Mayor, John! I'm to be made Lord Mayor!

Punch, November 12, 1881.

The Lord Mayor to the Lady Mayoress.

["If this bill becomes law, it will be our proud privilege to continue the existence of the Lord Mayor for six months, until it comes into action on the 1st of May, 1885."—*Sir W. V. Harcourt's Speech.*]

If you've read Sir Vernon's speech upon the City, daughter dear,
You will see that London's downfall from its great estate is near;
But one comfort you will gather—not November ends our sway,
For I'm to be Mayor till May, daughter, I'm to be Mayor till May!

I have said that I will fight the bill, in clause, and line, and word.
I may not be the conqueror, but my protests shall be heard—
Though that clause my office to extend for six months more may stay,
That I may be Mayor till May, daughter, I may be Mayor till May!

They do not stop our banqueting, so that clause I don't condemn—
Oh, the Ministers won't abrogate the feeds we give to them!
And that is about the only good they do not take away—
But I'm to be Mayor till May, daughter, I'm to be Mayor till May!

* * * * *

Can Harcourt think to bribe me by this one continuance clause?
He'll see that I shall show the bill to be little else but flaws!
This "sop" as he may fancy it, won't affect what I've to say,
Tho' I'm to be Mayor till May, daughter, I'm to be Mayor till May!

Now tell me your opinion on the matter, daughter dear,
For you will be Lady Mayoress as long as we are here;
And if it passes, recollect *we* pass next "Lord Mayor's Day,"
And I shall be Mayor till May, daughter, I shall be Mayor till May!

Funny Folks, May 3, 1884.

The Prize Editor of *The Weekly Dispatch* offered two guineas for the best original parody of Tennyson's "May Queen," to consist of not more than five verses, having some reference to current politics. The prize was awarded to Mr. F. W. Binstead, 76, Ockendon road, Canonbury, N., for the following poem, which was published in *The Weekly Dispatch*, May 4, 1884:—

THE LAST LORD MAYOR TO HIS FAVOURITE BEADLE.

You must wake and call me early, call me early, Bumble, dear,
I mean to fight with all my might each minute of this year;
For a play is in rehearsal now—a tragic, terrible play—
And I'm to be Griffin at Bay, Bumble, I'm to be Griffin at Bay!

I'll fight from morn till night, Bumble—my soul must never quake—
For calipash and calipee and Corporation's sake;
And I must don the lion's skin, although I can but bray,
For I'm to be Griffin at Bay, Bumble, I'm to be Griffin at Bay!

When I was in the Commons, whom think ye I should see,
But Harcourt smiling on his seat, just close to William G.?
He thought not of the feed, Bumble, we gave him t'other day—
But I will be Griffin at Bay, Bumble, I will be Griffin at Bay!

They want to wreck, with sinful hand, our great time-honoured powers,
And take away the wealth and might which have so long been ours;
But I will roar and bluster, in my old accustomed way,
For I'm to be Griffin at Bay, Bumble, I'm to be Griffin at Bay!

Go, summons all my aldermen, and bid them take their fill,
From terror free let them with me all gaily feast and swill;
Reform need have no fears for them, so bid them all be gay,
For I'm to be Griffin at Bay, Bumble, I'm to be Griffin at Bay!

Four other parodies, which had been sent in for competition, were also printed :—

THE EVE OF THE GENERAL ELECTION.

We must wake and get up early, get up early, brother Grimes,
For to-morrow'll be the greatest day of all the modern times;
Of all the modern times, brother, the day so long delayed,
When we're to be freemen made, brother, we're to be freemen made.

There's many a low, low lot, they said, but none so low as we,
So sunk in ignorance and vice, in want and penury;
But none so stupid as poor Hodge in all the land, they said;
But we're to be freemen made, brother, we're to be freemen made.

* * * * *

So we'll rise and poll us early, poll us early, brother Grimes,
For to-morrow'll be the important day of all the glad new times;
Of all the glad new times, brother, the day so long delayed,
When we're to be freemen made, brother, we're to be freemen made.

JAMES FRASER.

TORY LORD TO DITTO DITTO ON THE EVE OF THE INTRODUCTION OF THE FRANCHISE BILL INTO THE UPPER HOUSE.

If you're going, look in early, look in early, brother peer,
To-morrow we'll have the merriest fling we've had for many a year;
We've had for many a year, brother—Aha! hip, hip, hooray!
For "the measure" comes up, they say, brother, "the measure" comes up, they say.

The bishops will go with us, brother, and landlords fat and lean,
And they'll vote ditto, brother—the weak-kneed Whigs, I mean;
With quiddities and flow'ry quirks we'll whittle the bill away.
We'll whittle the bill away, brother, we'll whittle the bill away.

And all the law-lords, brother, will use their subtle skill
By verbiage and amendment sly to mutilate the bill;
Our lordly mashers, too, brother, will meet in grand array,
For 'twill be as good as the play, brother, 'twill be as good as the play.

We thought to kick it out, brother, but we've found it wouldn't pay;
J. B. would never stand it, so we'll better tact display;
And we'll hocuss him, you see brother, and mar its clauses dear:
So, we'll be early, places taking, we'll be early, brother peer.

GERMANICUS.

ON THE EVE OF A DEBATE ON THE FRANCHISE BILL.

You must wake up! there'll be such a hurly-burly, Staffy, dear;
To-morrow'll be the merriest night the House has had this year;
Of all the nights this year, Staffy, the night to be marked with chalk,
For I'm to be Cock o' the Walk, Staffy, I'm to be Cock o' the Walk.

There's many a clack-clack cry, they say, but none so shrill as mine;
There's Peel and Gorst and Drummond, there's Balfour superfine;
But none so rare as little Randy in all the House for talk,
So I'm to be Cock o' the Walk, Staffy, I'm to be Cock o' the Walk.

As I came through the lobby whom think ye should I see
But Gladdy poring o'er the bill to set the yokels free.
He caught my eye and shook, Staffy—I eyed him like a hawk!
But I'm to be Cock o' the Walk, Staffy, I'm to be Cock o' the Walk.

The hinds may reap and sow, Staffy, but ere that measure pass,
The cows will get the franchise as they munch the meadow grass;
There will not be a vote for Hodge, if only the bill we baulk,
And I'm to be Cock o' the Walk, Staffy, I'm to be Cock o' the Walk.

All the Tories, Staffy, will obstruct it with a will,
And the swift foot and the slow foot will mash and maul the bill;
And the G.O.M. will fret and fume like fizz when you draw the cork,
For I'm to be Cock o' the Walk, Staffy, I'm to be Cock o' the Walk.

GOSSAMER.

THE PREMIER TO MRS. GLADSTONE.

You must wake me in the morning, rouse me early, wifey, dear ;
To-morrow'll be a ticklish time at Westminster, I hear ;
At Westminster, the Franchise Bill will glide upon its way,
And I shall have something to say, deary, I shall have something to say.

There's many a black-legged Tory who would frustrate our design—
There's Northcote and there's Goschen, who was once a friend of mine ;
But none, I think, will stand their ground if I can get fair play,
For they know it is true what I say, deary, they know it is true what I say.

I sleep so light of late, wifey, that bedtime comes in vain,
They've bored me so with Gordon that I've Egypt on the brain :
Yet I'll regain these wasted hours—this loss of time won't pay—
And show that I mean what I say, deary, show that I mean what I say.

* * * * *

JESSIE H. WHEELER.

The Weekly Dispatch, May 4, 1884.

THE PROMISE OF MAY !

(*An Old Song re-set, and specially dedicated, for purposes of recitation, to Mrs. Bernard-Beere, Manageress of the Globe Theatre*).

YOU must call rehearsals early, call them early, KELLY dear !
November'll be the merriest month of our dramatic year ;
November I have fixed it for the Laureate's new play,
And I'm to be Promise of May, KELLY, I'm to be Promise of May !

There's many a chosen priestess in the wild æsthetic line.
There's ELLEN ! and there's MARION ! whose fingers intertwine !
But all the Grosvenor Gallery think none like me, they say ;
So I'm to be Promise of May, KELLY, I'm to be Promise of May !

I'm thinking of *the* night, you know, both sleeping and awake,
And I hear them calling loudly till their voices seem to break ;
But I must fashion lots of gowns in Liberty silks so gay,
For I'm to be Promise of May, my Lad, I'm to be Promise of May !

I went down into Surrey—don't laugh, it is no joke—
And found the great Bard dramatist wrapt in a cloak—of smoke !
He handed me his manuscript, and read it yesterday ;
So I'm to be Promise of Maytime, I'm to be Promise of May !

He said I was ideal, because I kept it up,
This mixture of his *Dora*, and his *Camma* in the *Cup*.
They call me a *replica*, but I care not what they say.
Now I'm to be Promise of May, you see, I'm to be Promise of May !

They say he's pining still for fame ; but that can never be.
He likes to roar his lyrics, but what is that to me ?
I'll fill the Globe with worshippers, in the old Lyceum way—
For I'm to be Promise of May, my Friend, I'm to be Promise of May !

My sisters of the *cultus* shall attend me clad in green ;
All the poets and the painters must hail me as their Queen !
The great dramatic critics of course will have their say,
Now I'm to be Promise of Maytime, I'm to be Promise of May !

The Pit with wild excitement will tremble, never fear,
And the merry gods above them will greet me with a cheer !
There will not be a ribald line in all the Laureate's play,
For I'm to be Promise of May, you see, I'm to be Promise of May !

All the Stalls will sit in silence, or with cynicism chill
Will pick the Bard to pieces, and work their own sweet will ;
And HAMILTON CLARKE in the orchestra he'll merrily pose and play—
For I'm to be Promise of May, my Lad, I'm to be Promise of May !

So call rehearsals early, call them early, there's a dear !
Bid gipsy-tinted ORMSBY and VEZIN to appear.
November'll see what "gushers" call the "sweetest, daintiest play,"
And I'm to be Promise of May, KELLY, I'm to be Promise May !

Punch, November 4, 1882.

As this parody refers to a nearly-forgotten play, the allusions in it may best be explained by the reproduction of the Play-bill, which has now become a literary curiosity.

The drama was a complete and melancholy failure ; even George Augustus Sala, most lenient and genial of critics, could not but condemn it, as being as unactable a play as Shelley's "Cenci," or Swinburne's "Bothwell," or Southey's "Wat Tyler," whilst it possessed none of the literary merits of either of those compositions. He added, "It is finally and most wretchedly unfortunate that an illustrious English poet has not by his side some really candid and judicious friend, with influence enough, and courage enough, to persuade him to desist from subjecting this disastrous production to the ordeal of representation before a miscellaneous audience."

Bad as *The Promise of May* was, it contained one leading idea, which, from the very opposition it gave rise to, enabled the management to keep the play on the boards much longer than could have been anticipated. The plot had been foreshadowed in one of Tennyson's earliest poems, *The Sisters* :—

"WE were two daughters of one race ;
She was the fairest in the face :
The wind is blowing in turret and tree.
They were together, and she fell :
Therefore revenge became me well.
O the Earl was fair to see !"

THE GLOBE THEATRE.

Licensed by the Lord Chamberlain to Mr. F. MAITLAND, 26½, Newcastle Street.

Under the Management of

MRS. BERNARD-BEERE.

On SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11th, 1882,

WILL BE PRODUCED

A NEW AND ORIGINAL RUSTIC DRAMA, IN PROSE,

BY

ALFRED TENNYSON (POET LAUREATE),

ENTITLED, THE

PROMISE OF MAY,

IN THREE ACTS.

THE WHOLE PRODUCED UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF

MR. CHARLES KELLY.

At 8.45 — **THE PROMISE OF MAY.** — BY **ALFRED TENNYSON.**

Farmer Dobson		Mr. CHARLES KELLY.
Edgar		Mr. HERMANN VEZIN.
Farmer Steer, *Dora's Father*		Mr. H. CAMERON.
Mr. Wilson, *a Schoolmaster*		Mr. E. T. MARCH
James, Dan Smith, Higgins, Jackson, Allen	*Farm Labourers.*	Mr. H. HALLEY, Mr. C. MEDWIN, Mr. A. PHILLIPS, Mr. G. STEPHENS, Mr. H. E. RUSSELL.
Dora Steer		Mrs. BERNARD-BEERE.
Eva, *her Sister*		Miss EMMELINE ORMSBY.
		By permission of Mr. Wilson Barrett.
Sally, Milly	*Farm Servants.*	Miss ALEXES LEIGHTON, Miss MAGGIE HUNT.

The town lay still in the low sun-light,
The hen cluct late by the white farm gate,
The maid to her dairy came in from the cow,
The stock-dove coo'd at the fall of night,
The blossom had open'd on every bough.
O joy for the promise of May, of May,
O joy for the promise of May.

But a red fire woke in the heart of the town,
And a fox from the glen ran away with the hen,
And a cat to the cream, and a rat to the cheese,
And the stock-dove coo'd till a kite dropped down,
And a salt wind burnt the blossoming trees.
O grief for the promise of May, of May,
O grief for the promise of May.
TENNYSON.

The whole produced under the direction of
Mr. CHARLES KELLY.

ACT I.—STEER'S FARM.
Six years are supposed to have elapsed between Acts 1 & 2.
ACT II.—THE BRIDGE BY THE HAY FIELD.
ACT III.—THE UPPER HALL IN STEER'S FARM.

Music composed by	Mr. HAMILTON CLARKE.
Dances arranged by	Mr. J. D'AUBAN.
Rustic Dresses by	Mrs. NETTLESHIP.
Scenery by	Messrs. HANN, SPONG, & PERKINS.

Acting-Manager.—Mr. CHARLES J. ABUD.

Assuming that Mrs. Bernard-Beere, as *Dora Steer*, speaks these lines, we have the counterpart of the villainously seductive Earl in *Philip Edgar*, a thankless part, which was admirably played by Mr. Hermann Vezin. This *Edgar*, having ruined and abandoned one sister, returns, after an interval of five or six years, to the scene of his former conquest, and lays siege to the heart of the other sister; confidentially informing the audience that he intends to marry *Dora* as an atonement for the injuries he has inflicted on the luckless *Eva*. The shouts of derisive laughter with which this announcement (the culmination of absurdity), was met on the first night, led Mr. Hermann Vezin to somewhat modify his language on the following evenings, but he was still compelled to inflict on the audience the most tedious and extraordinary soliloquies touching Communism, Free-love, Agnosticism, and other wholly undramatic topics. For Tennyson had, with characteristic bigotry, chosen to assume that a Freethinker must necessarily be a villain; and with a view of generally condemning opinions distasteful to him, had burdened poor Edgar with the task of proclaiming himself at once as a seducer, a hypocrite, a liar, a coward, a Freethinker, an Agnostic, a Secularist, a Democrat—and all this in speeches of a contradictory and decidedly tiresome description.

On the third representation of the drama the Marquis of Queensberry, who occupied a seat in the stalls, rose, and loudly protested against the Laureate's misrepresentation of the principles of freethought as a gross caricature, especially in regard to Edgar's sentiments about the law of marriage.

He subsequently addressed a letter to *The Globe*, containing the following explanation:—

"THE PROMISE OF MAY."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE GLOBE.

"SIR,—In reply to Mr. Hermann Vezin's letter, which appears in your issue of to-day, may I be allowed to make a few remarks? He says that on the first night 'some one started a hiss, which soon grew into a storm,' &c., and he continues to say, 'it is to be presumed that this opposition came from professing orthodox Christian people. On the third night the Marquis of Queensberry, a professed Freethinker, rose in his stall, and loudly protested against what he considered a caricature of his own sect.' Not a caricature against my own sect, Sir, which is Secularism, but against an infamous libel to the whole body of people who have been designated by that name of Freethinkers. Mr. Hermann Vezin says, here we have a curious spectacle of the most outspoken opposition from both extremes, and that neither party has quite caught Mr. Tennyson's meaning. Whether two separate parties spoke (or only one, as I expect is the case) it would be as well if Mr. Tennyson himself would explain what his meaning is; for, coming so soon after the poem, which he issued to the public a short time ago, entitled 'Despair,' we Freethinkers can have but one opinion as to what his meaning is, and that is to caricature and to misrepresent what the outcome of freethought has led to in its secession from orthodoxy. My object the other night in causing an 'interruption' at the theatre was not only to make a public protest against the supposed sentiments of a Freethinker (on marriage), but to attract public attention to that protest, and I consider that the end justified the means, considering the difficulty that we have in getting a hearing from those who oppose us, and not only who oppose us, but who misrepresent us. Freethinkers may not be satisfied with the present marriage law—as I explained the other day in my letter to the *Daily News*—but that is no reason that they should not respect marriage, and we cannot be attacked on a more tender point, from the very delicacy there is to speak on the subject.—Yours faithfully,

"QUEENSBERRY.

"45, Half Moon-street, Piccadilly, November 20, 1882."

This led to a discussion in the newspapers on Tennyson's muddled metaphysics and absurd theories; public curiosity was thus aroused, and the management was enabled to run the play much longer than could have been expected from its original reception.

Punch (November 25, 1882) had a long and elaborate criticism of the play, giving a humorous analysis of the plot. The opening and closing paragraphs are much to the point, especially as they include two amusing parodies.

NEITHER RHYME NOR REASON;

Or, Promise of May, and Performance of November at the Globe.

"THE sources of literary ambition are proverbially obscure, and it is scarcely worth while to enquire why the Laureate, who has spent a lifetime in filling the world with his verse, should, at the eleventh hour, have conceived the idea of emptying the Globe with his prose. If there could be any doubt that he had not only done so, but also had set himself to the business with a right good will, the hearty and sympathetic jeers of the not unkindly audience that attended the first performance of his *Promise* the other evening must have settled the matter. Indeed, some of the Poet's own lines—or something like them—seemed to occur to everybody. Even his staunchest admirers could be heard in the lobbies between the acts respectfully quoting to each other—

'I hold it truth that he who flings
His harp aside, to try the bones,
Will somehow find that paving stones,
Are levelled at his neatest things.'

By the way, the management might even now take a hint from a rival establishment, and try this on a poster.

"The plot of the piece is simplicity itself, and if the talented author had merely contented himself with working out his pretty little idyl in some ordinary and unpretentious

fashion, there could hardly have been any doubt about the result. But he went further than this, and in some inspired moment appears to have conceived the brilliant and happy idea of spicing his whole story, from beginning to end, with the wildest and most boisterous fun.

"Not that his purpose was distinctly apparent on the first go off of his piece in a Lincolnshire farm; for the serious utterances of several gloomy rustics for a few moments filled the house almost with awe.

"However, with so much genuine pantomime go for the finish in reserve, very possibly the author knew what he was about. And he was not at fault He must have realised what depths of quiet fun would be stirred when placing Mrs. BERNARD-BEERE over the dead body of *Eva*, he made her, in so many words, courteously request *Farmer Dobson* and the comic agnostic *Edgar* to consider themselves quite at home, and not mind the corpse, as she had a few general remarks to make that wouldn't take her much more than five-and-twenty minutes.'

"But there,—the matter really defies sober criticism, and, taking his own charming lines from the bill, the story is soon told:—

'The Town booked well for the opening night,
The Pit was full, an evident pull,
The Grand Old Man had a box of his own,
And VEZIN behind said it looked all right,
And the critics in front took an excellent tone.
There's a chance for *The Promise of May, of May,*
There's a chance for *The Promise of May.*

'But a sly wink woke in the eye of the Town,
And a frivolous fit got hold of the Pit,
And KELLY a pitchfork, and VEZIN a roar,
And the stock chaff followed the Curtain down;
And the Critics they did—as they've done before—
They slaughtered *The Promise of May, of May,*
They slaughtered *The Promise of May!*

"The Laureate cannot write a playable play. *The Falcon* at the St. James's was saved by the acting; *Queen Mary*, nothing could save; *The Cup* was the success of Miss ELLEN TERRY, Mr. IRVING, the scene-painter, and the stage management.

"But *The Promise of May* must be an Utter Frost, with, we are sorry to think, no Promise to Pay in it; and nothing, except the spasmodic curiosity of the Public to see what the Laureate can't do, can set this unfortunate Humpty-Dumpty up again."

THE LAUREATE'S LATEST.

The "town" ran off to the Globe one night,
For a play was played then from the Laureate's pen;
But they soon said, "How dare he?" and kicked up a "row,"
And pooh-poohed the drama—and serve it right,
For that it deserved it I think you'll allow.
Yea, they jeered at "The Promise of May,"—of May—
Annoyed at "The Promise of May."

But stay; we'd better, maybe, leave that song,
Yea, leave its "hen," its "fox," its "cat," and "cheese"—
For where is he who can burlesque burlesque?
And this strange playwright, mystic, wonderful,
Loved stage plays with a love that was his doom!
For lo! this "Promise" played by Bernardbeere
Has gained, at least, this very doubtful fame—
Hereafter, through all ages—"'Twas no good!"

The critics, o'er its threadbare plot,
Ere long grew "crusty"—one and all.
Said they, "'Twill fail; such awful rot
Will on the public quickly pall.
The leading character is strange,
The rest are all a prosy batch,
The audience they'll never catch—
The programme they must shortly change.

"A. T.," they said, "'tis weak and dreary.
A lot of bosh," they said.
"It makes the audience aweary;
Soon it will be dead!"

Besides the forced and feeble plot,
Full soon did men discover
The scientific "snob" was not
A pleasant sort of lover.

Of speech he had an awful flow—
Which Tennyson thought clever—
And he soliloquised as though
He meant to jaw for ever!

And then unto the critics and reviewers,
Irresponsible critics and reviewers,
Thus, Alfred (not in metre of Catullus—
But more in "In Memoriam" sort of measure):

"The critics prattle on amain—
That envious and grumbling race
Declare my play is commonplace,
And rather full of chaff than grain.

"I hold it true—although they bawl,
And I may heavy find the cost—
'Tis better to produce a 'frost'
Than ne'er to write a play at all."

And then unto the Queen (s'berry) he hymned
This little lay; for he, the noble "Q.,"
Cried out at Edgar's "Maxims of the Mud."
Then Alfred and fair Bernardbeere were glad,
And rested well content that all was well.

"You jeered, O, "Q," and you were bold
To treat my great prose-play with mirth;
But your advertisement was worth
No end of praise and lots of gold.

"For *now* the town will haste to see
My 'Edgar' that made *you* so ill;
And so they'll keep it in the bill
Since that advertisement from thee."

* * * * *

Shall it not be scorn for me to harp upon this mouldy thing?
For surely in a week or two it will have taken wing.

"Weakness to be wroth with weakness"—that this play is weak, 'tis plain.
I have seen much better dramas founded by a shallower brain.
From the programme of the Globe, then, sweep this foolish thing away.
Better fifty Meritt-mixtures than this sickly, stupid play!

CARADOS.

The Referee, November 19, 1882.

A Dream of Great Players.

I read one night, while lying on the down,
In L T. Annual* of the current year—
Tho' unpretending volume, bound in brown—
Great deeds recorded were.

At length, methought that I had wandered far
Through the long path that runs beside the line,
And found myself before the entrance-door,
And knew I was in time.

I knew the stands, I knew the nets, I knew
The smooth, green level of the well-rolled lawn,
And thought, "Here many an athlete anxious grew,
Dreading the fateful dawn."

A voice from out the ticket-office came—
From overworked collector in his prime—
"Pass quickly through, the seats are all thine own
Until the end of time."

Close by a player, leaning on the rail,
Clasping a racket, Tate-made, in his hand—
A champion among men, who made me hail,
And led me to the stand.

His cigarette from out his mouth he drew:
Blew out white clouds, then said, with courteous smile—
"Hast come to see great players? Good! Then you
Had best stay here awhile.

"I am the champion! ask thou not my name;
Not to know me argues thyself unknown.
Many played here, and fell; whene'er I came
All men were overthrown."

"No marvel," I made answer; "In fair field
Myself before such skill had doubtless quail'd,
As all men must." Then, turning, I appealed
To one who merely wailed—

As he with forced perpetual smile averse,
To his full height his stately figure draws—
"My youth," he said, "is blighted with a curse—
This stripling is the cause.

"For seven years The Cup I strove to win,
But ever, when it seemed within my grip,
He, rising o'er all others, entered in,
And dashed it from my lip."

His words of grief fell idly on my ear,
As thunderdrops fall on a sleeping sea.
Sudden I heard a voice that cried—"Come here,
That you may look on me.

"I am ex-champion, now three years displaced,
And since that time I find it very slow;
I have no *men* to conquer in this waste,
I war with fairer foe."

He paused in gloom, and towards the others faced,
To whom the Smiler—"Oh! you tamely died;
You should have stood well to the back, and placed
The ball along the side."

"Alas! alas!" a low voice, full of care,
Murmured beside me—"Champion I might be,
But for this injured member which I bear
I had gained victory."

I gazed upon him, then became aware
Of some one coming hastily in wrath,
Reminding his twin-brother—"We're the pair
Chosen to play the North.

"*Do* hurry up, our foes await us there;
The stern, black-bearded form, the referee,
Ejaculating, as he tears his hair,
'Where can the players be?'"

Then seized his arm, and drew him from the spot.
I, feeling tired and thirsty, strolled away;
The day becoming most extremely hot,
I cared to see no play.

Pastime, February 13, 1884.

* The Lawn Tennis Annual.

The Lord of Burleigh.

Listen to the doleful story
Of a juvenile M.P.,
He was but a voting Tory,
And a farmer's daughter she.

Spake he in his wisest manner
(Whereat people often smiled),
"You must give up your piano,
You are but a farmer's child.

"Straight forget each foreign tongue, dear,
And, to further my desire,
All the songs you ever sang, dear—
For a tenant is your sire."

So she sells her dear piano;
With the cash her bargain yields
Buys she Gibbs's best guano,
Which she scatters o'er the fields.

Then forgets each well-bred accent,
Foreign, native, just the same,
All her modern books are back sent
To the stores from whence they came.

Then he marries her and makes her
Thus a lady of renown,
And with condescension takes her
To his house by Stamford town.

From the gate his crest depended,
Which the owner's breeding shows;
Hand with fingers wide extended
Stretching from a lordly nose.

Waves the flippant owner's pennant
O'er the keep's embattled brow,
Though her sire was but a tenant
She is Lady Burleigh now.

Long she lived in stately manner
'Mid the highborn and the grand,
But she pined for her piano
Scattered on the teeming land.

Then she grew and ever thinner,
And she murmured, "O that he,
At that agricultural dinner,
Had not ever counselled me."

So she drooped and drooped before him,
And at last, with anguish bent,
To his freedom did restore him,
Following her dear instrument.

He survived in state and bounty,
Lord of Burleigh, young and free,
Not a lord in all the county
Was so great a fool as he.

CECIL.

The Kettering Observer, March 21, 1884.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson (*continued*).

When Lord Burghley, M.P. (son of the Marquis of Exeter), took the English farmers to task for allowing their daughters to play the piano, and to learn a few of the polite little accomplishments of the day, his remarks were generally resented as impertinent, and his name lent itself irresistibly to the ridicule contained in the preceding parody of Tennyson's "Lord of Burleigh." Inasmuch as Tennyson's poem was founded on incidents connected with the courtship and marriage of the first Marquis of Exeter, to Sarah Hoggins, the daughter of a small yeoman farmer at Bolas Magna, in Shropshire. The marriage took place in October, 1791, and the lady died in January, 1797, leaving two sons, of whom the elder became the second Marquis of Exeter, and was the grandfather of the Lord Burghley above referred to.

The Faithless Peeler.

Skulking slily down the area,
He to her his mind doth tell—
"I feel somewhat dry, my Mary,
And some beer would be as well."
She replies, by way of feeler,
"La, who'd thought of seeing thee?"
He is but a smart young peeler,
And a maid-of-all-work she.

He to lips that do not falter,
Raises up the half-pint mug;
Vows his love will never alter—
Eyeing hard the empty jug.
"I can pick that bone of pheasant,
Little care I for a knife—
Love, it makes our duty pleasant,
Luncheon love I dear as life."

He across the kitchen going,
Sees two lordly bottles stand;
"India pale" within them glowing,
And he grasps one in each hand.
From deep thought himself he rouses,
Says to her that loves him well,
"I could pop these in my trousers'
Pocket, and no one might tell."

This he doth by her attended,
And they lovingly converse
Of the toothsome things that tended
To bind so close his heart to hers.
Leg of pork, with sauce of apple,
Fowl and bacon and broad beans;
Cold roast beef, with which he'd grapple,
Sooner than with warmed-up greens.

What she gives him makes her dearer,
Such she hopes to be the case;
Hopes his beat will still be near her,
Should she ever change her place.

Oh! but he doth love her truly;
He shall have a cup of tea—
She will bring it to him duly,
Some time after half-past three.

And her heart rejoices greatly,
Whenever peeler she discerns,
Past the small boys pacing stately,
While they mimic him by turns.
Thinks he looks far more majestic
Than he ever looked before—
Fears he winked at the domestic
Higher up at Number Four;

Hears him speak in gentle murmur,
Knows he's answering her call,
While he treads with footstep firmer,
Leading past the garden wall.
All at once the colour flushes
His false face from brow to chin;
As it were with shame he blushes,
While she vows she's "been took in."

Then unable to conceal her
Love, she murmurs, "Oh, that he
Were once more that faithful Peeler,
Which did win my heart from me."
He but begged she'd no more bore him,
When she falls flat at his side;
Gathered soon a crowd before him,
Whilst to lift her up he tried;

And one came to raise her bonnet,
And he looked at him and said,
"Bring a chair, and place her on it,
For I fear she's hurt her head."
Home they took her, and next morning,
By her mistress she's addressed,
"Mary, you have a month's warning—
This time, mind, I'm not in jest."

The Puppet Show, July 29, 1848.

The Lord of Burleigh.

(*Slightly altered from the Poet Laureate*).

To the Bill he whispers gaily,
"Land Bill, I the truth must tell—
You're a nuisance; but believe me
That I really love you well!"
She replies, that Irish Maiden,
"No one I respect like thee."
He is Lord of ancient Hatfield,
And a simple Land Bill she.
So most kindly he receives her
Merely with *two* hours' reproof,
Leads her to the Lords' Committee,
And she leaves her Gladstone's roof.

"I will strive to guard and guide you,
And your beauty not impair;
Only add a few amendments,
Prune a section here and there.
Let us try these little clauses
Which the wealthy Lords suggest;
No connection with Fitzmaurice,
Or with Heneage and the rest!"

All he tells her makes her queerer,
Evermore she seems to yearn
For her Commons and her GLADSTONE,
And the moment of return.
And while now she wonders wildly
Why she feels inclined to sink,
Proudly turns the Lord of BURLEIGH,
"I have *drawn your teeth*, I think!"

Then her countenance all over
Pale and (emerald) green appears,
As he kicks her down the staircase,
'Mid their Lordships' wicked jeers.
But her GLADSTONE looked upon her,
Lying lifeless, worn, and spent,
And he said, "Your dress is ragged—
These must be arrears of *rent*."
Deeply mourns the Lord of BURLEIGH,
No one more distressed than he,
When the PREMIER moved the Commons
With the Peers to disagree.
And they gathered softly round her,
Did the Commons, and they said,
"Bring the dress we sent her forth in—
That will raise her from the dead!"

Punch, August 13, 1881.

The Figaro of January 22, 1873, contained a long parody (eleven verses), entitled, "The Lord of Burleigh," but it is not now of sufficient interest to warrant its reproduction.

A BURLINGTON HOUSE BALLAD.

(*With Apologies to Our Lordly Laureate*).

In her ear he whispers sadly,
"I've a grief upon my soul,
And I want you very badly
Just to take a little stroll."
She replies, in accents fainter,
"Anywhere, my love, with thee."
He is but a budding painter,
And his fair *fiancée* she.
To her chamber straight she scurries,
Lest delay should bring reproof,
Pops her bonnet on and hurries
With him from her father's roof.
So she goes, by him attended,
Hears him absently converse,
As with spirits all unmended
He controls his steps to hers.
Faring thus, she wonders greatly,
Till a gateway she discerns
With armorial bearings stately,
And beneath the gate she turns.
Sees a building most majestic
In a simple maiden's eye;
Pays he then a smug domestic,
And the turnstile clicks them by.
All around are paint and glitter
High and low upon the wall,
While he treads with feelings bitter,
Leading on from hall to hall.
And as now she freely utters
Rapture it were vain to hide,
Fiercely turns he round and mutters,
"*There's my picture—it is 'skyed!*'"

Funny Folks, May, 1884.

THE MAY QUEEN OF 1879,

AS SHE MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

WELL, you waked and call'd me early on *the first*, my mother dear,
As though't had been the jolliest time of all the glad new year,
For as you were aware, mother, in spite the wretched day,
I had to be Queen o' the May, mother, I had to be Queen o' the May.

You did your best for me, mother, I must say that of you;
You had my waterproof prepared, and my goloshes too;
You lent me your own muff, mother, my chilblains were so sore,
And made dear Robin bring the cover'd cart close to our door.

And yet the May-day games, mother, were not a great success;
And I, for I was Queen, alack!—got in the greatest mess;
The mud was over all our boots—it hail'd, too, as it chanced,
And I fell in a puddle, mother, while I with Robin danced.

(*Five verses omitted*).

"So, on the whole, I cannot say I'm glad—no more can you,
You call'd me early on the first, though then I begg'd you to;
In truth, could I have known, it would have been so cold and wet,
I'd have told the lads and lasses, mother, another Queen to get.

"But, there, it is too late to fret—the thing is over now,
But not again will your poor child thus play the fool, I vow;
Another year, if spring is late, I'll stay in bed all day,
Rather than get up early, mother, and be the Queen o' the May."

Truth, May 22, 1879.

You ask me why, tho' ill at ease,
Within this region I subsist,
Whose spirits falter in the mist,
And languish for the purple seas?
* * * * *

TENNYSON.

THE NEW UMBRELLA.

You ask me why, though ill at ease,
And chilled with rain, my gentle Stella,
I stand beneath the dripping trees,
With shivering hands and shaking knees,
But do not use my umbrella.

The reason I can soon explain,
Succinctly, simply, and precisely:
If once I used it in the rain,
I could not fold it up again,
Or roll it up so smooth and nicely.

No, precious slender staff! no hand of mine,
With ruthless hate or foolish gaming,
Shall mar thy symmetry divine—
The curved diagonal of line
That circles round thy wooden stamen.

The skill that wrapped thee up so tight
And fastened up the ring and button
Is rarer far than second-sight,
The art of catching fish at night,
Or carving any joint of mutton.

(*Two verses omitted*).

The Cambridge Metcor, June 13, 1882.

"Of old sat Freedom on the heights,
The Thunders breaking at her feet:
Above her shook the starry lights:
She heard the torrents meet."

TENNYSON.

PAM UPON THE HEIGHTS.

[Lord Palmerston was appointed Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, March, 1861].

NOT old, stood Pam upon the Heights,
The Commons roaring at his feet,
And Beadledom, with antique rites,
Did him the homage meet.

Punch, in his place did much rejoice,
Not for the title then assigned,
But glad to hear the brave old boy's
Name shouted on the wind.

Admiring much his British pluck,
His ready tongue, his cheery jest,
His never downing on his luck,
But hoping for the best.

His hate of humbug, saving such
As should to humbugs still be flung,
His speeches, void of artist touch,
Yet suiting English tongue.

His deeper hatred for the gang,
Who, prating of some Right Divine,
Doom freedom's friends to starve, or hang,
Or in foul dungeons pine.

Cheer for the Constable! Our foes
Find him the nightmare of their dreams;
We, the wise Englishman, who knows
The Falsehood of Extremes.

Punch, 1861.

LORD BEACONSFIELD AS TITHONUS.

THE Whigs decay, the Whigs decay, and fall,
The Obstructives drag our Senate through the mire;
Parliaments cumber earth, then pass away;
E'en this one, after many a session, dies;
While I, secure of immortality,
Take my calm saunter, propped by Monty's arm,
Along the highways of the busy world,
A noted figure, roaming, in my dream,
All sorts of places in my Favourite East,
The gleaming halls and splendours of Lothair.

Alas for that grand piece of statesmanship,
That glorious work, the Berlin settlement!
So highly lauded by my chosen print
The *Daily Telegraph*. Almost I seemed
To its great heart none other than a god!
Bulgaria asked for independency;
'Twas granted with a few strokes of the pen.
Some people really don't care what they grant.
But the strong Russ, indignant, worked his will,
Pared down and minimised my settlement;
And though he could not end it, left it maimed,
The veriest of hashes. Can fine words
From Salisbury make amends? Though even yet
Our faithful organs in the daily press
Are tremulous with praise, weep tears of joy
To hear us. Come, let's go; we've had enough
Of Government. How can a man desire
To mix with Irish members, rowdy lot,
Who never mind the ruling of the Chair,
But pass beyond the Speaker's ordinance,
Which all obey—or ought to, if they don't?

A black cloud hovers o'er the Cape: there come
Glimpses of dark men we have made our foes.
Once more I hear the rumour steal abroad
Of an election-time approaching near;
And who can tell the upshot? Will the rout
Whom I enfranchised not so long ago
Shake off the yoke of Tory Government,
And bring the Liberals in instead? Who knows?

Fain would I get me to the gorgeous East!
I wonder how my constitution stands
The rigours of this chilly English clime,
This so-called summer, wretched, cold, and wet.
I shiver by the fireside, while the steam
Floats from the damp fields round my country seat,
And racks my aged bones with rheumatism.
Place me upon some Asiatic throne,
Give me an empire in the realms of morn,
Thither I'd hasten from this *bourgeois* court
On a triumphal car with silver wheels.

V. A. C. A.

The World, July 30, 1879.

WHAT LOCKSLEY HALL SAID BEFORE HE PASSED HIS OXFORD RESPONSIONS,
(*Vulgo* SMALLS).

OH the misery of "Smalls!" the cark, the turmoil, and the grind!
Oh the cruel, cruel fetters which are wreathing round my mind!
There is grammar, there is *Euclid*, and far worse than all of these,
Arithmetical refinements, with their stocks, and rules of threes,
With their discount and their practice, and their very vulgar fractions,
Smashing up the one ideal into many paltry factions.
Square root makes the head to ache, the decimals the tear to start,
For they're ever circulating round the fibres of my heart—
Learning grammar is like putting water in a leaky pot,'
And its memory is only like the days remembered not;
Verbs in "M I" are aggravating, *Euclid* makes the foot to stamp,
Only lucid when enlightened by a moderator lamp,

The old spider and his cobwebs! would that I could sweep them out
From the dust and must of ages with a triumph and a shout;
Shall I spurn him with my foot, or shall I scorn him with mine eye?
Shall I tear him into pieces? SOUTHEY burnt him—so will I.

C. C.

B. N. C. *College Rhymes*, 1861.

These lines also appeared in *Punch*.

There was also an early parody of "Locksley Hall" in *Punch*, describing the Railway Mania of 1845. This parody was rather technical in its language, not very amusing, and is now quite out of date.

BATTUE SHOOTING.

Gather round, my noble comrades; hardy sportsmen, gather where,
Placed in yonder shaded corner, stands for each an easy chair;
Close behind are well-packed hampers, and attendants duly wait
To reload your deadly weapons while you sit and shoot in state.
Amply fed and reared, my pheasants—tame they'll answer to your call,
But, like whirling leaves in winter, soon you'll see them thickly fall.
Hark, the beaters drive them forward. Now, prepare—the time is nigh,
We shall soon reduce their numbers. Peste! they're far too fat to fly!
See the startled hares and rabbits vainly shelter safe have sought,
Headlong rushing, mad with terror—surely this is noble sport!
Eh! what say you? Let go at them, now's the time to try your skill;
Crawling wounded, lame and fluttering, down they go the bag to fill.
Warmish work, and quite fatiguing—let's refresh ere we renew.
Vulgar hinds may sneer and welcome. Vive, say I, the good battue!

* * * * *

Surely those who so love slaughter might, when close time comes for grouse,
Find congenial occupation if they donned the butcher's blouse.

D. EVANS.

The Weekly Dispatch, August 31, 1884.

GODIVA.

(*A Pose Plastique*, by Madame Warton, *before* the forthcoming picture by Edwin Landseer, R.A.)

OR, THE PEEPING GENT OF COVENTRY STREET.

I waited in the street named Coventry;
I hung outside the 'bus from Putney Bridge,
To watch the three short fares; and there I shapea
The last new "Tableau Vivant" into this.

NOT only we, the smartest blades on Town,
Fast men that with the speed of an express
Run down the slow, not only we, that prate
Of gents and snobs, have loved the genus well,
And loathed to see them unamused; but she
Did more, and undertook, and overcame,
The Venus of the *Tableaux Vivans*—Madame
Warton, Queen of the Walhalla, near the street
Of Coventry: for when there was nought up
To take the Town, the Gents all came to her,
Clamouring, "If this last, we die of slowness!"
She sought a painter, found him where he strode
About the room, among his dogs, alone,
His beard shaved close before him, and his hair
Cropped short behind. She told him the Gents' fears,
And prayed him, "If this last, they die of slowness!"
Whereat he stared, replying, half-amazed,
"What would you have *me* do—an animal painter—
For such as *these*?" "A *Tableau* paint," said she.
He laughed, and talked about Sir Peter Laurie.*

Then chucked her playfully beneath the chin;
"O, ay, ay, ay, you talk!" "Talk! yes!" she said,
"But paint it, and prove what I will not do."
And with a sly wink there was no mistaking,
He answered, "Ride you as the famed Godiva,"
And I will paint it," she nodded, and in jest
They parted, and a cabman drove her home.

All was arranged. The boardmen in the street,
As curs about a bone, with snarl and blow
Made war upon each other for a board:
The best man won. She sent bill-stickers forth,
And bade them cover over every hoarding
With large placards, announcing she would please
Her favourite gents; who, as they loved her well,
From then till Monday next, in crowds should come
And gaze at her,—each one his shilling paying
For seats within the public promenade.

Then went she to her dressing room, and there
Unhooked the wedded fastenings of her gown,
Some soft one's gift; but every now and then
She lingered, looking in her toilette glass,
Rougeing her cheek: anon she shook herself,
And showered the rumpled raiment 'neath her knee;
Then clad herself in silk; adown the stair
Stole on; and like a bashful maiden slid
Through passage and through passage, until she reached
The platform; there she found her palfrey trapt
With pewter logies and mosaic gold.

Then rode she forth, clothed all in silken tights:
The fiddles played beneath her as she rode,
And the reserved seats hardly breathed for fear.
The little wide-mouthed heads beyond the stalls
Had cunning eyes to see: the crimson rouge
Made her cheek flame: a fast man, winking, shot
Light horrors through her pulses: the saloon
Was all in darkness; though from overhead
The flickering gas-light dimly flared: but she
Not less through all bore up, till, last she gave
The signal to the workmen in the flats,
And round upon the pivot slow she turned.

Then rode she back, clothed all in silken tights:
And one low Gent, decked out in Joinville tie,
The certain symbol of a Gentish taste,
Using an ivory opera-glass he'd hired,
Peeped—but the glasses, ere he had his fill,
Were shivered into pieces, and the curtain

* Sir Peter Laurie had endeavoured to put down the sale of plaster casts of nude figures by the Italian image boys in the streets.

Was dropt before him ; so that the deposit
Left on the glass was forfeit to the Jew ;
And he that knew it grieved : Now all at once,
With twelve great shocks of sound, the interlude
Was scraped on cat-gut from a dozen fiddles,
One after one, for neither did keep time,
Nor play in tune : and Madame Warton gained
Her chamber ; whence re-issuing, as "Venus
Rising from the Sea," the ennui passed away,
And she made everlasting lots of tin.

The Puppet Show, April 1, 1848.

THE VOYAGE.

WE hired a ship : we heaved a shout :
We turned her head towards the sea ;
We laugh'd and scull'd, and baled her out,
We scream'd and whistled loud for glee :
We scull'd, we scream'd, we laugh'd, we sang,
Beneath the merry stars of June :
Went flute tu-tu, and banjo bang :
We meant to sail into the moon !

Far off a boatman hail'd us high :
"My boat is named the Bonny Bess ;
Old Jack will charge you more than I,
For I will charge you sixpence less :
My boat is strong, and swift, and taut,
But Jack's—she is not worth a cuss."
We held his terms in scorn, for what
Was sixpence or a crown to us ?

We bang'd ; we baled ; we scull'd ; we scream'd ;
The water gain'd upon us fast.
We looked upon the moon : she seem'd
As far as when we saw her last.
We look'd : no terror did we show ;
We did not care a button, we ;
We knew the good ship could not go
Beyond the bottom of the sea.

But one—at best he was a lout—
The same, we guess, was short of chink—
Exclaim'd in terror, "Let me out,
I am quite sure the ship will sink.
The leak is quickly gaining height ;
'Twill soon be half-way up the mast."
And through the hatch that starry night
We let him out, and on we pass'd.

Slight skiffs aslant the starboard slipt,
And jet-black coal-boats, stoled in state,
And slender shallops, silvern tipp'd,
And other craft both small and great.
But we nor changed to skiff or barge,
Or slender shallops, silvern-peak'd ;
We knew no vessel, small or large,
Was built by mortal hands, but leak'd.

Beyond the blank horizon burn'd ;
The moon had slid below the main ;
About the bows we sharply turn'd,
And scull'd the good ship home again.
Before us gleam'd the hazy dawn ;
We scull'd, but ere we shockt the lea,
And paid old Jack, the ship had gone
Down to the bottom of the sea.

Above the wreck the sad sea breaks,
And many a pitying moonlight streams ;
And o'er the yeasty water flakes
The snow-white sea-gull, sliding screams.
If any goods be wash'd ashore,
Or cash—if any cash be found—
To us, and not to Jack, restore :
But then—you cannot ; we were drowned.

S. K. C.

Kottabos (William McGee), Dublin, 1875.

"BREAK, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O sea !
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me."

* * * *

TENNYSON.

It seems hard to believe that the weather was even hotter in New York during last June than it was in London during certain days of July and August. An American poet thus records his impressions :—

HOT, hot, hot,
Is the blistering breath of June,
And I would that my throat could utter
An anti-torridness tune.
O well for the Esquimau
That he sits on a cake of ice !
O well for the Polar bear
That he looks so cool and nice !
But the scorching heats pours down
And blisters both head and feet !
And O for a touch of vanished frost,
Or the sound of some hail and sleet !

THE LAY OF THE DRENCHED ONE.

(*Time*, 11.45 P.M.)

PELT, pelt, pelt,
On the cold wet earth, thou Rain !
While my tongue is about to utter
The anger that swells in my brain.

Oh, well for the waterproof'd gent,
As he walks in his shiny array :
Oh, well for the dandified swell,
As he drives in his cabriolet.

And the last lone 'bus rolls on,
As full as its guard can fill ;
But oh for the sight of a vanish'd cab,
And the sound of a wheel that's still !

Pelt, pelt, pelt,
On the damp, drench'd streets, O Rain ;
But the tender bloom of a dress-coat spoilt
Will never return again.

JOHN COLLETT.

"But, says the *Sporting Times*, Calcutta is a rough place for a 'stony-broke,' for there is no comfortable workhouse

for Europeans, such as would remind one of Tennyson's well-known 'Workhouse Song.'"—

'Break, break, break,
All these cursed stones I see,
For that is the task they've set me,
And *I wish that I wasn't me.*"

WAKE! wake! wake!
In thy Northern land so free,
And our eloquent leader utters
A protest for you and me.

Oh, well for Midlothian's sons
That they shout with him in the fray,
Oh, well for our British lads,
For we know he will gain us the day.

And the Franchise war goes on,
Though the Lords would have us be still;
But, O for our triumph, thou Grand Old Man,
When the people have their bill.

Wake! wake! wake!
To the war-cry of "Liberty!"
And slav'ry's old despotic days
Shall never return to thee.

RICHARD H. W. YEABSLEY.

The Weekly Dispatch, September 14, 1884.
(Parody Competition).

RHYME FOR ROGERS.

Howe'er it be, it seems to me
A House of Peers can be no good:
Mob caps are more than coronets,
And Hyde Park crowds than Hatfield's brood.

Punch, September 6, 1884.

Tennyson's "Enoch Arden" has been less frequently parodied than most of his poems; some years ago the Australian Punch had a clever burlesque of it, and a "continuation" of Enoch Arden was privately printed in 1866. This very scarce little pamphlet consisted of twelve pages, in a blue wrapper, and had no printer's name or place on it. As it is now eagerly sought after by collectors of Tennysoniana, it is here given in full:—

ENOCH ARDEN,

(CONTINUED)

BY

C. H. P.

Not by the "LAUREAT,"—but a timid hand
That grasped the Poet's golden lyre, "and back
Recoil'd,—e'en at the sound herself had made."

1866.

ENOCH ARDEN.

(*Continued*).

So Enoch died, as he had lived so long,
Alone—alone! for Miriam Lane had pass'd
To an adjoining chamber; but she heard
Those joyous dying words, "A sail! a sail!
I'm sav'd," and hurried back to comfort him;
But wist not that the "sail" his spirit saw
Was God's own ark, propell'd by angel wings
Towards the Ocean of Eternity.
"Ah well!" she said; "poor Enoch! he is gone;
God rest his soul: give him more joy in Heaven
Than he had found on earth,—at least of late:
I thought he had not long to linger here,
The sea made such a moaning all the night:
It sounded like his death-wail; and methought
I saw the corpse-light dancing in the fen.
Now will I tell the neighbours who he was:
They'll wonder how Dame Miriam knew the truth,
But kept it close, because she loved her friend
Enoch:—they cannot call me gossip now."
It chanced that day, that Philip left his mill
Earlier than wont: the nutting-time was come,—
That season of the year so closely link'd
To Philip's destiny;—it seem'd to stir
His pulse to quicker beat, and send a thrill
Of strange mysterious feeling thro' his veins,
He knew not how, or *why*: but Philip hurried on
That he might keep the promised holiday
With all the children—his, and hers, and theirs—
All dear to him; nor least the bonny Ralph,
That last wee prattler, climbing to his knee.
And all were ready with their nutting crooks;
And Annie Ray, his own, his wife at last,—
His "beam of sunshine," as he called her oft.
But as he left his mill, the passing-bell,
With its first startling boom, tolled on his ear.
It is a sound that enters at the brain,
A saddening augury of woe, and strikes
The inmost chord of sympathising hearts
That fondly breathe an echoing sigh of pain.
Sudden it falls, chilly as winter's frost,
Turning to icicles the heart's warm blood.
Spoke Philip to the comrade at his side,
"Know you for whom that passing-bell is struck?
Some full-grown man: it is the minute-toll."
"Mayhap the stranger down at Miriam Lane's;
I heard that he was dying yester-e'en.
The tide has turn'd but now: 'tis running out;
Whoe'er he was, his soul upon the shore
Waited the ebbing tide to ebb away"
Then came they to a little knot of men
(Fishers in dark-blue knitted woollen vests)
Hard by "the idle corner,"—so 'twas called,—
The blacksmith's forge. The honest gossippers,
As Philip pass'd along, hushed their voices.
Could he have read their looks, he might have known
Some dark o'er-clouding sorrow was at hand,
More nigh than he could think for, and more hard.
Then passed a woman from the ale-house door,
And, all unwitting Philip was so near,
Cried, "Have you heard who died just now?
'Twas Enoch Arden,—lost, but late returned;
And Miriam Lane has known it all along!"
As if some hand had struck a sudden blow,
Philip seemed stunned; the blood forsook his cheek,
The big cold drops stood out upon his brow,
As on the victim's, stretched upon the rack.

His comrade laid his hand on Philip's arm,
And uttering no word (what could he say?)
Led him, as one half-blinded, step by step,
Until they reached the home, where Annie Ray,
Poor widow-wife, sat watching his return;
He stagger'd towards her, caught her in his arms:
God help me,—kiss me darling,—wife look up!
"My wife—his wife—I know not what I say:
If we did sin it was unwittingly;
O, Annie! darling, one more fond embrace,
E'er it be said our wedded love was wrong."
Then, as she wonder'd, gazing on his face,
And twined her loving arms around, he told,—
Yes, told her all—how Enoch had returned.
Then Philip's comrade, who had linger'd near,
Beckon'd the children out, and closed the door:
There Miriam met them, with the lock of hair:
But, loth to interrupt the sorrowers,
She led the children to the house of death;
And took a key from off the wooden peg,
Beside the settle, where she used to hang
The skeins of twine to mend the fishing nets:
Then gently led them up the narrow stair,
That creaked beneath their stealthy-moving tread.
Sacred the silence that we ever keep,
When death is in the house! we speak, we walk,
With muffled tone and step, as if the dead
Could be disturb'd, and waken out of sleep.
Then Miriam turn'd the key;—that jarring click!
How harsh it grated on the children's ear!
As do the pebbles on the boat's sharp keel.
Cold thro' the open casement came the breeze:
There stood the bed—and on the sacking lay,
Distinct beneath the sheet, a rigid form—
The feet so prominent, the arms close down!—
The children clung together, half afraid,
While Miriam turned the coverlid aside.
They dar'd not stoop to kiss the pallid face;
But gaz'd awhile, then slowly left the room.
Once they had seen their brother, as he lay
Dead in his little cot: but he had look'd
So beautiful asleep, you might have thought
Death's angel had but gently turned him round,
To rest more quietly: the tiny hands
Were clasp'd together, and the face bent down,
As resting on the pillow—not like this,—
So stiff, so cold, so utterly alone.
Now, as the twilight fell the second day,
Another mourner came: she spoke no word:
Miriam had put the key within her hand,
Turning aside, to dash away her tears:
The widowed woman went up-stairs alone.
One moment gazing on her Enoch's face,
She stoop'd to kiss it, putting back the hair,
As she had done in life: then kneeling down
She pray'd,—"forgive me,—pity me,—Oh God."
She touch'd his marble-cold, pale, hand with hers,
That bore e'en then the double wedding rings.
She laid her aching head upon his breast,—
When from her lips came forth a cry,—a shriek,
Like to a hare's when shot: and Miriam came,
And bore her senseless from the room of death.
'Twas strange how quick the widow's glance had caught
Each little circumstance of the chamber,
And noted in her loving memory,—
How on the table lay his Bible—closed:
No need had Enoch now of Holy Writ,
No need of Gospel Message; for he stood
In presence of his SAVIOUR, and his GOD.
But had she open'd where the much-worn page
Told of the frequent reading, she had seen
The marks of blis'ering tears upon that text,
"Whose shall she be in Heav'n? there they marry
Not, nor give in marriage, but are angels."
There was a fly upon the window pane
Whose low monotonous hum she scarcely heard,
And that unconscious; but in after years
The buzzing of a summer fly recall'd,
E'en in her happiest hours, *that* day,
That lonely visit to the bed of death;
And cast a moment's shadow o'er her heart.
More keenly she remarked the remnant store
Of lulling anodynes: ah! bootless all
To soothe the fever of his aching brain:
The Wise Physician healed him with a touch,
(E'en as we lay our hand on ringing glass
To still the sound that careless fingers make),
And sent a loving angel as his guide
Through the dark valley to the realms of joy.
There lay his watch, his big round silver watch,
Whose constant tick had sadly echoed "Home"
In all his wanderings; now its pulse was hushed:
No need of Time for him: he had Eternity.

* * * *

Then Philip left the village for awhile:
And when once more the nutting-season came,
And yellow "rust-spots" on the autumn leaves,
He and his Annie were again at home!
They'd learnt the lesson God had set them, "Wait:"
And now the time of their reward was come:
In *Faith's* strong soil *Patience* had taken root,
And brought forth *Hope* and *Joy*, as bloom and fruit.

ENOCH'S "HARD 'UN."

PART I.

In a fair village on the English coast
There dwelt a lad—they called him Hunky Sam.
He was but young—three years, or may be four,
But manly for his age; his appetite
For bulls'-eyes, "coker"-nuts, and such light fare
Was something awful, even for a boy;
But better far than even coker-nuts,
He loved a maiden of surpassing grace—
Of humble parentage, but very fair,
Whose name euphonious was Susan Ann.
The parents of these twain were fisher-folk
Of low degree, but honest to a fault.
They would not steal the veriest pin, unless
They were quite certain they would not be caught.
Now Hunky's love for peerless Susan Ann
Was felt by her, and given back to Hunk;
And as the twain upon the yellow sands
Would play, young Sam would say, "Now let us be,
As grown-up folks, and we'll pretend we are
A wedded pair, and I will be a man,
And you, dear Susan Ann, my little wife;
And you, go sit within yon gloomy cave,
Which we will make believe to be our house,
And I'll come staggering in like daddy does,
And you can belt me on my flaxen head
With this small stick, which we will call a broom—
For that's the way my dad and mammy do."
And so they played upon the seashore sand
Till Susan Ann had got the thing down fine.
And time sped on, and Sam and Susan Ann
Were married, and the twain became one flesh.

PART II.

Sam went to sea, and whilst upon a voyage,
He read of Enoch Arden and his woes;

And so he soon resolved to do the same
As in the book he read that Enoch did.
To carry out his plan he sent word home,
By trusty shipmate, to his Susan Ann,
That he was drowned. He really did not care
A great deal for his once-loved Susan Ann,
Who, when the knot had but been tied a year,
Had clearly showed that she could be the boss.
So time sped on, and artful Hunky Sam
In foreign climates had a jolly time
For several years. "I think I'll homeward sail,"
One day he said, "and see how Susan Ann
Gets on; like Enoch, I will softly glide
Towards the cottage there upon the cliff,
And see how she makes out with her new man,
For she is doubtless wedded once again,
Just like that Mrs. Arden in the book."
Away he sailed across the sounding surge
(A good expression that, but not my own),
And soon he reached his village on the coast.
'Twas night. He crept towards the little cot
Where once he'd dwelt. A light was burning clear;
He peered in through the window. Susan Ann
Was there, but t'other fellow was away.
His wife glanced up: she saw the faithless Sam;
She sprang towards him—grabbed him by the hair
And held him there, whilst with her other arm
She dealt him myriad thwacks with broomstick stout.
"You would," she cried—"you would say you were dead,
And with your foreign gals go cuttin' up;
And leave me here to take in washing—eh?
You wretch! take that, and that, and that, and that!"
Each "that" being followed by a sickening thud.

PART III.

The curtain falls on this delightful scene,
As space is precious and will not permit
Of further details; but this goes to show
That things don't always turn out just the same
As those we read about in poets' yarns.
Another thing it shows—that Susan Ann
Had learned a trick when playing at being wed
Upon the seashore in her youthful days
That stood her in good stead in after years—
The wielding of the broomstick here is meant.

Scraps, August 1884.

AFTER TENNYSON'S "GRANDMOTHER."

And Willy, with Franchise horn, is gone to blow in the North!
Sturdy, though white, and strong on his legs, bravely holding forth;
And Willy's wife is with him—she ever was true and wise,
Always a wife for Willy—he often takes her advice.

For madame, you see, is clever; she loves her Franchise Bill,
And he can talk so ready, and manage the Scots with skill.
Pretty enough, very pretty! I won't say against it for one.
Eh! but my Lords shall fear him—when Willy his task has done.

Willy, my beauty, my chieftain true, the flower of the flock,
Never a lord can move him, for Willy stands like a rock.
He has always a word for the weak, for crofter and fellaheen too;
There ne'er was his like in the land, since Eighteen-thirty-two.

Strong for the right, and strong in the fight, strong still in his tongue;
And peers shall go down before him, though the "feller" is not young.
Welcome him back, my brothers, from the North land far away,
Soon shall we liberty see, brothers, when Willy has won the day.

JAMES G. MEAGHER.

The Weekly Dispatch, September 14, 1884.
(Parody Competition).

KEEPING TERM AFTER COMMEMORATION.

(*Not by* A.—T., Esq.)

I STEAL by lawns, to check the train
Of meditations started
By seeing duns that come in vain
For happy men departed.

By empty rooms I hurry down,
So stumbling down the staircase;
The cads within the sleepy town
Think mine a very rare case.

I hail a boat, and down I row
Along the lonely river,
For other lucky men may go,
But I seem here for ever.

I murmur under moon and stars,
I feel in lunar phrenzy,
I chide the cursèd fate that bars
My exit from B. N. C.

I slope, I slouch, I speed, I stop,
And scan the empty High Street,
I turn me into Boffin's shop,
To cheer me with an ice-treat,

Till ice and sad reflection slow
My diaphragm make quiver,
For other lucky men may go,
But I seem here for ever.

I roam about, and in and out
Poke eyes with envy yellow,
And here and there I spy a scout,
And here and there a fellow.

And here and there a good mamma,
Her squalling baby nursing,
Looks on me pitying, with an "Ah,
Poor fellow, how he's cursing!"

For, sailor like, I storm and "blow
My eyes" and "timbers shiver,"
That other lucky men may go,
But I seem here for ever.

BRASENOSE COLLEGE, Oxford.

College Rhymes, 1870.

THE MAIDEN'S LAMENT.

After Tennyson (*and a long way after, too*).

WITH many a care my life's beset,
My charms are growing mellow,
And I have not secured as yet
An eligible fellow.

I sing, I play, and through the dance
I skim like any swallow;
The ladies look at me askance,
And say I'm vain and shallow.
I chatter, chatter as I go,
And some pronounce me clever.
But the men that come they're awfully slow,
And pop the question *never, never.*
Pop the question never, never,
Pop the question never.

I gad about, and in and out
My hopeless fate bewailing;
And think with secret pain and doubt
Of youth and beauty failing.
A youth there is for whose dear sake
To distant lands I'd travel;
I thought he would an offer make
One evening on the gravel.
He spoke in accents soft and low,
But word of love came never.
The men that come are sure to go,
And some take leave for ever,
Some take leave for ever, ever,
Some take leave for ever.

I strive by many cunning plots,
Their feelings to discover,
And sometimes sweet forget-me-nots
Present to backward lover;
And though with costly gems from far,
I deck my shining tresses,
And though I sing of love and war,
And sport becoming dresses,
'Tis all in vain this idle show,
I'll gain their favour never.
For men may come and men may go,
But I'm stuck fast for ever,
I'm stuck fast for ever, ever,
I'm stuck fast for ever.

The Harborne Parish Church Bazaar News (Birmingham), September 26, 1874.

Flow down, old river, to the sea,
Thy tribute-muck deliver!
But take this comfort, Thames, from Me,
This shan't go on for ever!

Punch, August 23, 1884.

OUR RIVER (A TENNYSONIAN IDYLL).

OLD FATHER THAMES, *loq.*

"'I COME from haunts of coot and hern,'
From 'neath green ferns I sally;
But into me they quickly turn
The sewage of my valley!

"By fifty sewer mouths I pass—
My surface black with midges;
And bubbles huge of sewage gas
Float down beneath my bridges.

"When first I babble o'er the lea,
As crystal clear I chatter;
But twenty towns soon poison me
With foul organic matter.

"Till last by Barking Creek I go,
A thick, pestiferous river;
And tides may ebb, and tides may flow,
But I smell on for ever!

"I fill with scum my little bays,
I coat with slime my pebbles;
The mud I leave on winter days
The summer drought soon trebles.

"With many a stench the air I fill,
With many an odour fetid;
And epidemics I distil
Throughout the dog-days heated.

"I churn contagion as I go,
A foul, filth-sodden river;
For tides may ebb, and tides may flow,
But I smell on for ever!

"I wind about, and in and out,
With here a dead cat floating,
And here a party seized, past doubt,
With sickness whilst they're boating.

"And Water Companies extract
My water as I travel,
Till I for miles am nought, in fact,
But banks of mud and gravel.

"In short, if they thus pump me dry,
And list to reason never,
Whilst Londoners are talking, I
Shall just flow *off* for ever!

"As 'tis, the fish are well nigh killed
In all my urban reaches;
And places once with gudgeon filled
Are now too dry for leeches.

"I ruin lawns and grassy plots
By foul deposits spreading;
I blight the sweet forget-me-nots
From Twickenham to Reading.

"I crawl, I creep, I smell, I smear,
Amongst my oozy shallows;
I so pollute the atmosphere
It quite knocks-up the swallows.

"I grow each season more impure,
As every one's remarking;
I am an open running sewer
From Teddington to Barking.

"And so upon my course I go,
A foul, pestiferous river,
And tides may ebb, and tides may flow,
But I smell on for ever!"

Truth, July 31, 1884.

THE (NORTH) BROOK.

(*Some Way After Tennyson*).

'Tis an ill wind thus blows me out,
From home I must be sailing,
Whilst here the rest will chase, no doubt,
The grouse with zest unfailing.

* * * *

I'm sent to watch by Nile's swift flow.
Confound that ancient river!
M.P.'s may come, M.P.'s may go;
Must I toil on for ever?

Punch, August 16, 1884.

PEERS, IDLE PEERS.

"The House of Lords sat last night somewhat less than a quarter of an hour, during which no business was done."

PEERS, idle Peers, I know not what they do.
Peers from the depths of their luxurious chairs
Rise in the Clubs, and saunter into the House,
In-looking on the happy Hugh, Lord Cairns,
And thinking of the Bills that are in store.

Sure as the hammer falling at a sale,
That makes us travel by the Underground,
Sad as the feeling when our bargains prove
Not quite the treasure which we hoped to find;
So sad, so sure, the Bills that are to bore.

Ah, sad (not strange) as on dreary winter morns.
The surliest knock of half-impatient dun
To drowsy ears, ere, watched by drowsy eyes,
The tailor slowly goes across the square;
So sad, so very sad, the bills that are in store.

Drear as repeated hisses at your Play.
And drear as dreams by indigestion caused
To those that take hot suppers; dull as law,
Dull as dry law, and lost without regret;
O House of Lords, the Bills that are a bore.

Punch, March 7, 1868.

"Ask me no more: the moon may draw the sea;
The cloud may stoop from Heaven and take the shape,
With fold to fold, of mountain or of cape;
But O too fond, when have I answer'd thee?
Ask me no more."

TENNYSON (*The Princess*).

TO AN IMPORTUNATE HOST.

(*During Dinner, and after Tennyson*).

ASK me no more: I've had enough Chablis;
The wine may come again, and take the shape,
From glass to glass, of "Mountain" or of "Cape;"
But, my dear boy, when I have answered thee,
Ask me no more.

Ask me no more: what answer should I give,
I love not pickled pork nor partridge pie;
I feel if I took whisky I should die!
Ask me no more—for I prefer to live:
Ask me no more.

Ask me no more: unless my fate is sealed,
And I have striven against you all in vain.
Let your good butler bring me Hock again:
Then rest, dear boy. If for this once I yield,
Ask me no more.

ANONYMOUS.

SONG.

To the tune of Tennyson's "Home they brought her warrior dead."

(General Hill fell in the battle before Petersburg, and was the last man buried with military honours on the eve of the evacuation).

LAY the stern old warrior down,
Deeply in his narrow bed,
Ere the conqueror sack the town,
Ere the foeman o'er him tread.

They who checked the battle-tide—
Hoary warriors weeping said,
"Foremost where the bravest died,
Foremost where his country bled."

Low they laid the Pride of War,
Soldiers sternly round him mourned:
"Glorious was our battle-star,
Glorious when the battle burned."

Loudly crashed the fierce farewell—
This of all his toil the crown:
Falling where his country fell,
Falling by the fallen town.

Turning from the warrior's side,
Spake a chieftain often proved:
"Nobly for our land he died,
Nobly for the land he loved."

A. R.
EXETER COLL., Oxford.

College Rhymes, 1865 (J. and G. Shrimpton, Oxford).

SONG.

HOME they brought her husband—"tight,"
She nor moved, nor uttered cry,
But the Peeler, winking said,
"Won't he get it by-and-bye."

Then they placed him on the bed,
Called him "Jolly dog," "old boy!"
Placed the pillows 'neath his head—
Yet she showed nor grief, nor joy.

Stole her daughter from her seat
Up to where her father slept,
Pulled the boots from off his feet,
Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Then the "Bobby" took his purse,
Placed it empty on her knee,
Rose her voice as if to curse—
"Not one sixpence left for me!"

Vagrant Leaves, Part 1, October, 1866. (A clever little illustrated magazine, of which only three numbers were issued; they are now exceedingly scarce).

Home the "worrier" comes! We read
All his words, nor uttered sigh;
But the Tories, sneering, said,
"He must talk or he would die."

Then we praised his speeches long,
Called them worthy to be heard—
Brilliant thoughts and language strong;
Still the Tories cried, "Absurd!"

Stole Lord Random from his place,
Lightly to the "worrier" stept;
Tried to fool him to his face—
Back into his hole he crept.

Came a host of stupid peers,
Swore the franchise should not be;
Like rolling thunder rose our cheers—
Grand Old Man, success to thee!

ALFRED C. BRANT.

The Weekly Dispatch, September 14, 1884.
(Parody Competition).

"The Charge of the Light Brigade" is still one of the most popular of Tennyson's poems, in spite of its many faults, and defective construction. Some of its lines are, indeed, ridiculous, whilst many are ungrammatical, but the metre is pleasing, and the words have the ring of the battle about them. Tennyson, however, can claim no credit for these merits, having boldly appropriated them from Michael Drayton's poem on the Battle of Agincourt, in which the following lines occur:—

"They now to fight are gone,
Armour on armour shone:
Drum now to drum did groan;
To hear was to wonder;
That with the cries they make,
The very earth did shake,
Trumpet to trumpet spake,
Thunder to thunder."

Several parodies of "The Charge of the Light Brigade" remain to be quoted, in addition to those already given; indeed, this poem appears to possess a peculiar attraction for imitators.

The following parody was written on the occasion of a lecture on "Light" having been given in Horncastle by the late Dr. H. G. Ward:—

THE "LIGHT" CAVALIER'S CHARGE.

With half a score,
Half a score,
Half a score rings bedight,
Through the great lecture room
Staggered Professor Light.
He had been asked to speak
Fifth of December bleak,
Could he deny his squeak?
Had he not heaps of cheek?
As on the dais
Swaggered Professor Light.

Kinsfolk to right of him,
Kinsfolk to left of him.
"Buttons" in front of him,
Listened and wondered!
Conceited without a doubt,
Sing-song he brought it out,
Had he not learnt to spout,
Rolling his eyes about,
Amongst the two hundred.

Was not the lecture good,
His for great minds the food!
See how erect he stood,
Teaching his Townsmen,
Whilst Horncastle wondered!
Surrounded by Kith and Kin,
Did he not give it in?
"Light" was the very thing
Whereon our faith to pin.
Misled by Forbes Winslow,
The Doctor who blundered—
Then he sat down amid
Cheers from two hundred.

Kinsfolk to right of him,
Kinsfolk to left of him,
No one behind him
Listened and wondered.
Other orbs, great and small,
Took fresh light, one and all,
In the great lecture hall
From Light's special envoy.
These were but few, indeed,
Of the two hundred.

Honour Professor bold,
Long shall the tale be told;
Aye, when our babes be old,
How he enlightened us!

THE CHARGE OF THE COURT BRIGADE.

I.

HALF a yard—half a yard—
Half a yard onward,
Through the first crush-room
Pressed the Four Hundred.
Forward—the Fair Brigade!
On to the Throne, they said:
On to the Presence Room
Crushed the Four Hundred.

II.

Forward, the Fair Brigade!
Was there a girl dismayed?
E'en though the chaperons knew
Some one had blundered.
Theirs not to make complaint,
Theirs not to sink or faint,
Theirs—but words cannot paint
Half the discomfiture
Of the Four Hundred.

III.

Crowds on the right of them,
Crowds on the left of them,
Crowds all in front of them,
Stumbled and blundered:
On through the courtier-lined
Rooms—most tremendous grind—
Into the Presence-Room,
Leaving their friends behind,
Passed the Four Hundred.

IV.

Flushed all their faces fair,
Flashed all their jewels rare,
Scratched all their shoulders bare,
Thrusting each other—while
  Outsiders wondered:
Into the Presence Room,
Taking their turn they come,—
Some looking very glum
  O'er trains sore-sundered:—
Kiss hand, and outwards back,
  Fagged, the Four Hundred!

V.

Crowds to the right of them,
Crowds on the left of them,
Crowds all in front of them,
  Stumbled and blundered—
Back through more courtier-lined
Rooms—O, tremendous grind!—
Débutantes thirsty pined
For ice or cup o' tea:
No sofas horse-hair lined,
Not a chair or settee,
Poor dear Four Hundred!

VI.

Mothers to rage gave vent,
Husbands for broughams sent,
While at mismanagement
  Both sorely wondered.
Not till the sun had set,
Not till the lamps were lit,
Home from the Drawing Room
  Got the Four Hundred.

VII.

Some, I heard, in despair
Of getting stool or chair,
Took to the floor, and there
  Sat down and wondered.
Now, my Lord Chamberlain,
Take my advice. Again
When there's a Drawing-room,
Shut doors, and don't let in
  More than Two Hundred.

Punch, May 30, 1874.

THE BATTLE OF BARTLEMY'S.

Snowballs to right of them,
Snowballs to left of them,
Snowballs in front of them,
  Shattered and sundered.
"Forward the Blue Brigade!
Run 'em in! Who's afraid?"
Less easy done than said:
Not in the least dismayed,
Every bold student stayed,
And at the Blue Brigade
  Volleyed and thundered.
Flashed every truncheon bare,
Helmets were tossed in air,
Robert gets quite a scare,
While every student there
  Hooted and pelted.
Stormed at with jeer and yell,
Truncheon and helmet fell,
Back rushed they all, pell mell,—
  How the force wondered;
Many a pretty maid,
Down in the area shade,
Weeps for her Bob betrayed,
Weeps for her Blue Brigade,
  Knowing they blundered.

Funny Folks, December 25, 1875.

CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

(No. 2.)

(*At the Alexandra Palace Banquet, given to the survivors of the Battle of Balaclava, on October* 25, 1875).

PAVING sight! Left and right,
Crowds pressing onward,—
Sharp Alexandra Board
Dines the Two Hundred!
"Free passes grant them all!"
Veterans, short and tall—
Sharp Alexandra Board—
(Profits will not be small)—
Dines the Two Hundred!

"Go it, the Light Brigade!"
Toast-Master, sore dismayed,
Queered by those heroes' chaff,
Boggled and blundered.
Theirs not to speechify,
Still less to make reply;
Theirs but to drain all dry,—
Into the drinkables
Walked the Two Hundred!

Bottles to right of them,
Bottles to left of them,
Bottles in front of them,
While the band thundered;
They knew no "Captain Cork"—
Boldly they went to work,
After the eatables
Fell to their knife and fork,—
Thirsty Two Hundred!

À La Russe might surprise,
Still they knew joints and pies,
Clearing the dishes there,
Relevés and *entrées*, while
Scared waiters wondered;
Then, plunged in 'bacca smoke,
Glasses and pipes they broke—
Comrades long sundered,
Big with old lark and joke,
Gleefully met again—
Jolly Two Hundred!

Trophies to right of them,
Trophies to left of them,
CARDIGAN's charger's head,
Piously sundered!
Back they reeled, from the spread,
Straight as they could, to bed—
They that had dined so well—
Nothing to pay per head—
Happy Two Hundred!

When shall their glory fade?
O, what a meal they made!
Cockneydom wondered.
Honour the Charge they made—
Bravo the Light Brigade!
Hearty Two Hundred!

Punch, November 6, 1875.

ON THE RINK.

HALF a mile, half a mile,
Half a mile onward,
On to the skating rink
Came the fair trio.
"Skates for the fair trio,
Oil them well before they go,"
Over the smooth rink
Slide the fair trio.

Forward the fair trio!
Was a false step made? No!
Not tho' they all knew
Some one had tumbled.
Theirs but to give a sigh,
Theirs but to let him lie,
Theirs but to pass him by,
Away o'er the rink
Glide the fair trio.

Admirers to right of them,
Admirers to left of them,
Admirers in front of them,
Wonder'd and wonder'd.
"Outside edge," and never fell,
Boldly they skate and well,
"Treble threes and Q.'s."
Any step you choose,—
Over the smooth rink
Glide the fair trio.

Flash'd all their eyes so bright,
Flash'd as they turned in air,
Wounding every fellow there,
With a glance to left and right,
Other girls envying.
"Waltzing" and "Mercury stroke,"
Straight through the line they broke,
Whirling and twirling,
Light as the fairy folk,
Twisting and turning,—
Then they skate back, but not,
Not alone the fair trio.

Admirers to right of them,
Admirers to left of them,
Admirers on all sides of them,
Wonder'd and wonder'd.
Refreshed with coffee and tea,
Sweet cake, but no "Cherry B."
They whom none excel,
They who deserve so well,
They who no scandal tell,
Away o'er the rink
Glide the fair trio.
"When can their beauty fade?"
Oh! the grand show they made,
All the rink wonder'd;
Applaud all the skill displayed,
Admire the fair trio,
Charming fair trio.

The Figaro, April 10, 1876.

HOW A HUNDRED GUESTS MET THEIR DEATH.

"There seems to be hardly a single ailment not traceable to the poulterer or butcher."—*Daily Paper.*

"HALF a duck, half a duck,
Guests do not shirk ye;
Eat, 'tis the Christmas luck,
Eat a whole turkey!"
Little thought they of pain,
Filled they the plate again,
Why would ye not refrain?
On to death, onward!

Death was to right of them,
Death was to left of them,
Death right in front of them,
Death in that conger!
Long did they feast, and well,
How long I cannot tell,
Till they began to yell,
"Cannot eat longer!"

Ate they the tables bare,
Swept they the platter clear,
While the host wondered.
Wrapped in the pudding's smoke,
Right through its midst they broke,
Mince pies were sundered!
Then sank they back; but not—
Not the same hundred.

Judy, January 16, 1884.

A WELCOME TO ALEXANDRA.

(*As the Laureate might have adapted it to the opening of the Alexandra Palace*).

Muswellian Palace far over the lea,
ALEXANDRA!
Eastern and Western and South are we,
But all of us North in our welcome of thee,
ALEXANDRA!
Welcome it, *Times* and *Telegraph* fleet;
Welcome it, *Echo*, that sells in the street;
Break, *Daily News*, into rhetoric's flower;
Make "copy," O *Standard*, and new budded *Hour!*
Blazon advertisements, concert and play,
Ballet, with Lancers, sportive and gay;
Bertram and Roberts, famed for supply,
Cut from the joint, or savoury pie,
Ices and jellies and nourishing things;
Speckman's wonderful Hall of the Kings;
Warble, O bugle, and trumpet blare,
Flags flutter out upon turrets and towers,
Clash, ye bells, in the rainy May air—
Welcome, welcome, this Palace of ours!
Palace of corridor, vestibule, hall,
Lofty in roofing, with pillars so tall,
Meet for dining and dancing; and, O!
Fireworks—the brightest that mortal may know;
Reach to the roof sudden rocket, and higher,
Melt into stars for the crowd's desire;
Flash, ye rockets, in showers of fire,
Flaming comets shoot swift on the wire—
Welcome it, welcome it, land and sea;
O joy to the populace yet unknown,
We come to thee, love, and make thee our own—
For Camden, Camberwell, Bloomsburee,
Highgate, Belgravia, or Battersea,
We are all of us Muswell in welcome of thee,
ALEXANDRA!

Funny Folks, May 15, 1875.

After Tennyson's
"Flower in the Crannied Wall."

TERRIER in my Granny's hall,
I whistle you out of my Granny's;
Hold you here, tail and all, in my hand,
Little terrier: but if I could understand
What you are, tail and all, and all in all,
I should know what "black and tan" is.

C.

Kottabos, Dublin, 1870.

There have been numerous imitations of *In Memoriam*, and Mr. William Dobson, in his "Poetical Ingenuities," speaking of parodies, observes:—"One appeared in *Punch* a number of years ago, called 'Ozokerit,' a travesty of Tennyson's 'In Memoriam,' which has been considered one of the finest ever written." It is unquestionably very clever. Singularly enough it did not appear in the body of *Punch* at all, but on the outside wrapper, as an advertisement, so that many people who have bound sets of *Punch* will not find the parody, which was as follows:—

OZOKERIT.
(By A. T., or some one who writes as well as *he*).

Wild whispers on the air did flit,
Wild whispers, shaped to mystic hints,
When bright in breadths of public prints
Shone that great name "Ozokerit."

And much the people marvelled when
That embryon thing should leap to view!
And "what is it," and "whereunto?"
Rang frequent in the mouths of men.

"This babbler! is he not to blame?
Or will he, in the cycled course
Of Time, with circumstance and force
Invest this nothing of a name?"

And one his thought would thus declare,
"Our fooling makes this fellow blithe,
He joys to see conjecture writhe
And flutter in the wordy snare."

Thereat one wiselier—"Watch and see
(When Time be ripe, which now is rathe)
His Titan-touch unfold the swathe
That darkly wraps the great 'To be.'"

Shine forth yet undiscovered star!
Shed largess of all precious balms!
We dimly grope with vacant palms
And wondering wait thy Avatar.

Thou cam'st by Prejudice withstood
In vain, and lulling doubt to sleep:
But one—yet two in one—the cheap
Divinely wedded to the good.

A thing of beauty, form combined
With soul phlogistic, sent to cloy
Our Æon, with Promethean joy:—
A joy from central darkness mined,
Of regions haunted by the Hun;
Thence baled with cost of countless gold
To Lambeth's marish, and in mould
Of seeming-waxen tapers run:

Whose radiance is as that of moons
Innumerous, making day of night;
With most intensity of light,
Emblazing fashion's gay saloons.

When sound of midnight morrice rings
On floor and roof, and all is noise,
Of jubilant Ophicleids, hautboys,
Clear twanging harp, and fiddle strings.

And shapes of silver-bosomed girls,
In bacchant revel wheeling, trace
The waltz with sweet disordered grace
Of twinkling feet and flashing curls.

IN MEMORIAM TECHNICAM.

I count it true which sages teach—
That passion sways not with repose,
That love, confounding these with those,
Is ever welding each with each.

And so when time has ebbed away,
Like childish wreaths too lightly held,
The song of immemorial eld
Shall moan about the belted bay,

Where slant Orion slopes his star,
To swelter in the rolling seas,
Till slowly widening by degrees,
The grey climbs upward from afar,

And golden youth and passion stray
Along the ridges of the strand—
Not far apart, but hand in hand—
With all the darkness danced away!

Vere Vercker's Vengeance. By Thomas Hood, the younger, 1865.

A NEW CHRISTMAS SONG.

(Adapted to the Times from In Memoriam).

Apropos of the wet winter of 1872.

WRING out the clouds in that damp sky,
Which all this year so drear have made,
If, for the weather's clerk, her trade
A weather-washerwoman ply.

Wring out the old, wring in the new,
Wring, weather-washerwoman, so,
That wet shod if the Old Year must go
The New may damps and dumps eschew.

Wring out the wet that stands in clay,
Rots the potatoes in their bed,
Fingers and toes gives swedes instead
Of bellies in the usual way.

Wring out my mouchoir, damp with flow
Of constant cold through warp and woof,
Bring in a patent waterproof,
Through whose seams raindrops will not go.

Wring out the shirts, wring out the skin,
To which I've been wet many times;
Ring out the raindrops' pattering chimes,
And bring some drier weather in!

Punch, December 28, 1872.

A New Ring.

Ring out, glad bells! with clappers strong;
Ring out the year that dies to-night!
Ring in the new year with the light!
Ring in the right, ring out the wrong.

Ring out the squabbles at the Zoo!
Ring opera boxes in my reach,
And "natives" at a penny each!
Ring out Ward Hunt, whate'er you do.

Ring out the tax collector's knocks—
The Hebrew usurer—the dun!
Ring coals in at a pound a ton,
Ring out the women's "tie-back" frocks!

Ring out th' oppressors of the poor—
The rinderpest and Ouida's books!
Ring in some housemaids and some cooks.
Ring out the Reverend Edward Moore.

Ring out all rates without delay!
Ring in the Law Courts, if you can!
Ring out, ring out, the *Englishman!*
Ring out Kenealy, right away!

O. P. Q. P. Smiff, in *The Figaro*, January 5, 1876.

The Coming Mannikin.

Mr. Punch, having heard that many Conservatives looked upon Lord Randolph Churchill as the "Coming Man" of their party, expressed himself as follows:—

Ring out fools'-bells to limbo's dome,
Which copes the neo-Tory clique!
The man is coming whom they seek!
Ring out fools'-bells, and let him come!
Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring jangling bells a Bedlam chime;
'Tis the true *Simon Pure* this time;
Ring in the chief of Gnatdom's crew!

* * * * *

Ring out old pride in race and blood,
That kept the fierce old fighters right;
Ring in crude slander and small spite,
The urchin love of flinging mud.
Ring out the gentleman! Ring in
The narrow heart, the rowdy hand,
Ring out the brave, the wise, the grand!
Ring in the Coming Mannikin!

Punch, November 19, 1881.

The parody of *In Memoriam*, mentioned on Page 61 as having appeared in the *St. James's Gazette* of June 18, 1881, was written by Mr. H. D. Traill, and has since been re-published, by Messrs. Blackwood and Sons, in a volume entitled *Recaptured Rhymes*. Parodies of D. G. Rossetti, A. C. Swinburne, and Robert Browning are contained in the same volume, and will be quoted when the works of these authors are reached.

Detached portions of Tennyson's *Maud* have frequently been parodied, but the only case in which any attempt appears to have been made to imitate all its varying styles, and phases of thought, occurs in a small volume published in 1859, entitled *Rival Rhymes in Honour of Burns*.

Unfortunately, the mere trick of imitating the metre only does not constitute a good parody, and this one lacks both in interest and humour. It is, besides, very long. The following are some of its best verses:—

The Poet's Birth:
A Mystery.
By the P—t L—te.

I.

I hate the dreadful hollow behind the dirty town,
At the corner of its lips are oozing a foul ferruginous slime,
Like the toothless tobacco-cramm'd mouth of a hag who enriches the crown
By consuming th 'excised weed,—parent of smuggling crime!

II.

'Tis night; the shivering stars, wrapt in their cloud-blankets dreaming,
Forget to light an old crone, who to cross the hollow would try;
But watchful Aldebaran, in Taurus's head swift gleaming,
Like a policeman, to help her, turns on his bull's-eye.

III.

There's a hovel of mud, and the crone, mudded and muddled,
Knocks, and an oxidized hinge creaks a rusty "Come in."
There are now in the hovel,—a woman in bed-gear huddled,
A careworn man, and a midwife, her functional fee to win.

IV.

Midwives are hard as millstones: Expectant father's emotions
Are dragg'd by the heart's wild tide, like seashore shingle,
Shrieking complaint, when the fierce assaults of the ocean
Beat them all round, without an exception single.

* * * * *

1. Darkness! Darkness! Darkness!
Ebon carved idol of wickedness!
Guilty deeds do love thee,
Innocent childhood fears thee;
Therefore these do prove thee
An undress'd thing!—Who hears thee,
Grisly, gaunt, and lonely,—
Darkness! Darkness! Darkness!
Thy brother Silence only!

2. Lightness! Lightness! Lightness!
Great quality in small things,
A pudding, above all things!
Great quality in great things,
And, not to understate things,
Thou art the essence of sunshine,
Lightness! Lightness! Lightness!
Whose brightness—
And whiteness—
Are but lackness
Of blackness.

Therefore, Darkness ! Darkness !
Ebon-carved idol of wickedness !
Let those who love you
And Silence, prove you
And seek !
Not I !
For why ?—for why ?—for why ?
I'll speak !

* * *

Falling is the snow,
Every frosty flake
Making the round world
Like a wedding-cake.
What is't makes the snow ?
Is it frost ? No, no !
Petals of the rose
That in the heaven grows,
Thrown by angels down,
In Elysian play,
Make the snow, I say,
To produce a crown
For the bridal day.

* * *

Rival Rhymes, in Honour of Burns, 1859.

MAUD,
AND OTHER POEMS.
By A. T. (D.C.L.)
SONG.

CHIRRUP, chirp, chirp, chirp twitter,
Warble, flutter, and fly away ;
Dicky birds, chickey birds—quick, ye bird,
Shut it up, cut it up, die away.

Maud is going to sing !
Maud with the voice like lute-strings,
(To which the sole species of string
I know of that rhymes is boot-strings).

Still, you may stop, if you please ;
Roar as a chorus sonorous,
Robin, bob in at ease;
Tom-tit, prompt it for us.

Rose or thistle in, whistlin',
(What a beast is her brother !)
Maud has sung from her tongue rung ;
Echo it out,
From each shoot shout,
From each root rout—
" She'll oblige us with another."

Midsummer Madness,

A SOLILOQUY.

I am a hearthrug—
Yes, a rug—
Though I cannot describe myself as snug ;
Yet I know that for me they paid a price
For a Turkey carpet that would suffice
(But we live in an age of rascal vice).
Why was I ever woven,
For a clumsy lout, with a wooden leg,
To come with his endless Peg ! Peg !
Peg ! Peg !
With a wooden leg,
Till countless holes I'm drove in.
(" Drove," I have said, and it should be " driven
A hearthrug's blunders should be forgiven,
For wretched scribblers have exercised
Such endless bosh and clamour,
So improvidently have improvised,
That they've utterly ungrammaticised
Our ungrammatical grammar).
And the coals
Burn holes,
Or make spots like moles,
And my lily-white tints, as black as your hat turn,
And the housemaid (a matricide, will-forging slattern),
Rolls
The rolls
From the plate, in shoals,
When they're put to warm in front of the coals ;
And no one with me condoles,
For the butter stains on my beautiful pattern.
But the coals and rolls, and sometimes soles,
Dropp'd from the frying-pan out of the fire,
Are nothing to raise my indignant ire,
Like the Peg ! Peg !
Of that horrible man with the wooden leg.

This moral spread from me,
Sing it, ring it, yelp it—
Never a hearth-rug be,
That is if you can help it.

* * *

AN EXTRACT (NOT) FROM TENNYSON'S "MAUD."

BIRDS in St. Stephen's garden,
Mocking birds, were bawling—
"Lord, Lord, Lord, John !"
They were crying and calling.

Where was John ? In a fix !
Gone to Vienna, whither
They'd sent him out of the way,—
Tories and Whigs together.

Birds in St. Stephen's sang,
Chattering, chattering round him—
"John is here, here, here,
Back too soon, confound him !"

They saw his dirty hands !
Meekly he bore their punning ;
John* is not seventy yet,
But he's very little and cunning.

He to show up himself !
How can he ever explain it ?
John were certain of place,
If shuffling could retain it.

* * *

Look, a cab at the door,
Dizzy has snarled for an hour;
Go back, my Lord, for you're a bore,
And at last you're out of power.

Our Miscellany.

(Which ought to have come out, but didn't).

---

* Lord John Russell.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson (*continued*).

Granny's House.

Comrades, leave me here a little, while as yet 'tis early morn,
Leave me here, and when you want me, sound upon the dinner horn.
'Tis the place, and all about it, as of old, the rat and mouse
Very loudly squeak and nibble, running over Granny's house;—
Granny's house, with all its cupboards, and its rooms as neat as wax,
And its chairs of wood unpainted, where the old cats rubbed their backs.
Many a night from yonder garret window, ere I went to rest,
Did I see the cows and horses come in slowly from the west;
Many a night I saw the chickens, flying upward through the trees,
Roosting on the sleety branches, when I thought their feet would freeze;
Here about the garden wandered, nourishing a youth sublime
With the beans, and sweet potatoes, and the melons which were prime;
When the pumpkin-vines behind me with their precious fruit reposed,
When I clung about the pear-tree, for the promise that it closed.
When I dipt into the dinner far as human eye could see,
Saw the vision of the pie, and all the dessert that would be.
In the spring a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's breast;
In the spring the noisy pullet gets herself another nest;
In the spring a livelier spirit makes the ladies' tongues more glib;
In the spring a young boy's fancy lightly hatches up a fib.
Then her cheek was plump and fatter than should be for one so old,
And she eyed my every motion, with a mute intent to scold.
And I said, "My worthy Granny, now I speak the truth to thee,—
"Better believe it,—I have eaten all the apples from one tree."
On her kindling cheek and forehead came a colour and a light,
As I have seen the rosy red flashing in the northern night;
And she turned,—her fist was shaken at the coolness of the lie;
She was mad, and I could see it, by the snapping of her eye,
Saying, "I have hid my feelings, fearing they should do thee wrong,"—
Saying, "I shall whip you, Sammy, whipping I shall go it strong."
She took me up, and turned me pretty roughly, when she'd done,
And every time she shook me, I tried to jerk and run;
She took off my little coat, and struck again with all her might,
And before another minute, I was free, and out of sight.
Many a morning, just to tease her, did I tell her stories yet,
Though her whisper made me tingle, when she told me what I'd get;
Many an evening did I see her where the willow sprouts grew thick,
And I rushed away from Granny at the touching of her stick.
O my Granny, old and ugly, O my Granny's hateful deeds,
O the empty, empty garret, O the garden gone to weeds,
Crosser than all fancy fathoms, crosser than all songs have sung,
I was puppet to your threat, and servile to your shrewish tongue,
Is it well to wish thee happy, having seen thy whip decline
On a boy with lower shoulders, and a narrower back than mine?
Hark, my merry comrades call me, sounding on the dinner-horn,
They to whom my Granny's whippings were a target for their scorn;
Shall it not be scorn to me to harp on such a mouldered string?
I am shamed through all my nature to have loved the mean old thing;
Weakness to be wroth with weakness! woman's pleasure, woman's spite,
Nature made them quicker motions, a considerable sight.
Woman is the lesser man, and all thy whippings matched with mine
Are as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine.
Here at least when I was little, something, O, for some retreat
Deep in yonder crowded city where my life began to beat,
Where one winter fell my father, slipping off a keg of lard,
I was left a trampled orphan, and my case was pretty hard.
Or to burst all links of habit, and to wander far and fleet,
On from farm-house unto farm-house till I found my Uncle Pete,
Larger sheds and barns, and newer, and a better neighbourhood,
Greater breadth of field and woodlands, and an orchard just as good.
Never comes my Granny, never cuts her willow switches there;
Boys are safe at Uncle Peter's, I'll bet you what you dare.
Hangs the heavy-fruited pear-tree: you may eat just what you like.
'Tis a sort of little Eden, about two miles off the pike.
There, methinks, would be enjoyment, more than being quite so near
To the place where even in manhood I almost shake with fear.
There the passions, cramped no longer, shall have scope and breathing space.
I will 'scape that savage woman; she shall never rear my race;
Iron-jointed, supple-sinewed, they shall dive and they shall run;
She has caught me like a wild-goat, but she shall not catch my son.
He shall whistle to the dog, and get the books from off the shelf,
Not, with blinded eyesight, cutting ugly whips to whip himself.
Fool again, the dream of fancy! no, I don't believe it's bliss,
But I'm certain Uncle Peter's is a better place than this.
Let them herd with narrow foreheads, vacant of all glorious gains,
Like the horses in the stables, like the sheep that crop the lanes;
Let them mate with dirty cousins—what to me were style or rank,
I the heir of twenty acres, and some money in the bank?
Not in vain the distance beckons, forward let us urge our load,
Let our cart-wheels spin till sundown, ringing down the grooves of road;
Through the white dust of the turnpike she can't see to give us chase:
Better seven years at Uncle's than fourteen at Granny's place.
O, I see the blessed promise of my spirit hath not set!
If we once get in the wagon, we will circumvent her yet.
Howsoever these things be, a long farewell to Granny's farm:

Not for me she'll cut the willows, not at me she'll shake her arm.
Comes a vapour from the margin, blackening over heath and holt,
Cramming all the blast before it,—guess it holds a thunder-bolt :
Wish 't would fall on Granny's house, with rain, or hail, or fire, or snow,
Let me get my horses started Uncle Pete-ward, and I'll go.

Poems and Parodies, by Phœbe Carey.
Boston, United States, 1854.

THE SQUATTER'S 'BACCY FAMINE.

IN blackest gloom he cursed his lot ;
His breath was one long, weary sigh ;
His brows were gathered in a knot
That only baccy could untie.
His oldest pipe was scraped out clean ;
The deuce a puff was left him there ;
A hollow sucking sound of air
Was all he got his lips between.
He only said, "My life is dreary,
The Baccy's done," he said,
He said, "I am aweary, aweary ;
By Jove, I'm nearly dead."

The chimney-piece he searched in vain,
Into each pocket plunged his fist ;
His cheek was blanched with weary pain,
His mouth awry for want ot twist.
He idled with his baccy knife ;
He had no care for daily bread :—
A single stick of Negro-head
Would be to him the staff of life.
He only said, "My life is dreary.
The Baccy's done," he said.
He said, "I am aweary, aweary ;
I'd most as soon be dead."

Books had no power to mend his grief ;
The magazines could tempt no more ;
"Cut gold-leaf" was the only leaf
That he had cared to ponder o'er.
From chair to sofa sad he swings,
And then from sofa back to chair ;
But in the depths of his despair
Can catch no "bird's-eye" view of things.
And still he said, "My life is dreary.
No Baccy, boys," he said.
He said, "I am aweary, aweary ;
I'd just as soon be dead."

His meals go by, he knows not how ;
No taste in flesh, or fowl, or fish ;
There's not a dish could tempt him now,
Except a cake of Caven-dish.
His life is but a weary drag ;
He cannot choose but curse and swear,
And thrust his fingers through his hair,
All shaggy in the want of shag.
And still he said, "My life is dreary.
No Baccy, boys," he said.
He said, "I am aweary, aweary ;
I'd rather far be dead."

To him one end of old cheroot
Were sweetest root that ever grew.
No honey were due substitute
For "Our Superior Honey-Dew."
One little fig of Latakia
Would buy all fruits of Paradise ;
"Prince Alfred's Mixture" fetch a price
Above both Prince and Galatea.
Sudden he said, "No more be dreary !
The dray has come !" he said.
He said, "I'll smoke till I am weary,—
And then I'll go to bed."

Miscellaneous Poems, by J. Brunton. Stephens. (Macmillan and Co., London), 1880.

This book contains several other amusing parodies of the poems of Swinburne, E. A. Poe, and Coleridge, which will be quoted in future parts of the collection. They all relate to Colonial life, and are now difficult to meet with, as all the unsold copies of the book have been returned to the author, who resides in Australia.

THE VOICE AND THE PIQUE.

(Amended Edition, by the P— L—.)

THE Voice and the Pique !
It was once a beautiful Voice
From a girl with roseate cheek,
Who made my heart rejoice.

But the Voice—or the girl—ah, which ?
Against me took a Pique,
Because I was not so rich
As she thought—and the voice grew a squeak.

Hast thou no voice, O Pique ?
Thou hast, uncommonly shrill :
And I know that a Maiden meek
May grow to a wife with a will.

Ah, misery comes, and miscarriage,
To all who wear fleshly fetters ;
She's made a Capital marriage—
I mourn in Capital Letters.

Punch, October 17, 1874.

THE PLAINT OF THE PLUMBER AND BUILDER.

(In the case of Dee v. Dalgairns, the plaintiff, a plumber by trade, sued the defendant Dalgairns, a Civil Engineer, for the sum of thirty pounds for the erection of a lavatory. The defendant made a counter claim of one hundred and twenty pounds, on the ground that the work being improperly done, sewer gas escaped into the house, and caused the illness of six members of the household, and the death of his son. He, therefore, claimed the doctor's bill and other expenses. The Judge struck out the plaintiff's claim, and gave judgment for the defendant).

SOLO BY THE PLUMBER.

"I SCAMP the joints. I scamp the drains.
I am an artful Plumber ;
You'll feel my hand in winter's rains,
You'll sniff it in the summer."

"I dig, I delve, I patch, I pry,
And lay the pipes so badly,
That even bland Surveyors sigh,
And tenants chatter madly."

(*Here the Jerry Builder breaks in with his Jeremiad*).

"I build my floors on rags and bones,
Or lush organic matter;
Or where the grass in swampy zones
Grows greener and grows fatter."

"My doors are sure to warp in time,
My slates let in the water;
Take equal parts of dust and slime,
And there you have my mortar."

"I build my wall with many a trick,
So shrewd as to astound one;
With here and there a rotten brick,
And here and there a sound one."

The Artful Plumber resumes his plaint;—

"The sewer-pipe I love to lay,
Connecting with the cistern;
And where's the law that dares to say,
The tenant should have *his* turn?"

Finale by the Pair:—

"Why, here's a Judge who would restrain
Our right to scatter fever!
Should this decision stand, 'tis plain
We *can't* scamp on for ever!"

Punch.

LIBERAL LYRICS.

(*Apropos* of Mr. Gladstone's visit to Scotland).

A LONG WAY AFTER LORD TENNYSON'S "BROOK."

I'VE spouted o'er the land o' Burns,
I've made a gushing sally,
Although I fear, with true Returns,
My speeches will not tally,

From town to town I've hurried down,
I've talked on hills and ridges;
At railway stations played the clown,
And gabbled from their bridges.

I've chattered over stony ways.
I've chattered through the heather,
I've doused and soused the Rads with praise,
To keep myself together.

I chatter, chatter, my words flow
As fast as any river;
Tho' some men's language may be slow,
I can talk on for ever.

I wind about, and in and out,
I bolster up each failing;
But though I wheedle, brag, and shout,
There's nothing like plain sailing.

Oh! bless me, what a lot of plots
My tongue elastic covers;
Though Tories ain't forget-me-nots,
Nor Rads precisely lovers.

The Franchise is my party cry,
The Lords my latest craze is,
And till they both are settled—why,
All things may go to blazes!

Yet, still my eloquence shall flow
Like some loquacious river;
For men may come and men may go,
I gabble on for ever.

England, September 27, 1884.

THE TRAIN.

I COME from haunts of Smith and Son,
I agitate the vapours,
I take in Judy, Punch, and Fun,
And all the morning Papers;
And all the magazines besides,
Since Chambers's began,
And all varieties of guides,
And all degrees of man.

I roll away like "thunder live,"
With half a ship the freight of;
Six hundred miles a day at five
Times ten an hour the rate of.
Twice twenty streets I intersect,
And flash o'er twenty runnels,
With many loops the towns connect,
And vanish in the tunnels.

And out again I curve, and so
Pursue my destination;
For men may come and men may go,
And stop at any station.
I echo down the mountain pass,
I pass fine ruins over,
As light as harebell in the grass,
Or leveret in the clover.

Like Orpheus the trees I charm,
And set the hedgerows dancing;
With here a forest, there a farm
Retiring and advancing.
I draw them all along, and thread
The counties everywhere,
As men must have their daily bread,
So I my daily fare.

Chambers' Journal.

Another imitation (and a very long one) of the same original, appeared in *Punch*, October 11, 1884, and a parody entitled *The Mill*, was in *Judy*, April 26, 1884.

SONG SUPPOSED TO BE SUNG BY MR. BURNE-JONES.

"Come into my studio Maud,
If you've chalk'd your face, my own;
Come into my studio, Maud,
I am here at the easel alone;
And the *pot-pourri's* odour is wafted abroad,
And the scent of the patchouli blown.

"For I've shut the bright morning out,
With a saffron yellow blind;
And I've thrown my brick-dust velvet about,
And the sage-green curtain untwined;
So haste, my darling, the sun to flout
In your rust-red robe enshrined.

"All night, as you may have heard,
I've toss'd in a *fantaisie*,
Whether to paint my dear little bird
As a 'Nocturne' or 'Symphony;'
But now I have pass'd my æsthetic word,
An 'arrangement' you are to be.

"I said to the corpse: 'There is to be one
Who'll be ghastly as your cold clay;
Aye, bluer than you before I have done,
And with hair like glorified hay.'
Come, Maud, it is time that we had begun,
So hasten, my love, I pray,
Or we shan't be able to keep out the sun;
Don't bismuth yourself all day.

"I said to our surgeon: 'You often go
Where women suffer and pine,
But I bet that a painted face I'll show
Of a love-sick model of mine,
That will beat them all for hopeless woe
And cadaverous design!

"And our surgeon said, 'No doubt you will,
For the epicene women you paint
Are bilious ghosts in want of a pill,
With undoubted strumous taint;
So hollow-eyed and cheek'd, no skill
Could save them from feeling faint.'

"Queen Corpse of my graveyard garden of girls,
Come hither, o'er carpets dun,
In your rust-red robe and you're soot-black pearls;
Queen, spectre, and corpse in one!
Shine out, corpse candles, above her curls,
And be the picture's sun!

"Oh, come! for I've managed to mix
A charnel-house-ish hue;
Oh, come! that your lord may fix
This cholera-morbus blue!
The patchouli whispers: 'She's near, she's near!'
And her musk-drops say: ''Tis true!'
And the creak of her slippers, I hear, I hear,
They're the colour of liquid glue.

"She is coming, my bilious sweet;
I can see her tawny head;
Her footsteps are far from fleet,
She's tied back till she scarce can tread;
But yet shall her face yours meet,
When the months of the winter have fled,
On the walls of the Grosvenor hung complete
In dissecting-room blue and red!"

Truth, December 26, 1878.

COME INTO "THE GARDEN," MAUD!

A very Ideal Idyl of the (*we hope not* very *remote*) *Future.*

COME into "the Garden," MAUD!
For the Mudford blight is flown;
Come into "the Garden," MAUD!
I am here by the "Hummums" alone;
No garbage stenches are wafted abroad,
And the slime from the pavement's gone.

For a breeze of morning blows,
Yet my hand is not compelled
To hold up my handkerchief close to my nose,
As it had to be always held,
When the shops in the market of old would unclose,
And the cry of the porters swelled.

All night have the suburbs heard
The wheels of the waggons grind;
All night has the driver, with seldom a word,
His horses nodded behind;
And your waggoner is as early a bird
As in Babylon one may find.

I say to myself, "No, there is not one
To block up the street and stay
Till the hum of the City hath well begun."
I chortle in joyaunce gay.
"Now half to the Southern suburbs are gone,
And half to the North. Hooray!
Low on the wood, and loud on the stone
The last wheel echoes away."

I say, this *is* better now, goodness knows,
Than it was but a short time syne.
Oho! my Lord Duke, I am glad to suppose
That much of the credit is thine,
And that I need not go softly and hold my nose,
Or feel sick like a man on the brine.

No scent of rank refuse goes into my blood
As I stand in the central hall;
And long in "the Garden" I've strolled and stood,
Without feeling qualmish at all.
And I say, "This is really exceeding good,
An improvement that's far from small."

The paths, roads, and gutters are almost sweet,
And the stodge, like fœtid size,
That used to impede one, and foul one's feet,
No longer offends one's eyes.
'Tis a pleasantish place for two lovers to meet—
Quite an urban paradise.

So, sweetest, most sensitive-nostril'd of girls,
Come hither!—the stenches are gone.
Foul dust blows no more in malodorous whirls,
No cabbage-leaves rot in the sun,
Damp-reek from choked gutter won't straighten your curls,
So come—'twill be really good fun!

Punch, December 16, 1882.

Punch has long been calling attention to the disgraceful condition of Covent Garden Market, but hitherto without the slightest success. The Duke of Bedford appears to totally ignore the fact that property has its duties, as well as its privileges; and it seems probable that even the simplest remedies and improvements on his estate will be neglected, until public attention is drawn to the foul market and its adjacent slums, by the outbreak of some epidemic.

There was another parody of "Come into the Garden, Maud," in *Punch*, May 23, 1868.

ANGLING IN THE RYE.

(A wicked parody on Tennyson's "Old and New Year.")

I STOOD by a river in the wet,
Where trout and grayling often met,
And waters were rushing and rolling;
And I said: "O Fish, a dainty dish,
Is there aught that is worth the trolling?"
Fishes enough there are rising,
Nibbles so often cajoling,
Matter enough for surmising,
But aught that is worth the trolling?
Waves at my feet were rolling,
Winds o'er the Rye were sailing,
But, alas! for all my trolling
For wily trout and grayling!

E. H. RICHES, L.L.D.

College Rhymes, 1868 (T. and G. Shrimpton), Oxford.

The following scientific *jeu d'esprit* is wafted to us all the way from San Francisco. Professor O. C. Marsh, of Yale College, is a champion of Darwinism. He has, however, few followers in America, where Agassiz, Dawson, and other men of science, hold more orthodox views.

A PARODY.

(Addressed to Professor O. C. Marsh, by a Non-uniformitarian.)

BREAK, break, break
At thy cold, grey stones, O. C. !
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the five-toed horse !
That his bones are at rest in the clay :
O well for the ungulate brute !
That he roams o'er the prairie to-day.

Thy rocks bear the record of life,
Evolved from Time's earliest dawn.
But O for the view of a vanished form,
And the link that is missing and gone !

Break, break, break
At thy fossils, and stones, O. C. !
But the gentle charm of Uniform Law
Can never quite satisfy me.

TEARS, IDLE TEARS.

(The Right Hon. Spencer Walpole, Home Secretary, shed tears when he heard that the Hyde Park Railings had been pulled down by the people to whom he had denied access to the Park).

TEARS, idle tears—a sweet sensation scene—
Tears at the thought of that Hyde Park affair
Rise in the eye, and trickle down the nose,
In looking on the haughty EDMOND BEALES,
And thinking of the shrubs that are no more.

(*Three verses omitted*).

Punch, August 25, 1866.

In one of the early Christmas numbers of *Fun* there appeared a parody entitled "The Dream of Unfair Women." It concluded thus :—

"A MAID, blue-stockinged, broke the silence drear,
And flashing forth a winning smile, said she :
"'Tis long since I have seen a man, come here,
Play croquet now with me !'"

"She spooned, and cheated, and had ancles thick.
I let her win, the game was such a bore,
Her bright ball quivered at the coloured stick,
Touched—and—we played no more."

The trick of Tennyson's blank verse, as displayed in some of his early and lighter poems, was admirably imitated by Bayard Taylor in the "Diversions of the Echo Club," (now published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus). The parody is entitled "Eustace Green; or, the Medicine Bottle."

In the second volume of "Echoes from the Clubs" several instances are given of plagiarisms committed by Tennyson; whilst in "The Figaro" of October 27, 1875, whole passages from his tragedy of Queen Mary are shown to have been borrowed.

Long extracts from the second scene, of the second act, are printed side by side with similar passages taken from the twenty-eighth chapter of Ainsworth's old novel, "The Tower of London," showing conclusively that Tennyson had either appropriated from Ainsworth without acknowledgment, or that both authors had gone to the same source for inspiration. Again, the beauties of "The Idylls of the King" are generally insisted on without any mention being made of the fact that in all the main incidents the poems simply retell the old "History of King Arthur, and of the Knights of the Round Table," as compiled by Sir Thomas Malory more than four centuries ago. Indeed, some of the most pathetic passages of the old original have been utterly marred; their simple charm and quaint pathos being lost in the over elaboration of detail affected by the Laureate. The beauty of his blank verse is admitted, and the Idylls have been frequently parodied. Unfortunately, most of the parodies are too long to quote in full in this Part.

AN IDYLL OF PHATTE AND LEENE.

THE hale John Sprat—oft called for shortness, Jack—
Had married—had, in fact, a wife—and she
Did worship him with wifely reverence.
He, who had loved her when she was a girl,
Compass'd her, too, with sweet observances;
His love shone out in every act he did;
E'en at the dinner table did it shine.
For he—liking no fat himself—he never did,
With jealous care piled up her plate with lean,
Not knowing that all lean was hateful to her.
And day by day she thought to tell him o't,
And watched the fat go out with envious eye,
But could not speak for bashful delicacy.

At last it chanced that on a winter day,
The beef—a prize joint !—little was but fat;
So fat, that John had all his work cut out,
To snip out lean in fragments for his wife,
Leaving, in very sooth, none for himself;
Which seeing, she spoke courage to her soul,
Took up her fork, and, pointing to the joint
Where 'twas the fattest, piteously she said :
"O, husband ! full of love and tenderness !
What is the cause that you so jealously
Pick out the lean for me? I like it not !
Nay ! loathe it—'tis on the fat that I would feast;
O me, I fear you do not like my taste !"
Then he, dropping his horny-handled carving knife,
Sprinkling therewith the gravy o'er her gown,
Answer'd, amazed : "What ! you like fat, my wife !
And never told me. O, this is not kind !
Think what your reticence has wrought for us :
How all the fat sent down unto the maid—

Who likes not fat—for such maids never do—
Has been put in the waste-tub, sold for grease,
And pocketed as servants' perquisite !
O, wife ! this news is good ; for since, perforce,
A joint must be nor fat nor lean, but both ;
Our different tastes will serve our purpose well ;
For, while you eat the fat—the lean to me
Falls as my cherished portion. Lo ! 'tis good !"
So henceforth—he that tells the tale relates—
In John Sprat's household waste was quite unknown ;
For he the lean did eat, and she the fat,
And thus the dinner-platter was all cleared.

The Figaro, February 12, 1873.

THE PASSING OF M'ARTHUR.

(*An Idyll of the Ninth of November*).

So through the morn the noise of bustle roll'd
About the precincts of the Mansion House,
Until at last M'Arthur, the Lord Mayor,
Was with his Secretary left alone.

Then Mayor M'Arthur to Sir Soulsby spake :
"The sequel of to-day doth terminate
The goodliest series of civic jaunts
Whereof my mind holds record. Of a truth,
It was a glorious time ! I think that I
Shall never more, in any future year,
Delight my soul with welcoming to feasts,
And taking chairs, as in the year just gone ;
For my Chief Magistracy perisheth.
But now delay not ! to the window run,
Watch what thou see'st, and lightly bring me word."

Then did the bold Sir Soulsby answer make :
"No call have I to follow thy behest ;
Look for thyself—thine eyes are good as mine !"

To whom replied M'Arthur, much in wrath :
"Ah, miserable and unkind, and untrue,
Ungrateful Secretary ! Woe is me !
Authority forgets the late Lord Mayor,
When he lies widow'd of official pow'r
That bow'd the will. I see thee what thou art ;
Thou think'st with thine old master to have done,
And wouldst neglect him for the new forthwith.
Yet, for a man may fail in duty once
And presently repent him, get thee hence :
But if thou spare to go and bring me word,
I will arise and clout thee with my hands."

Then quickly rose Sir Soulsby, and he ran
To the great window by the street, and cried :
"Your lordship, I perceive a gallant coach,
Drawn by four glossy horses, waits below,
With well-fed coachman sitting on the box.
And gold-laced lackeys hanging on behind."

Then groaned M'Arthur, "Take me to the coach,"
So to the coach they came. There lackeys three
Leap'd to the ground, and seized his Lordship's arms,
And hitch'd him up, and closely shut the door.

Then loudly did the bold Sir Soulsby cry :
"Ah ! my Lord Mayor M'Arthur, dost thou go ?
Shall I not show my sorrow in my eyes ?
For now I see thy glorious time is dead,
When every morning brought some famous scheme,
And every scheme resulted in success.
Such time hath not been since I first became,
A sort of fixture in the Mansion House.
But now thy term of office hath expired,
And I no longer serving thee, must stay
To travail 'mong new faces, other minds."

Slowly M'Arthur answer'd from the coach :
"The old Mayor changeth, yielding place to new,
Lest one good citizen have all the fun.
Comfort thyself : what comfort is in me ?
My reign is o'er, nor may it do thee harm
If thou dost never see my face again.
But now farewell. I am going a long way
With these thou see'st—if, indeed, we can
(For narrow and becrowded is the route)—
Before the new Lord Mayor to Westminster,
Where many worthies are awaiting us ;
Thence the brave Show must citywards return
To be dissolved at the famed Guildhall,
And I at length in limbo shall repose—
Limbo of Aldermen who've passed the chair."

So said he ; and the gallant coach-and-four
Moved off, like some prodigious equipage
That seems quite natural in pantomime,
But strange in real life. Sir Soulsby stood
Long meditating, till the gold cock'd-hats
Those lackeys wore, looked like a single spark,
And down Cheapside the cheering died away.

The St. James's Gazette, November 9, 1881.

GARNET.

(*An Idyll of the Queen*).

GARNET the Brave, GARNET the Fortunate,
GARNET the Victor, made by Ashantee,
Heard once again War's summons to the East,
Heard and rejoiced, and straightway set himself
To strenuous strife, and subtle shift, to toil
All-various, and the crowning of his fame,

For from the sand-flats hard by Nilus' shore
Arose Rebellion's clamant voice, rang out
The cry of slaughtered Britons, echoed soon
By thunderous bellowing of brave BEAUCHAMP'S guns.
Then peaceful GLADSTONE sudden stood and smote
With rounded fist the Council-board, as though
It were the Commons' Table, and his foe,
DIZZY, once more before him, smote and cried,
"By Jingo, this *won't* do ! ! !"—lapsing in heat
To passing invocation of a name
Late odious in his ears. Whereon arose
Conflicting chorussings of praise and blame—
This atrabilious, half-ironic that—
From doubting Tories, dubious Liberals,
Much-gibing GREENWOOD, pert, implacable ;
And peevish PASSMORE, sourly posing sole
As Abdiel—with the hump.
But GARNET, glad
With a great gladness Sand-boys may not match,
And cheer beyond the chirping cricket's, set
His face toward far Pharaoh-land, where still,
Pyramid-perched, the Forty Centuries
Of the thrasonic Corsican looked down,
Twigging the coming Pocket-Cæsar.

* * * * *

Punch, October 7, 1882.

JACK SPRATT.

(*After Tennyson*).

WITHIN the limits of well-ordered law
They lived, this thrifty squire and eke his spouse ;
No discord marred the genial dinner hour,
Where union rooted in dis-union stood,

And tastes divergent served the end in view
What he would not, she would, what she not, he;
So in all courtesie the meal progressed
And soon the viands wholly passed from sight.
J. M. LOWRY, 1884.

The plot of the Idyll, "Gareth and Lynnette," was given, in burlesque style, by Mr. Martin Wood in "The Bath and Cheltenham Gazette" shortly after the appearance of the original.

"The Quest of the Holy Poker," a parody in blank verse appeared in *Punch*, March 5, 1870.

Three long Idyllic parodies, entitled "Willie and Minnie" appeared in *Kottabos*, a Trinity College magazine, published in Dublin by Mr. W. McGee, in 1876.

The St. Paul's Magazine of January, 1872, contained a most amusing political Idyll, entitled "*The Latest Tournament*"—an Idyll of the Queen (respectfully inscribed to Alfred Tennyson, Esq., Poet Laureate). This parody, which consists of nearly 400 lines, describes, in a mock-heroic style, all the principal political celebrities of the day, its satire being aimed at the supposed Republican tendencies of the Liberal party.

"The Prince's Noses," a modern Idyll, by W. J. Linton, a parody of Tennyson's blank verse, appeared in *Scribner's Monthly Magazine*, April, 1880.

Punch, May 27, 1882, contained a poem entitled "On the Hill; or, Tennysonian Fragments, picked up near the Grand Stand." This was an imitation of style only.

"Tory Revels" (*slightly altered from Tennyson*) in *Punch*, August 26, 1882, commenced thus:—

"SIR GYPES TOLLODDLE, all an Autumn day,
Gave his broad, breezy lands, till set of sun,
Up to the Tories."

and described a Conservative political picnic. It concluded:—

"Then there were fireworks; and overhead
SIR GYPES TOLLODDLE'S aisles of lofty limes
Made noise with beer and bunkum, and with squibs."

The Wheel World, October, 1882, contained a long parody, entitled "London to Leicester; a Bicycling Idyl, by Talfred Ennyson (Poet Laureate to the Mental Wanderers, B.C.)" This is written in very blank verse, and is chiefly interesting to 'Cyclists.

Pastime, June 29, 1883, contained "TENNIS, a Fragment of the Lost Tennisiad," and July 27, 1883, "The Lay of the Seventh Tournament," both being parodies of Tennyson's "Idylls of the King."

The small detached poems which Lord Tennyson has written for the magazines of late years, have been the cause of numerous and very unflattering parodies.

The following "Prefatory Poem," by Alfred Tennyson, appeared in the first number of the "Nineteenth Century," published in March, 1877, by Messrs. Henry S. King and Co., London:—

THOSE that of late had fleeted far and fast
To touch all shores, now leaving to the skill
Of others their old craft, seaworthy still,
Have charter'd this; where mindful of the past,
Our true co-mates regather round the mast;
Of diverse tongue, but with a common will,
Here, in this roaring moon of daffodil
And crocus, to put forth and brave the blast;
For some descending from the sacred peak
Of hoar, high-templed faith, have leagued again
Their lot with ours, to rove the world about;
And some are wilder comrades, sworn to seek
If any golden harbour be for men
In seas of Death and sunless gulfs of Doubt.

Upon which Mr. John Whyte (of the Public Library, Inverness) wrote the following:—

"I felt sure on reading the above lines that I had seen among my papers something nearly as prosy. The following is, I consider, not only quite as stiff as the foregoing, but it seems to me to prove beyond question that the one was suggested by the other. Whether the Poet Laureate or the author of 'The Last Hat' is the plagiarist, I leave others to decide.

THE LAST HAT LEFT.

THOSE low-born cubs who sneaked away so fast,
Have picked all the best hats, and left the worst
To others. For their craft may they be cursed
Who left me this! I mind me of the past—
I stalked along, and felt tall as a mast,
In my new beaver; with this bashed old pot,
Under the shining moon, like seedy sot,
I must go creeping forth, or brave the blast
Bareheaded. Should I chance to meet the *beak*,
I swear by faith, I'll send him on their trail;
The lot we'll follow the old world about,
Among their wilder comrades, sworn to seek
And find the thief; their doom be, if we fail—
Disease and death—long years of mumps and gout!"

THE CITY MONTENEGRO.

(*One More Sonnet for the Laureate's New Book*).

(*Apropos* of the hideous obstruction which marks the site of old Temple Bar, and remarkable as being a very close parody of Tennyson's sonnet on "Montenegro," which appeared in the Nineteenth Century, May, 1877).

I ROSE to show them a half-sovran tail,
To turn to chaff their "freedom" on this height,
Grim, comic, savage; worse by day and night
Than any Turk: yet here, all over scale,
I watch the passer as his footsteps fail,
With dauntless hundreds struggling main and might
To cross,—the one policeman out of sight,—
And reach this haven where the strongest quail.

O, smallest among steeples! Precious throne
Of Freedom! Why, I merely swell the swarm
That surge and seethe in curses and in tears!
Great Gog and Magog! Never since thine own
Odd dodges drew the cloud and brake the storm,
Have you produced a mightier crop of jeers!

Punch, December 11, 1880.

RIZPAH, 1883.

(*Written expressly for this collection*).

RAILING, railing, railing, the crowd from town and lea,
When William's voice was heard, "O poet a peer to be!"
"Why should he call me, I wonder, in that high-born house to go,
For my politics won't bear searching, and my creed's rather mixed, you know?

"We should be laughed at, my William, 'twould be the jest of the town;
Even the knights would jeer, and the press sure to cry it down.
Why, I can but rule my own land; when I tried awhile for the stage,
I only drew empty houses, in this cynical latter age.

"Anything failed again? Nay, what is there left to fail?—
'Harold,' or 'Mary,' or 'May,' or even the 'Lover's Tale?'
What am I saying, and why? fails!—that must be a lie!
Fails—what fails?—not my faith in play writing, not I.

"Why will you call up here?—who are you?—what have you heard
That you all sit so solemn and quiet?—nobody's spoken a word.
O, to make of me—yes, his lordship! none of the scribbling crew
Have crept in by their rhymes before, as I have dared to do.

"Ah! you that have lived so soft, what do you know of the spite,
The cutting and slashing critiques that the wretched papers write?
I have known it; when you were amused in the stalls the first night of a play,
And chattered and gossipped together, and forgot it the very next day.

"Nay, but it's kind of you, William, to gild my declining life,
And make me a peer, a baron, above all this petty strife;
But I haven't left off scribbling, and shall not—no, not I;
But I'll write whenever I will, for the public's sure to buy.

"I whipt Miss Bulwer for jeering, and gave it him, slightly riled,
For mocking at me, or my poems, has always driven me wild.
To be idle—I couldn't be idle—I do not write for a whim,
And a guinea a line is better than a short "Italian Hymn."

"So, William, I thank you gladly; I think you meant to be kind;
And I will not heed the mob, whilst they'll very quickly find
The poems will read as well by a Lord as ever they did before,
And the publishers sell more copies, and more, and more, and more.
See how it reads for yourself, to be stuck up on every wall,
Lord Tennyson's Poems complete, in a specially printed Vol."

W.

The Nineteenth Century for November, 1881, contained a very uncomfortable kind of poem, by Tennyson, entitled "DESPAIR, a Dramatic Monologue." The argument of the poem was that "a man and his wife having lost faith in a God, and hope of a life to come, and being utterly miserable in this, resolve to end themselves by drowning. The woman is drowned, but the man is rescued by a minister of the sect he had abandoned."

The Fortnightly Review of the following month contained a parody which not only turned inside out the arguments of the original poem, but was so exquisitely worded as a burlesque that it was by many attributed to the pen of no less a poet than Mr. A. C. Swinburne.

DISGUST: A DRAMATIC MONOLOGUE.

(A woman and her husband, having been converted from free thought to Calvinism, and being utterly miserable in consequence, resolve to end themselves by poison. The man dies, but the woman is rescued by application of the stomach-pump).

I.

PILLS? talk to me of your pills? Well, that, I must say is cool.
Can't bring my old man round? he was always a stubborn old fool.
If I hadn't taken precautions—a warning to all that wive—
He might not have been dead, and I might not have been alive.

II.

You would like to know, if I please, how it was that our troubles began?
You see, we were brought up Agnostics, I and my poor old man.
And we got some idea of selection and evolution, you know—
Professor Huxley's doing—where does he expect to go!

III.

Well, then came trouble on trouble on trouble—I may say, a peck—
And his cousin was wanted one day on the charge of forging a cheque—
And his puppy died of the mange—my parrot choked on its perch.
This was the consequence, was it, of not going weekly to church?

IV.

So we felt that the best if not only thing that remained to be done
On an earth everlastingly moving about a perpetual sun,
Where worms breed worms to be eaten of worms that have eaten their betters—
And reviewers are barely civil—and people get spiteful letters—
And a famous man is forgot ere the minute hand can tick nine—
Was to send in our P.P.C., and purchase a packet of strychnine.

V.

Nay—but first we thought it was rational—only fair—
To give both parties a hearing—and went to the meeting-house there,

At the curve of the street that runs from the Stag to the old Blue Lion.
"Little Zion" they call it—a deal more "little" than "Zion."

VI.

And the preacher preached from the text, "Come out of her." Hadn't we come?
And we thought of the Shepherd in Pickwick—and fancied a flavour of rum
Balmily borne on the wind of his words—and my man said, "Well,
Let's get out of this, my dear—for his text has a brimstone smell."

VII.

So we went, O God, out of chapel—and gazed, ah God, at the sea.
And I said nothing to him. And he said nothing to me.

VIII.

And there, you see, was an end of it all. It was obvious, in fact,
That, whether or not you believe in the doctrine taught in a tract,
Life was not in the least worth living. Because, don't you see?
Nothing that can't be, can, and what must be, must. Q.E.D.
And the infinitesimal sources of Infinite Unideality
Curve in to the central abyss of a sort of a queer Personality.
Whose refraction is felt in the nebulæ strewn in the pathway of Mars
Like the pairings of nails Æonian—clippings and snippings of stars—
Shavings of suns that revolve and evolve and involve—and at times
Give a sweet astronomical twang to remarkably hobbling rhymes.

IX.

And the sea curved in with a moan—and we thought how once—before
We fell out with those atheist lecturers—once, ah, once and no more,
We read together, while midnight blazed like the Yankee flag,
A reverend gentleman's work—the Conversion of Colonel Quagg.
And out of its pages we gathered this lesson of doctrine pure—
Zephaniah Stockdolloger's gospel—a word that deserves to endure
Infinite millions on millions of Infinite Æons to come—
"Vocation," says he, "is vocation, and duty duty. Some."

X.

And duty, said I, distinctly points out—and vocation, said he,
Demands as distinctly—that I should kill you, and that you should kill me.
The reason is obvious—we cannot exist without creeds—who can?
So we went to the chemist's—a highly respectable church-going man—
And bought two packets of poison. You wouldn't have done so. Wait.
It's evident, Providence is not with you, ma'am, the same thing as Fate.
Unconscious cerebration educes God from a fog,
But spell God backwards, what then? Give it up? the answer is, dog.
(I don't exactly see how this last verse is to scan;
But that's a consideration I leave to the secular man).

XI.

I meant of course to go with him—as far as I pleased—but first
To see how my old man liked it—I thought perhaps he might burst.
I didn't wish it—but still it's a blessed release for a wife—
And he saw that I thought so—and grinned in derision—and threatened my life
If I made wry faces—and so I took just a sip—and he—
Well—you know how it ended—he didn't get over me.

XII.

Terrible, isn't it? Still, on reflection, it might have been worse.
He might have been the unhappy survivor, and followed my hearse.
"Never do it again?" Why, certainly not. You don't
Suppose I should think of it, surely? But anyhow—there—I won't.

There still remain a great many parodies of Tennyson's poems to be quoted, and every day increases their number. It will, therefore, be necessary to return to this author in some future part of this collection; the following references are given to some of the more easily accessible parodies, which space will not now permit me to quote in full:—

"Edinburgh Sketches and Miscellanies." By ERIC. Edinburgh and Glasgow: John Menzies and Company, 1876, contains *Codger's Hall*, a long and humorous parody of *Locksley Hall;* Once a Week, Echoes from the Clubs, and The Weekly Dispatch, October 19, 1884, also contained parodies of the same poem.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere was the subject of an advertising parody, of which the best verse ran:—

"Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
You put strange fancies in my head!
Do you remember that rich silk
You wore last year at Maidenhead?
Now "velveteen" is all the go;
'Tis richer far, and costs much less,
The lion on your old stone gates
Is not more ancient than that dress."

whilst the Charge of the Light Brigade was thus imitated by a Birmingham tea-dealer:—

"Half a League! Half a League!
Half a League, onward!
Into Gant's tea shop
Walk many hundred.
Tea is the people's cry,
Which is the kind to buy?
Gant's at Two Shillings try,
Say many hundred!
Tea-men to right of us,
Tea-men to left of us,
Grocers all round us,
Find they have blundered."

There was another parody on the Charge of the Light Brigade, in *Punch*, December 19, 1868.

"The Song of the 'Skyed' one, as sung at the Academy on the first Monday in May," was a parody, in ten verses, commencing:—

AWAKE I must, and early, a proceeding that I hate,
And cab it to Trafalgar Square, and ascertain my fate;
For to-morrow's the Art-Derby, the looked-for opening day
Of the Fine Art Exhibition, yearly shown by the R.A.

This appeared in *Punch*, May 11, 1861.

The May Queen was also imitated in a poem contained in *Modern Society*, March 29, 1884. It was entitled "Baron Honour," and was a very severe, and rather vulgar, skit on Lord Tennyson's adulation of the Royal Family.

In *The Weekly Dispatch*, September 9, 1883, five parodies were printed in a competition to anticipate the Poet Laureate's expected poem in commemoration of the late John Brown; a subject on which, however, Lord Tennyson has not as yet published a poem. In the same newspaper six parodies of *Hands All Round* were inserted on April 2, 1882.

These were very entertaining, and were severally entitled: "Pots all Round;" "Tennysonian Toryism Developed;" "Drinks all Round;" "Cheers all Round;" "Hands all Round (with the mask off)"; and "Howls all Round."

Truth, February 14, 1884, contained a parody entitled "In Memoriam; a Collie Dog." *Punch* also had a parody with the title "In Memoriam" on July 9, 1864.

"The Two Voices, as heard by Jones of the Treasury about Vacation time," was the title of a long parody in *Punch*, September 7, 1861.

There was also a political parody, on the same original, in *Punch*, May 11, 1878.

"Recollections of the Stock Exchange," a long parody of *Recollections of the Arabian Nights*, and dealing with the topic of Turkish Stocks, appeared in *Punch*, December 18, 1875.

"The Duchess's Song," after Tennyson, was in *Punch*, September 3, 1881; and *British Birds*, by Mortimer Collins (1878), contained, amongst others, a capital parody of Tennyson.

THE POETASTERS: A DRAMATIC CANTATA.

Chorus of Poetasters.

AN itch of rhymes has seized the times
Till every cobbler's turned a poet,
And he who taught the secret ought
In justice to be made to know it.
Rhyme, brothers, rhyme, vast odes and epics vaster,
And post them to the Master, Master, Master.

Bards, pour your benison on Baron Tennyson,
Who vulgarised the art of rhyming,
And set the twaddle that fills each noddle
In endless jingle-jangle chiming:
Rhyme, brothers, rhyme, each puling poetaster,
And inundate the Master, Master, Master.

Recitative and Aria: Lord Tennyson.

Bards, idle bards, I know not what ye mean!
Words powerfully expressive of despair
Rise to my lips and flash from out my eyes
In looking o'er the reams each post-bag yields.
But, mark me, I'll return the stuff no more.

When morning sees the groaning board
With my baronial breakfast spread—
With bacon crisp and snow-white bread,
And fragrant coffee freshly poured,

I greet with joy the cheerful sight,
When, hark! there comes the postman's knock:
I thrill as with a lightning shock
And bid adieu to appetite.

For song and stave and madrigal
Make dark to me the opening day,
And sonnet, ode, and roundelay
Sink on my spirit like a pall.

And lunch-time brings another host,
At each delivery they throng,
While any hour may bring along
Three tragedies by parcels-post;

And twelve-book epics, ton on ton,
Each with its laudatory ode
Of drivelling dedications, load
The vans of Carter, Paterson.

I can nor eat, nor drink, nor sleep
In peace; I vow that from to-day
I'll have them carted straight away
Unopened to the rubbish-heap.

Call in the dustman'!—Lo! 'tis done!
The contract signed, I breathe again.
Come, load at once thy lingering wain
Blest henchman of oblivion!

Finale: Chorus of Poetasters.

Not return nor e'en acknowledge!
Dares he treat our verses thus?
Knows he not the might malignant
Of a poetaster's "cuss?"
Dreads he not our "spiteful letters,"
Epigrams, satiric skits?
Let him learn that would-be poets
Also shine as would-be wits.
Who is he to scorn our verses?
British taxpayers are we;
Is he not the Poet Laureate?
Don't we stand his salary?
Straightway we'll transfer allegiance
To some other, blander bard,
Whom no paltry peerage renders
Uppish, arrogant, and hard.
Mr. Browning, for example,
Won't treat brother poets thus.
Though we may not understand him,
Doubtless he'll appreciate us;
He'll return with mild laudation
Our effusions every one.
Poetasters, snap your fingers
At the played-out Tennyson!

W. A.

St. James's Gazette, June 24, 1884.

The Reverend Charles Wolfe.

Since the June and July parts were published containing parodies on "The Burial of Sir John Moore," *Truth* has had a Parody Competition with that poem as the selected original. The Editor of *Truth* published no less than twenty-four parodies, many of which were very amusing.

Some of the best are given complete, with a few extracts from the remainder :—

PARODIES OF "THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE."

The Death of the "Childerses."

Not half-sovereigns were we, but ten-shilling bits,
The thin, jaundiced children of Childers ;
To name us the public were put to their wits,
As some called us "Guilders," some "Gilders."

We buried our heads in our cradle, the Mint,
And were sparingly fed by our nurses ;
In our life, which was brief, we received without stint
Abuse, imprecations, and curses.

No useless retorts did we ever return
To those who so coldly received us :
But we patiently bore each contemptuous spurn,
Till sweet death in his mercy relieved us.

Few and short were our moments on earth,
And they were brief snatches of sorrow ;
Our parents were told at the time of our birth,
We were only for idiots to borrow.

We thought, as we lay in our embryo mould,
Of the fun we should have when grown older ;
But we learnt that all glittering things are not gold,
That a "gilder" is hardly a "golder."

Lightly they talked of our humble alloy,
And how we were base and degraded ;
And tried in all possible ways to annoy
Our lives, which already were faded.

Though half our heavy blows and kicks,
We never thought once of returning ;
We passed over the "Styx" without passing the "Pyx,"
Or the wonders of life ever learning.

Slowly but gladly, too tired to laugh,
We made room for the use of our betters ;
Heavy our grave-stone, and our epitaph
Was a column of newspaper letters.

DALETH.

The Burial of the Season.

Not a "drum" was given, nor dance of note,
From the "course" at fair Goodwood we'd hurried ;
Not a soul here but uttered farewell, and shot
Out of town, looking jaded and worried.

* * * * *

And lightly they'll talk of the "Master" that's gone,
And o'er his own "Hashes" abuse him ;
But little he'll reck, if they'll let him sail on
In the yacht which was built to amuse him !

But half of our heavy trunks were down,
When the clock struck the hour for departing ;
And we heard the distant discordant groan
Of the engine ready for starting !

Slowly and smoothly we glided out
Of the station so grim and so gritty ;
We cared not a doit, and we raised not a doubt,
For we'd left care behind in the "city !"

ORCHIS.

The Burial of my Fellow Lodger's Banjo.

Not a "strum" was heard, not a tune or a note,
As his chords to the damp earth I hurried ;
Not a soul there was by when I stripped off my coat,
O'er the grave where the banjo I buried.

I buried it darkly at dead of night,
The sods with a fire shovel turning.
My heart throbbing fast with a wild delight,
And revenge in my heart fiercely burning.

No useless fingers I close to it pressed,
Not as much as once did I sound it,
But I laid it gently down to its rest,
With a *Daily News* wrapped round it.

* * * * *

Quickly and gladly I laid it down
To a place where no more it could worry,
I stirred not a twine and I raised not a tone,
But I silently left in my glory.

GARRYOWEN JACK.

The Fate of General Gordon.

Not a drum was heard, not a martial note,
As our Gordon to Khartoum was hurried ;
But into the desert our hero we shot,
And there in the desert he's buried.

No useful soldiers were with him sent,
Neither horseman nor footman we found him ;
But alone, on a camel, our warrior went,
With the foe and the desert all round him.

Few and short were the prayers he made,
Not a word of complaint or of sorrow ;
But we coldly declined to give him our aid,
And told him to wait—till "to-morrow !"

And he thought as he lay on his anxious bed,
Or the foe-threatened city defended :
"'Tis plain that the men who are over my head
Have ideas I've not quite comprehended."

And lightly men talk of his fanatic ways,
Because life and wealth he nought reckons ;
But little he recks of their blame or their praise,
And goes straight where his own honour beckons.

Not half of his heavy task is done,
That of "rescuing and retiring"—
He will not retire, for he has rescued none,
And thousands upon him are firing.

Slowly and sadly I lay my pen down,
'Tis a mean and pitiful story ;
God grant we mayn't have to carve on his stone,
"England left him alone in his glory."

GUINEA PIG.

The Funeral of One More Victim at Monte Carlo.

Not a franc he had, not a louis nor note,
As forth from the tables he hurried ;
Resolved to discharge one fatal shot,
And leave his corpse to be buried.

They buried him deeply at dead of night,
The soil with their mattocks turning ;
When the sinking moon refused her light,
And the lamps had ceased from burning.

A useful coffin enclosed his breast,
Which the Administration found him;
And he lay like a suicide sadly at rest,
With none of his friends around him.

* * * * *

Silent and secret they left him there,
The wound in his head fresh and gory;
Replaced all the plants and the shrubs as they were,
And hoped to discredit the story.

JANE KENNEDY.

THE BURIAL OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

THE drums were heard, and the funeral notes,
As his corpse to the City was carried;
The soldiers discharged their farewell shots,
Near the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him grandly in noon's full light,
The clay to earth's bosom returning;
With the cheerful sunbeams shining bright,
And within the lantern burning.

Three costly coffins encased his breast,
(In sheet and in shroud they had wound him);
And he lay like a conqueror taking his rest
With his marshal compeers round him.

Many and long were the prayers we said,
And we murmured last words of sorrow;
As we steadfastly gazed on the grave of the dead,
And we sighed, "Who will lead us to-morrow?"

We thought as they filled in his narrow bed,
Of his struggles across the billows;
And we dreamt that all ages would honour the dead,
As a Captain above his fellows.

Lightly men speak of him now that he's gone,
And grudge e'en the recompense paid him:
But little he'll reck if they'll let him sleep on,
In the tomb where a grateful land laid him.

At length our grievous task was done,
And the masses were slowly retiring,
And the clangour ceased of the minute gun,
That for hours had been steadily firing,

Solemnly, sadly, we left him alone,
With his roll of deeds famous in story;
We carved him a trophy, we praised him in stone,
And to-day—we've forgotten his glory!

OBSERVER.

THE BURIAL OF THE BACHELOR.

NOT a laugh was heard, not a frivolous note,
As the groom to the wedding we carried;
Not a jester discharged his farewell shot
As the bachelor went to be married.

We married him quickly that morning bright,
The leaves of our Prayer-books turning,
In the chancel's dimly religious light;
And tears in our eyelids burning.

No useless nosegay adorned his chest,
Not in chains, but in laws we bound him;
And he looked like a bridegroom trying his best
To look used to the scene around him.

Few and small were the fees it cost,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we silently gazed on the face of the lost,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought as we hurried them home to be fed,
And tried our low spirits to rally,
That the weather looked very like squalls overhead
For the passage from Dover to Calais.

Lightly they'll talk of the bachelor gone,
And o'er his frail fondness upbraid him;
But little he'll reck if they let him alone,
With his wife that the parson has made him!

But half of our heavy lunch was done
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we judged from the knocks which had now begun,
That their cabby was rapidly tiring.

Slowly and sadly we led them down,
From the scene of his lame oratory;
We told the four-wheeler to drive them to town,
And we left them alone in their glory!

YELRAP.

THE MARRIAGE OF SIR FREDERICK BOORE.

NOT a laugh was heard, not a time-worn jest,
In the brougham in which we were carried;
Not one displayed himself at his best,
For our friend was going to be married.

* * * * *

Calmly and sadly we stood that day,
To the sorrowful end of the story;
But when all was o'er he hurried away,
And left us alone in our glory.

HOCKWOOD.

A VISIT OF WORKING MEN TO THE HEALTH EXHIBITION.

NOT a grumble was heard, not a guttural note,
As we off to the Healtheries hurried;
Not a cove of the party, but paid his shot,
Though the seedy young man appeared flurried.

* * * * *

Slowly and sadly we dawdled down
From the Doultons, and dresses, and dairies,
We carved not a name, we grazed not a stone,
But went straight to our alleys and "aireys."

BOB RIDLEY.

THE REMOVAL OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

NOT a sound was heard but a general drone,
As remorselessly onwards we hurried;
Not a soul but discharged a farewell groan
For the House where those zeros erst worried.

* * * * *

But after our pleasant task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for assembling,
We stood in the distance and scanned the fun,
As the Lords came suddenly trembling.

Joyously, gladly, we heard them bemoan
The fate of their famed upper storey;
We'd moved every stick and we'd razed every stone,
And bereft them of home and of glory.

ESTRELLA.

THE SPINSTER HOUSEHOLDER MARTYR, OR THE MAN IN POSSESSION.

NOT a sigh was heard, not a funeral note,
As the malice of Gladstone she parried:
"No taxes from me; I pay not a shot!"
So her furniture off was carried.

They carried it darkly—a deed of night,
For desk, tables, and chairs oft returning,
By the struggling moonbeams' misty light,
And a lantern dimly burning.

The man in possession ate, drank of her best,
In well-aired holland sheets he wound him;
And he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his pipe alight—confound him!

Few and short were the prayers he said,
And he spoke not a word of sorrow;
And he steadfastly smoked till Jane wished him dead,
As she bitterly thought of the morrow.

He chaffed the girl thus: "When you makes my bed,
And smoothes down my lonely pillow,
Don't you go for a stranger, nor wish me dead,
If you don't want to wear the willow."

Lightly he talked when the "spirits" were gone,
For pipe-ashes why should she upbraid him?
But little he'd spy if she'd let him smoke on,
In the bed where Britannia had laid him.

But half of the tyrant's task was done,
When the clock told the hour for retiring;
The minion quailed at the sound of the gun,
Which to signal her triumph was firing.

Of that spinster householder martyr's crown,
O, never shall perish the story:
Her friends paid her taxes, she had the renown—
Thus we leave her alone in her glory!

J. McGrigor Allan.

All the above are from *Truth*, July 31, 1884.

The Murder of a Beethoven Sonata.

(Executed by Miss——)

Such a strum was heard—not a single right note,
When to make you play every one worried;
Yet I would not discharge one satirical shot
As to the piano you hurried.

You hurried so quickly, 'twas scarcely right,
I knew not the piece you'd been learning;
But I saw by the flickering candle-light
Your cheeks were with nervousness burning.

No useless music encumbered the rest;
No pieces had any one found you;
But you played it by heart, no doubt doing your best,
Though the people would talk around you.

Dreary and long was the thing you played,
And we listened in suffering sorrow;
And I thought to myself that, if any one stayed,
You'd have finished, no doubt, by the morrow.

Lightly they'll talk of the piece when it's done,
And wonder whoe'er could have made it;
But nothing she'll reck if they let her strum on
At the piece till she's thoroughly played it.

When you'd made but some fifty mistakes, or more,
And no more such torture requiring,
I managed to get to the open door,
And succeeded in quickly retiring.

I've but one thing more in conclusion to say,
Though you no doubt will think it a story;
'Tis this, that no matter wherever you play,
You will get neither money nor glory!

Mozart.

The Burial of the Pauper.

Not a knell was heard, not a requiem note,
As his corpse to the churchyard we hurried;
Not a mourner had donned his sable coat,
By the grave where our pauper we buried.

We buried him quickly at shut of night,
The sods with our keen shovels turning;
By the closing day's last glimmering light,
And the lantern palely burning.

No oaken coffin enclosed his breast,
In a sheet for a shroud we wound him:
And he lay as a pauper should, taking his rest,
With his four deal planks nailed around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we shed not a tear of sorrow;
But we carelessly looked on the face of the dead,
And we heedlessly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed,
And smooth'd down its green turf billow;
That haply a stranger would lay a wan head
To-night on his tenantless pillow.

Lightly they'll talk of the poor soul that's gone
At the "House," and maybe they'll upbraid him,
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where his parish has laid him.

But half of our thankless job was done,
When the cold sky grew sullen and low'ring;
And the raindrops came pattering one by one,
And soon all the heavens were pouring.

Swiftly and smoothly we sodded him down,
In his last bed of shame, gaunt and hoary;
We raised not a cross, and we scored not a stone,
But we left him to earth with his story.

Sefton.

"These gentlemen (the Tory party) can really get no sleep at night, owing to their burning anxiety to enfranchise their fellow men."—*Vide* Sir Wilfrid Lawson's Speech.

Not a snore was heard, not a slumberous note,
For my Lords are too awfully worried;
Not a Peer but bewails the Bill's sad lot,
Tho' he feels that it musn't be hurried.

They think of it sadly, at dead of night,
The thing in their mind's eye turning,
By the somewhat foggy, misty light
In their noble bosoms burning.

No useless logic confused their heads,
'Tis but little they ever heed it;
But they tossed and they turned on their sleepless beds,
And one and all they d——d it.

"Few and short were the prayers they said"—
The fact I record with sorrow;
They thought of the day when the Bill would be read,
And they wished there were *no* to-morrow.

They thought of the words Mr. Gladstone had said—
Each word was a thorn in their pillow—
Of laurels that still would encircle *his* head,
While they would be wearing the willow.

Nightly they burn for their brothers to be
Enfranchised, as they would have made 'em;
And little they'll reck, till the "rustic" be free,
Of how a cold world may upbraid 'em.

But half of the weary night was gone,
And my Lords were still busy enquiring,
"The deuce, now! the deuce! what IS to be done?"
And they found that the effort was tiring.

Slowly and sadly they laid them down,
And they murmured the old, old story,
"We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
But we MUST have a share in the glory!"

DARBY.

A MEMBER OF A DEFEATED CRICKET ELEVEN *loq.*

NOT a ball was missed, not a catch uncaught,
As the course 'tween the wickets we scurried;
Not a fielder but was a famous shot,
At the stumps, whither, backward, we hurried,

We slogged the ball wildly with all our might,
The sods with our willow-bats turning:
But the leather was caught, and held so tight,
And our cheeks with shame were burning.

No useless figures my scoring blest,
Not in cut or in drive I found them;
But they lay like the egg of the duck in a nest,
With a line drawn all around them.

Few, too few, were the runs we could claim,
And we spoke many words of sorrow,
And we steadfastly gazed on the state of the game,
As we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought as we watched how our wickets fell,
And reckoned the meagre scoring,
That the foe and the stranger would thrash us all well,
And we, far behind them, deploring.

Lightly they'll think of the runs we've put on,
And o'er a cold luncheon upbraid us;
But little we'd reck if bad weather came on,
And the rain further playing forbade us.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for refraining;
And we saw by the distant and setting sun,
That the light was steadily waning.

Slowly and sadly did we disappear,
From the field of our shame-laden story;
We gave not a groan, we raised not a cheer,
But we left them alone to their glory.

FRIAR TUCK.

The above are from *Truth*, August 7, 1884.

THE MARRIAGE OF SIR JOHN SMITH.

NOT a sigh was heard, nor a funeral tone,
As the man to his bridal we hurried;
Not a woman discharged her farewell groan,
On the spot where the fellow was married.

We married him just about eight at night,
Our faces paler turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the gas-lamp's steady burning.

No useless watch-chain covered his vest,
Nor over-dressed we found him;
But he looked like a gentleman wearing his best,
With a few of his friends around him.

Few and short were the things we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow,
But we silently gazed on the man that was wed,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we silently stood about,
With spite and anger dying,
How the merest stranger had cut us out,
With only half our trying.

Lightly we'll talk of the fellow that's gone,
And oft for the past upbraid him;
But little he'll reck if we let him live on,
In the house where his wife conveyed him.

But our heavy task at length was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the spiteful squib and pun
The girls were sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we turned to go,—
We had struggled, and we were human;
We shed not a tear, and we spoke not our woe,
But we left him alone with his woman.

Poems and Parodies, by Phœbe Carey.
Boston, United States, 1854.

WE buried him slyly on Monday night, the sods with our shooting-sticks turning, for he wrote a new poem, and read it with might, in spite of the Editor's warning.

QUADS.

Thomas Hood.

THE SONG OF THE HORSE.

WITH shins all hash'd and torn,
With carcases skin and bone,
Two nags with a 'bus hung on at the square,
With hunger almost gone—
"Ya hip—hip—hip!"
Shouted one on the dicky borne,
"Should we pick up a fare now, my five-year-olds,
To-morrow you *may* get corn."

* * * * *

Trot, trot, trot!
Till our giddy brains run round!
Trot, trot, trot!
And that on Christian ground!
Run, gallop, and trot,
Trot, gallop, and run,
Till we weary and weary over again
That our dreadful task were done.
O! others of our race
More favoured than we two!
You little think in your day of grace,
That this fate may come to you!
Soft, soft, soft!
You sleep without a throe!
Hard, hard, hard!
We struggle through drifted snow!

(*Eight verses omitted*).

J. M. CRAWFORD, Greenock, March, 1844.

Many years ago *The New York Herald* had a long parody of the "Song of the Shirt," entitled *The Lament of Ashland.* It commenced:—

"WITH brows all clammy and cold,
With face all haggard and wan,
The "Hero of Bladensburgh" sat in his chair,
And uttered a fearful groan;

Wake, wake, wake !
Ye Whigs from your drowsy bed ;
And wake, wake, wake !
Ere my hopes are all perished and fled."

There were seven more verses, but as the parody was of purely local interest, they are not here quoted.

THE SONG OF THE POST.

WITH "Bluchers" cobbled and worn,
With post-bag heavy alway,
A postman tramped on his twentieth round,
On good St. Valentine's day.
Rat-tat ! rat ! tat !
At every knocker almost,
Each time, in a voice that was somewhat flat,
He sang the "Song of the Post !"

Tramp ! tramp ! tramp !
When the sweep is up the flue ;
And tramp ! tramp ! tramp !
Till the supper beer is due.
It's oh ! to be a slave,
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where Scudamore can verse outpour
For Britons, besides his work !

Trudge ! trudge ! trudge !
Till I'm trodden down at heel ;
Trudge ! trudge ! trudge !
Till I'm faint for want of a meal.
Bell, and knocker, and box,
Box, and knocker, and bell ;
Till over the letters I all but nod,
And drop them in a spell.

Oh, girls with lovers fond !
Oh, men who want to get wives !
It's not a mere custom you're keeping up ;
You're wearing out postmen's lives !
If you must send Valentines,
Don't post them by tens and twelves ;
Or, if you do, I would pray of you
To deliver them yourselves !

But why do I pray of you,
Whose hearts so hard must be,
Since your scented rhymes you'll not post betimes,
In spite of Lord M—'s decree ?
In spite of Lord M—'s decree,
In your tardy ways you keep ;
Oh, crime ! that boots should be so dear,
And Valentines so cheap !

* * * *

Tramp ! tramp ! tramp !
Through street, and terrace, and square.
Rap ! rap ! rap !
Valentines everywhere !
Maid, and master, and miss,
Miss, and master, and maid ;
There are some for them all, as they come at the call
Of the knocker, so long delayed.

* * * *

There's none too poor or base
A Valentine to send—
A halfpenny buys an ugly one
That will serve to spite a friend.

They are sent by the high and the low—
By the noble, and many a scamp,
Who has to steal the envelope,
And cadge for the penny stamp !

* * * *

Oh ! could I but finish my task !
That I for my *feet* might care,
And my neck that's gall'd by the heavy weight,
I've had this day to bear.
Oh ! but for one short hour,
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I'd developed such terrible corns,
Or was trodden so down at heel.

* * * *

With "Bluchers" cobbled and worn,
With post-bag heavy alway,
A postman tramped on his twentieth round,
On good St. Valentine's day.
Rat-tat ! tat ! tat !
At every knocker almost ;
And still, in a voice that was somewhat flat,
(Many wondered whate'er he was at),
He sang the "Song of the Post !"

(*Fourteen verses in all*).

Truth, February 8, 1877.

THE SONG OF THE DANCE.

"It really seems the ambition of each fashionable woman to render her dress more like a skin than that of her neighbour, besides exhibiting as large a portion of the real flesh as can be done without the apology for raiment absolutely dropping off !"—*The World*, January 31, 1877.

WITH arms a-wearied of fanning herself,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A wallflower sat on a stiff-backed chair,
Wishing herself in bed.
Turn, twirl, and turn,
With hop, with glide, and prance ;
And still, as she sleepily gazed on that throng,
She muttered the "Song of the Dance."

Dance, dance, dance,
Till I hear the milkman's cry ;
Dance, dance, dance,
Till the sun is seen on high.
It's O to be a nigger,
Nor mind to clothless feel,
If civilised folk will try how little
They need their bodies conceal !

Dance, dance, dance,
Till the heat is horrid to bear ;
Dance, dance, dance,
Till I long for a cushioned chair.
Waltz, gallop, and waltz ;
A lancer, a stray quadrille,
Till the whirl and the music make me doze,
And dreaming I watch them still.

O men with wives and sisters,
Have ye no eyes to see
That the scanty dress of the ballet-girl
By your kin ne'er worn should be ?
Twirl, turn, and twirl ;
Morality, where art thou ?
The dance and the dress of the stage—and worse—
Are those of the ball-room now !

But why do I talk of morality
Since Fashion its morals makes?
What Fashion does is never wrong,
So Purity never quakes.
For Purity only takes
Her sip of the cup that Fashion fills;
And we know that cup is made of gold,
And that gold will cover a thousand ills.

Dance, dance, dance;
They never tired appear:
And all in hopes that a wished-for vow,
May fall on their foolish ear,
Alas, how the morn will show,
The work of the midnight air;
And the paint will trace on many a face,
And show false locks of hair!

Dance, dance, dance;
How sweetly they keep time,
As they dance, dance, dance,
In a measure quite sublime!
They waltz, waltz, waltz,
Keep time to the glorious band;
But, ah! there is many a blushing look,
And pressure of many a hand!

Thus wearied out with fanning herself,
With eyelids heavy and red,
This wallflower sat on a stiff-backed chair,
Wishing herself in bed.
While all were swinging with turn and twirl,
With hop, and glide, and prance,
She muttered this song to herself, and said,
"Alas, where is morality fled,
Since true is my "Song of the Dance?"

CECIL MAXWELL LYTE.

London Society, November, 1877.

THE SONG OF THE SOLDIER'S SHIRT.

(In 1879 it was announced that the wages of the women working at the Army Clothing Department, Pimlico, had been reduced from 20 to 25 per cent.)

WITH fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat 'neath a Government roof,
Plying her needle and thread.
As she stitch'd, stitch'd, stitch'd,
'Twas plain she was most expert;
And she sang to herself in a voice low-pitch'd,
The "Song of the Soldier's Shirt."

Work! work! work!
There's no rest in youth or age!
And alas! I have now to work
For a cruelly lessen'd wage!
I sit at my task all day,
And never my duty shirk,
But slop-shop prices would better pay
Than this cheap Government work.

Work! work! work!
My labour never flags,
And yet with my pittance I scarce can buy
A crust of bread—and rags.
I work for the greatest Power,
That ever the world has known,
Yet my pay's so small that I cannot call
My body and soul my own.

Oh! is there no other way
Of bringing expenditure down?
Must they needs reduce *our* paltry pay
Of all who serve the Crown?
Heaven grant that they yet may see
Some way the wrong to redress,
For every penny they take from me
Means a slice of bread the less!

* * * *

As she stitch'd, stitch'd, stitch'd,
'Twas plain she was most expert;
And she sang in a voice that was low and sweet
(Oh! that it may reach to Downing Street!)
This "Song of the Soldier's Shirt."

Truth, May 1, 1879.

THE SONG OF THE PEN.

WITH a weary, swimming brain,
With a throbbing aching head,
Sat a newspaper hack in his garret lone,
Driving a goose-quill for bread.
A well-smoked briar was in his hand,
He'd filled it again and again,
And between the whiffs, in a quavering voice,
He sang this "Song of the Pen."

Write! write! write!
Though my head is ready to split;
Write! write! write!
Though I fall asleep as I sit.
Write! write! write!
When the summer sun is high!
Write! write! write!
When the stars light up the sky.

Write! write! write!
For my pen must never tire;
First I've a railway smash to do,
And then the report of a fire.
I must put in a word of praise for those
Who rendered efficient aid;
And, if time enough, I must give a puff,
To the chief of the Fire Brigade.

Write! write! write!
I'd need be a writing machine;
For unlike the workers on *Once a Week*,
I've no Leisure Hour between,
But it's write! write! write!
Though my inkstand is nearly dry,
Like a government office, I must contract
With MORRELL for a fresh supply.

Now I must haste to the gallows tree,
To see them strangle a sinner;
And write a report the saints may read,
As they take their breakfast or dinner.
Then concoct a puff for some wonderful pill,
Or marvellous sarsaparilla;
And hurry away to hear PUNSHON preach,
Or SPURGEON on the gorilla.

(*Three verses omitted.*)

With a weary, swimming brain,
With a throbbing, aching head,
Sat a newspaper hack in his garret lone,
Driving a goose-quill for bread.
Write! write! write!
They're asking for "copy" again;
While his goose-quill over the foolscap flew,
He thought of the troubles each author knew,
And sang this "Song of the Pen."

ANONYMOUS

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